

"THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN BUSINESS"
By-Robert Kinzer and Edward Sagarin

Books in Brief

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN BUSINESS. By Robert Kinzer and Edward Sagarin. Greenberg. \$2.50. Segregation is useful to the Negro business man because it tends to reserve for him a market in which he has an advantage over his white competitor. The market is limited; the advantage temporary; the only final solution, an integration of the Negro and white economy. Nevertheless, the dilemma is real; the solution slow and difficult. This is the central problem of the Kinzer-Sagarin study—a sober, factual inquiry into the past, present, and probable future of the Negro business man that illuminates an important phase of race relations.

DOPE 'N' DATA by LOUIS E. MARTIN

When the late James Weldon Johnson created that classic figure, Sister Caroline in the poem "Go Down Death" in his volume of verse, "God's Thombones," I am sure that he never dreamed that another character with the same odd name would also become a part of the folklore of our culture.

This new character is Brother Caroline of South Carolina and lately of Illinois. He unlike Sister Caroline, may not be a work of art but he is just as inspiring, as any sports fan will quickly tell you.

Up to this point, the sports writers have compared him to a bird, a gazelle, a flash of lightning, a bolt from the blue, the west wind, and even Life Magazine speaks of his "thin, birdlike legs" running wild.

Brother Caroline, of course, is the halfback on the football team of the University of Illinois who recently broke the record set by Red Grange for total yard gained on the ground in one season. His full name is J. C. Caroline and the letters J. C. are not initials but his real name.

Since Brother Caroline, however, comes from South Carolina and was urged to go North by white friends who watched him play, I suppose some wise guy will soon report that the letters J. C. are really initials that stand for Jim Crow.

However that may be, I suspect the coaches at the University of Illinois are not too unhappy over the fact that Caroline found it expedient to leave his home state in order to get a chance at the big time. South Carolina's loss was, after all, Illinois' gain.

The good fortune of the Illinois coaches did not end with the coming of Brother Caroline. They have another brother on the team from

Illinois who is getting almost as many headlines as Caroline. That, of course, is the handsome character called Mickey Bates, also a halfback.

As you no doubt know, these two sensational brothers are being dubbed "Mr. Inside" and "Mr. Outside." It seems that Mickey Bates plunges through the line when he is carrying the ball while J. C. Caroline speeds around the ends when he is called upon to step up the pulse of the visiting alumni.

The combination of Messrs Bates and Caroline is formidable and only rarely have the opposing teams been able to render them harmless during this season. They are both sophomores, they have a great future packing the pigskin for dear old Illini.

By trouncing Northwestern this week, Illinois became eligible for an invitation to play in the Rose Bowl along with Michigan State. At this writing the Big Ten officials are trying to decide between the two. I hope Illinois gets the bid because Caroline and Bates will surely go on to greater glory out in the Golden West.

The sports headlines this week, however, brought me more cheer than the heroics of these supermen of the gridiron. My favorite athlete of them all, Roy Campanella, won for the second time the National League's Most Valuable Player title.

Jackie Robinson was the pioneer in major league baseball and upon his shoulders rested the whole race. Jackie delivered the goods and won a very special place in the history of American sports. I would be the last to take lightly his proven prowess.

Be that as it may, I get the biggest thrill out of watching Mr. Campanella. With his wide grin and waddling walk, Campy comes out onto the ball field not merely to play but also to command. He symbolizes for me the highest and noblest kind of sportsmanship, the kind that gives out with all one has and does it goodnaturedly with a grin.

Whether we speak of Messrs Bates and Caroline or Messrs Robinson and Campanella, whether we talk of boxing or almost any other field of sport, we cannot escape the fact that in athletics, if in no other area of our life, it is almost an asset to be a brother. A coach or sports editor who hates Negroes must be the saddest man in America today.

THE INTRUDER by Helen Fowler — William Morrow and Co. — An exciting novel about a soldier's life.

THE DEVIL'S LAUGHTER by Frank Yerby — Dial Press — for lovers of the historical novel and Yerby fans.

THE VIOLENT WEDDING by Robert Lowry — Doubleday and Co. — Another novel with an interracial love, this time the prize-fighter and the lady.

TWELVE CITIZENS OF THE WORLD by Leonard S. Kenworthy — Doubleday — A book for young people about famous men and women including Ralph Bunche, Eleanor Roosevelt.

SIMPLE TAKES A WIFE by Langston Hughes — Another amusing book about Jesse Simple and his views on life and marriage.

THE PECKING ORDER by Mark Kennedy — Appleton 1

Report On GI's Released By S. Service

WASHINGTON (ANP) — One of the finest reports on Negroes in wartime United States has recently been released by the Selective Service System. Eighteen special monographs comprise the entire report, but only Monograph Number 10 in the sections — is of special interest to non-white Americans. The foreword by director Gen. Lewis Hershey says:

"This monograph attempts to set forth the multitude of problems faced by the System in carrying out the letter and spirit of the law as regards racial or colored minorities. It also tries to delineate the ways in which these difficulties were not and how certain degrees of failure were experienced."

"The publication was written by Col. Campbell C. Johnson who as executive assistant to the director, bore staff responsibility for the operation of the system among racial minorities from 1940 to 1947. Others who assisted in the research and editing were Lt. Col. William B. Bryant, Lt. Col. Joseph A. Christmas, Lt. Col. Wil-

liam G. de Rosset; Maj. I. Gregory Newton; Maj. Baxter S. Scruggs; Capt. William D. Brooks Jr., and Miss Doris O. Christmas."

In a comprehensive approach to the problem, the report discusses the scope of the Selective Service and Special Groups and then branches into a brief description and definition of the racial groups in the United States. The report traces the ferment of the pre-war era, involving the effects of discrimination in industrial expansion and how the utilization of Negroes by industry was finally accomplished.

Complete charts and statistics are furnished in the first volume while the second volume deals with directives and orders issued local boards during periods when manpower was being called up.

Important group is fully discussed with a careful analysis of the problems faced by this group.

oo Incredible to Invent

Slave, Murderess, Madam And Spider Was Mammy

MAMMY PLEASANT. By Helen Holdredge. Putnam 311 pp. \$4.50.

THE DOCUMENTED FACTS show that San Francisco's Voodoo Queen lived a life no novelist would dare to invent.

Blackmailer, murderess, madam, and spider at the center of an incredible web of intrigue — Mammy Pleasant was also a passionate devotee of a religion who spent scores of slaves out of the deep South at the constant risk of her life.

She probably did more evil than good in this world, but the reader will have to decide for himself.

Born a slave on a Georgia plantation sometime before 1820, Mary Ellen had connived her own purchase by a kindly Northern man by the time she was 10. One year in a convent in New Orleans, a few years in a Cincinnati household and several more as a bond servant to a Quaker in Nantucket prepared her for the fabulous marriage she subtly engineered in Boston to a rich West Virginia tobacco planter.

BUT HER STRANGE life had just begun, and her series of love affairs and other wild adventures were all yet to come.

In the North and later in San Francisco she successfully passed for a very pretty white woman. In the South she operated under the disguise of a male Negro jockey. In both places she worked tirelessly to emancipate Negro slaves — many of whom, however, became a part of her Voodoo network.

After the death of her first husband, probably by arsenic, she and her lover eventually reached San Francisco where the woman who now called herself Mary Ellen Pleasant began building herself a fortune and a fabulous dossier for purposes of blackmail. Her complex system for gaining wealth and power included operating Geneva Cottage on the outskirts of the town where her drum-beating Voodooists — plus pretty white prostitutes — entertained rich San Francisco white men who could later be blackmailed.

She also took attractive white girls out of the "trade," educated them, set them up in handsome private homes of their own, engineered their rich marriages, and held all these secrets over them.

NEGROES WERE put in key jobs as servants and used for information-gathering purposes. Much of the money thus gained was used legitimately to benefit the Negro race. And it was Mammy Pleasant who brought a bag of gold to John Brown whose "soul goes marching on."

Strangest of all her many ventures was the intricate plot maneuvering a white girl into marriage with Thomas Bell, the Quicksilver King, whose real relationship to Mammy is not revealed until the final paragraph of this book.

No stranger *menage a trois* has ever been recorded than that of Mammy, poor frightened little Teresa, and the wealthy Bell in the 30-room "House of Mystery" which stood for half a century at the corner of Bush and Octavia streets in San Francisco — a mansion which concealed in its built-in secret places enough evidence to shatter many a reputation on Nob Hill.

There's still gold in those western hills — literary gold — and Helen Holdredge has hit the "mammy" note. —STERLING NORTH

26b 1953

THIS IS LIBERIA: A BRIEF
HISTORY OF THIS LAND OF
CONTRADICTIONS WITH
BIOGRAPHIES OF ITS FOUNDERS
AND BUILDERS, by Stanley A.
Davis (William-Frederick,
\$3.50).

Times
p. 25L
Tues 10-27-53
New York, N.Y.

(Beacon Press, \$3.75).
KILLER'S CROSSING, by Burt Ar-
thur; THE GUNSLINGER, by Lee
Eden; Union Books, 25 cents
each. Western stories.

PIZZAROTTI, by Helen Hol-
dredge (Putnam, \$4.50). Biog-
raphy of a San Francisco wo-
man of mystery of the Eighteen
Fifties and Eighteen Sixties.

RACONS, by Daphne Rooke
(Houghton Mifflin, hard-
bound; Ballantine Books, 35
cents, paper-bound). A novel
about the conflict in South Af-
rica.

Young, \$3). The author describes
his family.

THE RACIAL INTEGRITY OF THE
AMERICAN NEGRO, by A. H. Shan-
non (Beacon Press, \$3.25).

THE WORD OF THE BRAZOS: Negro
Preacher Tales from the Brazos
Bottoms of Texas, by J. Mason
Brewer, foreword by J. Frank
Dobie, illustrations by Ralph
White Jr. (University of Texas,
\$3.50).

NEGRO SLAVE SONGS IN THE UNITED
STATES, by Miles Mark Fisher,
foreword by Ray Allen Billin-
gton (The Negro Historical Asso-
ciation, Cornell University, \$4).
A study.

DO I LOVE THE RHALAROPE.
A play. (Scribner's,
\$3.50.) A racial conflict in
South Africa.

man plays.
THE NEGRO IN SOUTHERN AGRICULTURE, by Walter D. P. In-
ternational Publishers, 75
clothbound, \$1 paperbound.

BLS Publishes Report On Status of Negroes

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The U. S. Labor Department's Bureau of Labor Statistics has just published a report on recent national trends in the economic and employment status of the Negro.

The report was originally prepared at the request of the Subcommittee on Labor and Labor-Management Relations of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare of the 82nd Congress, and has appeared in print as a staff report to the subcommittee.

The bulletin gives comprehensive data on birth and mortality rates, life expectancy, migration among States, movement from the rural South to cities, education and school enrollment, labor force participation and unemployment, the industries and occupations in which Negroes are employed, family income and wages, and insurance protection under the Social Security program.

Copies of the report, BLS Bulletin No. 1119, are available from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C., at 30 cents a copy.

DAY OF THE...
... (Book...)
... of the Deep South...

83 EXECUTED IN U. S. IN '52

71 Were for Murder, Justice Department Reports

SPECIAL TO THE NEW YORK TIMES.
WASHINGTON, April 1—The Department of Justice reported today that eighty-three persons were executed in the United States in 1952 for crimes punishable under civil law. No women were among those executed.

Seventy-one of the executions were for murder and twelve were for rape.

The four states in which the largest number of death sentences were carried out were Georgia, 11; Texas, 10; California, 9; and South Carolina, 7.

Except for 1950, when there were eighty-two executions, the

1952 total was the lowest since 1930 when national data on executions were first collected. The average for the 1930-1951 period was 143 executions a year.



AFRICAN FOLKTALES AND SCULPTURE

P. 10

"THIS magnificent publication combines the labors of anthropologist and art critic. The 165 plates are the finest available in any book on African sculpture. The bronze and terra cotta heads from Ife (Nigeria) stand as artistic miracles rivaling the best in Greek sculpture." The Nation.

"The 81 folktales and myths from the unwritten literature of native Africa make this book an astounding revelation. Dramatic, realistic, and sophisti-

cated, they are as fine as the folktales that have come to us from early Greece, from Asia, from medieval Europe."

—The Reporter

Folktales edited with Introduction by Paul Radin in collaboration with Elinore Marvel. Sculpture selected with Introduction by James Johnson Sweeney. 7 1/2" x 10", 500 pages, \$8.50 at all bookstores. Bollingen Series XXXII. Distributed by Pantheon Books, Inc., N. Y. 14.



Booker T. And W. E. B.

By DUDLEY RANDALL



Dr. Washington Dr. DuBois

"It seems to me," said Booker T., *after a moment*
"It shows a mighty lot of cheek To study chemistry and Greek When Mr. Charlie needs a hand To hoe the cotton on his land. And when Miss Phoebe needs a cook
P. 22
Why stick your nose within a book?"

"I don't agree," said W. E. B. "If I should have the drive to seek Knowledge of chemistry or, Greek, I'll do it. Charles and Miss can look Another place for hand or cook. *Sat.*
Some men rejoice in skill of hand *6-20-53*
And some must cultivate the land, But there are others who maintain The right to cultivate the brain."

... 111...
"It seems to me," said Booker T.
"That all of you have missed the boat Who shout about the right to vote And spend vain days and sleepless nights

In uproar over civil rights. Just keep your mouths shut, do not grouse But work, and save, and buy a house."

IV.

"I don't agree," said W. E. B. "For what can property avail If dignity and justice fail? Unless you help to make the laws They'll steal your house for any cause. A rope's as tight, a fire's as hot, No matter how much cash you've got. Speak soft and try your little plan, But as for me, I'll be a man."

V.

"It seems to me," said Booker T.

VI.

"I don't agree," said W. E. B. (Reprinted from the Midwest Journal, Vol. 5, No. 1, Winter 1952-53, pps. 77-78.)

Explains "Goodbye Christ"

Hughes Hits Critics Of Poem

BY ALICE A. DUNNIGAN

(This story is an exclusive NP interview with Langston Hughes in connection with his controversial poem, "Goodbye Christ." The poem and his interpretation of it are included here.)

WASHINGTON — (NP) — Langston Hughes, famous poet, recently stated that he had often been termed a Communist, or an atheist because of the poem called "Goodbye Christ," which he wrote about 25 years ago.

This poem was widely misinterpreted as an anti-religious poem by certain reactionary and un-Christian-like groups as the American First group, the Gerald L. K. Smith organizations and in 1944 by such anti-Roosevelt papers as the New York Daily Mirror and the New York Sun.

The poem was not meant to be anti-religious, said Hughes, "but rather a poem against racketeering, profiteering, racial segregation and showmanship in religion, which at the time I felt was undermining the foundations of our country and decent ideas for which Christ himself stood."

NOT A COMMUNIST

Denying that he is or ever had been a Communist or an Atheist, the famous poet made it perfectly clear that he does not believe in an "anti-Jewish, anti-Negro, anti-Catholic or anti-Labor God."

Because such groups had attacked his poem, Hughes said, he withdrew it from circulation long ago, but the Gerald L. K. Smith and Joseph Kamp groups have, without his permission, circulated it in print on handbills and sold it for a profit. The groups who fomented and took part in the Detroit race riots circulated the poem for the ugly purpose of arousing race hatred, he said.

He quoted Archibald MacLeish as once saying that "one of the occupational hazards of writing poetry is running the risk of being misunderstood."

He verified this statement by recalling Walt Whitman's most democratic book of poems, "Leaves of Grass," was on occasions in the past, banned on the grounds of obscenity.

CASTS NO REFLECTIONS

"Goodbye Christ" was certainly not intended to cast any reflections on Christ, stated Hughes, but on those who use or misuse Christ's name for material reason.

"I have written many poems characterizing many different kinds of people and expressing many varied ideas, some seriously and satirically, some ironically," quipped Hughes.

He conducted the interview by emphasizing that he "concedes the right to anyone to read me or not, as he may choose, to publish me not, to invite me to speak or not, as desired. I also feel (and especially since one of the Four Freedoms is freedom of speech) that I have the right to oppose in speech or writing those who would make of democracy or religion a reactionary, evil, and harmful mask for anti-Negro, anti-labor, anti-semitic, and anti-American activities."

"I would like to see an American where people of any race, color, or creed may live in a state of cultural and material well-being, co-operating together unhindered by sectarian, racial, or factional prejudices and harmful intolerances that do nobody any good."

"Goodbye Christ" was analyzed by the author last week after the McCarthy Senate Investigating committee had distributed copies of the poem to members of the press.

"GOODBYE CHRIST"

By Langston Hughes

"Listen, Christ,
You did all right in your day,
I reckon—
But that day's gone now.
They ghosted you up a swell story
'too,
Called it Bible—
But it's dead now.
The popes and the preacher 've
Made too much money from it.
They've sold you to too many

"King, generals, robbers and killers—
Even to the Czar and the Cossacks,
Even to Rockefeller's church,
Even to the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You ain't no good no more,
They've pawned you
Till you've done wore out.
"Goodbye,
Christ Jesus Lord God Jehovah.
Beat it on away from here now.
Make way for a new guy with no
religion at all—
A real guy named
Marx Communist Lenin Peasant
Stalin Worker me—

I said, Me!
"Go ahead on now,
You're getting in the way of things,
Lord.
And please take Saint Ghandi with
you when you go,

And Saint Pope Pius,
And Saint Almie McPherson
And big black Saint Becton
Of the Consecrated Dime,
And step on the gas, Christ!
The world is mine from now on—
Move!
Don't be so slow about movin'
Nobody's gonna sell ME
To a king, or a general,
Or a millionaire."

He Molded Rhodesia

CECIL RHODES. By Andre Maurois.
Translated from the French by
Rohan Wadham. 142 pp. New
York: The Macmillan Company.
\$1.75.

By ROGER PIPPETT

AS far as, in some ways,
the most barbaric of the great
British Empire builders, Cecil
Rhodes, was not given to under-
statement. But in his forty-
second year, he indulged in it
for once, in his fashion: "To
have a bit of country named
after one," he said, "is one of
the things a man might be
proud of."

The date was 1895, and the
newly christened "bit of coun-
try" was Rhodesia, some 750,000
square miles over which Rhodes
ruled as a virtual dictator. In
the capital, Bulawayo, the seat
of government had been set up
on the spot where the dispos-
sessed Matabele chief, Loben-
gula, had dispensed tribal jus-
tice under his tree. The new
farms and mines were flourish-
ing. Best of all, from Rhodes'
point of view, the railroad was
creeping up from Mafeking to
form another long link in his
dream—a route from the Cape
to Cairo.

Ambition (the desire for pow-
er, fame and excellence, in that
order) was the demon that
drove this Hertfordshire vicar's
son. Sent to South Africa for
his health, Rhodes amassed a
fortune in the diamond diggings
of The Rand before he was 24,
made a will leaving it in trust
"for the extension of British
rule throughout the world" and,
eleven years later, became the

White Boss of South Africa. A
not-too-benevolent despot, a
Roman Emperor with a mus-
tache (as André Maurois aptly
dubs him), he symbolized, in its
skeletal form, the lust for pow-
er. "I would annex the planets
and the stars if I could," he
boasted, and he more than half
meant it.

SHY, moody, solitary and celi-
bate, Rhodes emerges from this
succinct, generous biography as
a man of prophetic vision but
predatory instincts; a leader
who, unarmed, could meet and
conciliate a host of tricked and
angry Matabeles, but "never
forgot, never forgave and never
gave in." A lover of the clas-
sics who founded the Rhodes
Scholarships but dismissed the
literary life as "loafing." A
multi-millionaire who confessed,
"My last will and testament is
the pleasantest companion I
have."

When barely out of his 'teens,
Rhodes dreamed of painting
great tracts of the Dark Conti-
nent blood red. But, as M.
Maurois reminds us, the prob-
lem was not simply to "paint
the map red, but to endow
the inhabitants with Imperial
hearts." The dream was ful-
filled, but the problem remains.

Meet The Author



Miss Graham is famous for her excellent biographies of colored Americans.

Her book on the life of Frederick Douglass, "There Was Once A Slave" won her a Guggenheim Fellowship and the Julian Messner Award for the best book combating intolerance in America.

She also has written "Your Most Humble Servant," the life of Benjamin Banneker; "The Story Of Phyllis Wheatley" and "Dr. George Washington Carver: Scientist," in collaboration with George D. K. ...

Born in Indiana, the daughter of a Methodist minister, Miss Graham is a graduate of Oberlin College and has studied at the Yale School of Drama. She has received several awards for her creative writing.

In private life, she is the wife of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, the famed scholar.

Noted Educator Buried In Texas

MARSHALL, Texas — Funeral services for Ralph A. Edmondson, for 28 years professor of mathematics at Wiley college, were held in the college chapel June 19.

Principal eulogy was delivered by Dr. Benjamin Mays, president of Morehouse college and long-time friend of the deceased, assisted by the Revs. A. J. Newton and M. J. Jones and President J. S. Scott of Wiley.

Mr. Edmondson, a native of Lees, S. C., completed high school with honors, earned his B. S. in mathematics from Lincoln university (Pa.), also with honors. He held the M. A. Degree from Cornell university.

In 1926, he married the former Miss Laura Virginia Roberts of Florence, S. C., of which union one daughter, Lauralph, was born. He was an Omega man and author of two books on trigonometry and college mathematics.

The 'Hattie McDaniel Story' Book To Girl

HOLLYWOOD —(ANP)— Because he was the first to hurry a letter to James Lloyd Crawford after reading in her home town paper that he was writing a life of the late screen and radio star, Hattie McDaniel, Miss Gracie Neeley of 14 Richmond ave., Kansas City, Kansas, will be the first person to receive a copy of the book as soon as it is in the press in September.

Crawford, former husband of the first Negro Academy Award winner, will send a copy of the profusely illustrated biography to Miss Neeley as a present, because of her interest, and the kindly things she wrote about Miss McDaniel.

Said Miss Neeley: "I never had the opportunity to see Miss McDaniel in person during her life, but I always enjoyed her pictures and loved to hear her on radio. I wish I could get a picture of her also of the author, Mr. Crawford."

By putting in all his spare time from his government job, Crawford in an easy narrative style reveals untold episodes in the career of this well-educated, theatrically talented woman, whose career was tragically shortened by death at the peak of her fame.

The fact that Crawford made it possible for her to come to Hollywood, to seek a film opportunity, is one of these untold episodes that makes it impossible for anyone else to write an authentic history of her inspirational career.

Books Published Today

ADOBE WALLS: A Novel of the Last Apache Rising, by W. R. Burnett (Knopf, \$3).

AHEAD OF TIME, by Henry Kuttner (Ballantine Books, paperbound, 35 cents; hardbound, \$2). Ten stories of science-fiction and fantasy.

A HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES, 284-1500, by Sidney Painter (Knopf, \$7.50).

A HISTORY OF THE SOUTH, by Francis Butler Simkins (Knopf, \$7.50). Second edition, revised and enlarged, of work published in 1947. The South Old and New; A History, 1820-1947.

BEHIND THIS PLACE, by A. J. Cronin (Little, Brown, \$3.75). Reviewed today.

COCKTAILS AND SNACKS, by Robert and Anne London (World, \$2.75). A book of recipes.

EMPLOYMENT AND WAGES IN THE UNITED STATES, by W. S. Woytinsky and associates (Twentieth Century Fund, \$7.50). A factual survey of Americans at work.

FARAWAY HILLS ARE GREEN, by Charles Drinker (Vantage, \$3.75). A group of connected short stories of fantasy.

GUNNING FOR TROUBLE, by L. L. Foreman (Dutton, \$2.50). A Western story.

ICEBOUND SUMMER, by Sally Carriher (Knopf, \$3.95). An account of wild life in Alaska during the Arctic summer.

LONDON CALLING NORTH POLE, by H. J. Giskes (British Book Centre, \$3.50). An account of the work of the German Counter-Espionage in Holland in 1942 and 1943.

PENELOPE, by Ann Bullingham (St. Martin's Press, \$2.50). A novel about a small girl and her rural English school.

PSYCHOSIS AND CIVILIZATION: Two Studies in the Frequency of Mental Disease, by Herbert Goldhamer and Andrew W. Marshall (Free Press, Glencoe, Ill., \$4).

RUSSIA AND THE WOMAN, by Clarence P. Milligan (Vantage, \$3). A retelling of the life of the Virgin Mary.

SPAIN IN THE MODERN WORLD, by James Cleugh (Knopf, \$4.75). A study.

SUMMER STREET, by Hal Ellson (Ballantine Books, hardbound, \$2; paperbound 35 cents). A

novel about a teen-ager's coming of age.

THE BIG EAR, by Stewart Sterling (Dutton, \$2.50). A Guilt Edged detective story.

THE HASTENING WIND, by Edward Grierson (Knopf, \$3.50). A historical novel about Napoleonic France.

THE HISTORIAN'S CRAFT, by Marc Bloch, introduction by Joseph R. Strayer, translated from the French by Peter Putnam (Knopf, \$3). "Reflections on the nature and uses of history and the techniques and methods of the men who write it."

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL YEAR BOOK, 1953: A Compendium of the World's Progress for the Year 1952, Henry E. Vizetelly, editor (Funk & Wagnalls, \$10).

THE SCHIRMER INHERITANCE, by Eric Ambler (Knopf, \$3). A novel of intrigue and suspense.

THE SECRET MASTERS, by Gerald Kersh (Ballantine Books, paperbound 35 cents; hardbound, \$2). A novel of suspense.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: A History, by Henry Bamford Parkes (Knopf, \$7.50).

TONGUE OF LOVE, by Anita Gray (Exposition, \$2). A book of poetry.

TORMENT, by Perez Galdos, translated by J. M. Cohen, illustrations by Charles Mozley (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.50). A volume in The Illustrated Novel Library.

TRAVELS IN JEWRY, by Israel Cohen (Dutton, \$5). Sketches of thirty Jewish localities in twelve countries in Europe.

NOT BORN; 'COMBUSTED':

Father Divine is topic of lively new biography

NEW YORK — "I wasn't born. I was combusted one day in a Rolls Royce at the corner of 134th st and Seventh ave., in Harlem."

So said Father Divine to Sara Harris, whose new book, "Father Divine: Holy Husband," will be published by Doubleday on Oct. 22.

When Mrs. Harris first suggested to Father Divine that she write his biography, he answered, "I have composed the Bible so I don't need books written about me."

Later, however, he relented and made himself and all his angels "fully available." Mrs. Harris lived for months in one of his missions, and was even invited to become one of his inner circle of angels.

Among the persons she associated with were such prominent angels as Miss Universal Vocabulary, Miss Beautiful Peace, Mr. Sober Living, Miss Buncha Love and Mr. Handsome Is As Handsome Does.

In her lively history of Father Divine's Peace Mission, Mrs. Harris does not attempt to ridicule a movement that has brought security to many of the depressed elements in the population, and that numbers increasingly more educated whites among the faithful.

Mrs. Harris is the author of a novel, "The Wayward Ones" (1952), and was once associated with the Urban League in Chicago. She now makes her home in Montclair, N.J. Harriet Crittenden assisted Mrs. Harris in the preparation of "Father Divine: Holy Husband."

BOOK REVIEWS

by
GERTRUDE MARTIN

"Father Divine, Holy Husband" by Sara Harris is an understanding and penetrating look at the phenomenon that is Father Divine. Miss Harris traces the development of the movement from the plain George Baker in Baltimore. Presumably born around 1890 in Georgia, Baker worked as a gardener in Baltimore until he came under the influence of Samuel Morris.

It is Morris, Miss Harris believes who was most responsible for Father Divine's present ideology. Morris became Jehovah and Baker the Messenger in those days. In 1914 he struck out on his own and toured the South where he first began calling himself God. However, it was not until 1930 in Sayville, L. I., that he officially became Father Divine and began to build up the following organization which characterized his movement today.

Most of this book is devoted to testimony by various of Father Divine's followers as to why they gave up their former lives and often property and money to become members of one or another Heaven. There is no room in these earthly Heavens for doubters and those who for one reason or another have left have met with little luck. A few have attempted to sue God (Divine) for money they claimed to have given the movement but to no avail. Although his material kingdom, according to Miss Harris, amounts to more than six million dollars, he has always maintained that he owns nothing personally. Even the Bureau of Internal Revenue has

been unable to refute this claim.

The Negro's position in American society is largely for the strength of the Divine movement according to the author. He offers security and racial equality to a depressed people and the rapid growth of his following during the depression years is an indication of this fact. He has many white followers also.

The author discusses at length the Divine proscription on sex in his Heavens. His followers give up their children and all earthly relationships when they become disciples. Father ontificates: "Any physical relationship between men and women is a black sin." Miss Harris states that the treatment accorded Negroes is such that even an instinct as strong as sex cannot remain normal. Yet there are many sexual overtones in the worship of Father Divine by both men and women. His twenty-five attractive secretaries from whom he chose his second wife are close to the throne. There is some homosexuality in the Kingdom.

None of the faithful will believe that God can die (in fact, dead angels are spirited out the Heavens and Father refuses to pay for their burial). Father Divine has made no provision for a successor. (Prophet Jones of Detroit after his recent highly publicized visit with the Father hinted to the press that there might be plans for cooperation between the two). The author believes mass suicides might result at Father Divine's death.

"Father Divine, Holy Husband" presents the Divine movement objectively. It is a story of frustrations and denials which have brought most of the followers to these earthly Heavens. It is a rigid discipline Father Divine asks of his believers and his threats of retribution hold some back from deserting to a mortal life. The total picture is not a pretty one and Miss Harris with the assistance of Harriet Crittenden has presented a well-rounded study. This book which should be widely read not only for its intrinsic interest by chiefly because of the insight it gives into the minds of these followers and the conditions which brought them under Father Divine's wing.

"Father Divine, Holy Husband" by Sara Harris with the assistance of Harriet Crittenden; Double Day and Company;

575 Madison Avenue; New York 22, N. Y. 1953 \$3.95.

Dillard Adds Dr. Thornton To Faculty

NEW ORLEANS — Dr. Albert W. Dent, president of Dillard University announced this week the appointment of Dr. Robert A. Thornton as Dean of Instruction and Physical Sciences. The distinguished professor is a native of Houston, Texas, and has an outstanding background in education, both in America and Puerto Rico.

Dr. Thornton received his B. S. degree from Howard University, the M. S. in Mathematics and Physics from Ohio State University and the Ph. D. in the Philosophy of Science from the University of Minnesota.

With varied experience in higher education, Dr. Thornton comes to Dillard from Brandeis University in Waltham, Massachusetts where for the past three years he was Associate Professor of the Physical Sciences. Prior to his position at Brandeis, he was Associate Professor of Physical Sciences at the University of Chicago, Director of General Studies at the University of Puerto Rico, and a member of a Seminar at Harvard University which studied the teaching of science.

Dr. Thornton is co-author of two scientific text books, one of which has been used at the University of Chicago. The new Dean is currently conducting research in several areas of physics. He is a member of the American Physical Society and the American Historical Society.

Upon the acceptance of the new position Dr. Thornton said: "I have strong convictions toward one of the problems which is being studied at Dillard, that is a satisfactory combination of vocational training plus a liberal education. One of the most tragic features of American higher education is that technical training and liberal arts are considered to be incompatible."

Dr. Freeman Writes Book Dealing With Negro Baptists



DR. E. A. FREEMAN

A 320 page volume, "The Epoch of Negro Baptists and the Foreign Mission Board, National Baptist Convention, U. S. A., Inc." by Dr. E. A. Freeman, pastor of First Baptist church, Kansas City, Mo., is off the press. This saga of the incorporated Baptist body of this country vividly depicts the beginning of organized religion among Negroes in America from 1619 to 1951.

Baptists and other groups over the nation have become much interested in this book before its publication date upon reading of the prospectus. It will have a place in many college, university and other libraries as well as in the hands of religious workers throughout the country.

This book is based upon material of a thesis Dr. Freeman submitted for his Th. D. degree from Central Baptist Seminary in Kansas City, Kans.

History of the Negro in religion in slavery is traced and paralleled with church activities in Latin America and other countries on this continent.

Detailed is the account of the founding of the first Negro Baptist preachers, most colorful characters are included.

Readers will learn of the Foreign Mission Convention, later becoming the Foreign Mission Board and growth of the National Baptist

convention proper. The split in the Baptist denomination in 1915 is explained. All phases of the Baptist church are gone into thoroughly including the year of 1951.

Dr. Freeman travelled into several states for his data, visited the leading libraries of the nation including the Library of Congress for his facts which make up the volume.

The author, born in Atlanta, Ga., was left motherless when five years old, along with six brothers. Early in life he was determined to get an education and preach the gospel. His early education was in the public schools and Booker T. Washington high school finishing in the class of 1933.

It was through interest of Dr. M. S. Davage (then president of Clark university) that Edward Freeman was able to earn his B. A. degree there, by doing odd jobs, playing on the football team and making himself useful he managed to pay all of his bills in full before graduation.

Before graduating from college he was married to Miss Ruth Anthony of Atlanta. He was principal of Austell school when the call to serve as a chaplain in the U. S. army was answered. In four years he advanced from lieutenant to major serving with the 93rd division in Africa, Sicily and Italy.

Returning to this country in 1945 he accepted a year later the pastorate of First Baptist church in Kansas City, Kans. In this community he has served three years as president of the NAACP branch. He is the only Negro board member of Council of Religious Education, president of the Downtown Weekday Church School organization and in 1950 was chosen as "Man of the Year" by the women's division of Wyandotte Chamber of Commerce.

Dr. Freeman is active in Kansas City, Kans., Baptist Ministers Union and co-chairman of the program for Baptist Ministers Fellowship of Greater Kansas City. An ardent fighter for FEP legislation he was chairman of district one of Kansas Citizens for FEP the past year.

Dr. and Mrs. Freeman have three children, Edward Jr., Constance and William Norman.

Among leaders who have endorsed Dr. Freeman's book are: Dr. D. V. Jemison, president, National

Baptist convention, Inc.; Dr. Nannie Burroughs, president of women's convention of national Baptist body; Dr. W. H. Jernagin, president, National Baptist Sunday School and B. T. U. Congress; Dr. Marshall Shepard, chairman, Foreign Mission Board of National Baptist convention.

Dr. J. W. Hayes, president of Kansas Baptist State convention; Dr. D. A. Holmes, pastor of Paseo Baptist church, Kansas City, Mo.; Dr. Maynard P. Turner, president, Western Baptist Seminary, Kansas City, Mo.; Dr. J. H. Jackson, vice-president, National Baptist convention; Dr. I. H. Henderson, Sr., pastor of Eighth St. Baptist Kansas City, Kans., and moderator of Kaw Valley Baptist convention; Dr. W. H. Borders, president, Georgia Baptist Educational convention and Dr. J. E. Nance, president, Missouri Baptist convention.

Dr. Freeman also received the B. D., and Th. M., degrees from Central Baptist Seminary. Publishers of the book is the Central Baptist Seminary Press.

Dr. Freeman who will be in Atlanta this week is former pastor of the First Baptist Church, Clarkston, and Bethesda Baptist at Austell. He also attended Gammon Theological Seminary here.



From a photograph by the author in "Divine Horsemen."
The ceremony of the God of the Dead as Glutton.

Rites That Win Gods

DIVINE HORSEMEN. The Living Gods of Haiti. By Maya Deren. Illustrated. 340 pp. New York: Thames & Hudson. \$4.75.

By SELDEN RODMAN

IN a memorable passage of his "Psychology of Art," André Malraux compares the appalling sense of loneliness which must have pervaded the Roman Empire at the time of Christianity's advent with that of certain large Chinese towns today "whose miserable populations, forlorn amid the utter indifference of all around, and consumed by an aimless, meaningless sorrow, trail through thirty years of leprosy, syphilis or tuberculosis, their dull amazement at being on earth." The casual visitor to Haiti, seeing the similar condition of the peasant in that wasted land, cannot understand what gives native life its exuberance, artistic flair and apparent purpose, self-sufficiency.

The answer, of course, is the presence from birth to death, and in every aspect of peasant life, of those "Divine Horsemen" whom Maya Deren correctly calls "The Living Gods of Haiti." For vodun—the African-Indian-Spanish-French-Roman Catholic rites of invocation and propitiation by which fearsome ancient spirits are turned into beneficent familiars of the household—is one of the world's few living religions. And Miss Deren,

who went to Haiti to photograph the "art" of vodun dancing but remained eighteen months to participate actively (even to the extent, she says, of a dozen genuine and hence unwillful crises de possession), has given us the most extensive and intimate description of the rites we have so far in English.

It would be pleasant to report that her book is as scholarly and reliable in its conclusions as it is visually accurate in its reporting. But although Herskovits, Courlander and the other authoritative anthropologists are cross-referenced in an interminable series of notes and appendices, learning seems to capsize in the metaphysical flood on which the book launches.

Fortunately Miss Deren sheds both her preoccupations and the description of specific rituals and participants. Her own personality seems to acquire humility when faced with the simplicity of the people and the genuineness of their experience. Her need to identify herself with the primitive, which tends to cast a romantic glow over the commonplace—at least over things which the natives themselves take in a matter-of-fact way—is forgotten.

Her account of a sea ceremony in honor of Agoué, piling detail on detail, is as objectively narrated as an episode in Homer, and as moving. Sharp

insights abound. Vodun is seen as a functional religion, placing its emphasis on "I serve" rather than "I believe." The stress, despite possession, is on attaining a high degree of consciousness—through experience, information, understanding, discipline.

It is the participation by all concerned that gives the dancing that casual character so surprising to foreigners, for "to be a virtuoso is to assert the self, and this would contradict the sense of dedication." "The bodies of the dancers undulate with a wave-like motion which begins at the shoulders, divides itself to run separately along the arms and down the spine; is once more unified where the palms rest upon the bent knees, and finally flows down the legs into the earth, while already the shoulders have initiated the wave that follows."

It is such precise and poetic observation that makes one hope the author will eventually revise her book. For if the literary, the metaphysical and the pedantic could be subordinated, "Divine Horsemen" could take its place as a minor classic. Many of the photographs are superb, but they are badly printed and several are spoiled by what appears to be retouching.

Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Tensions and Destiny, by John Malcus Ellison. John Knox Press, Box 1176, Richmond, Va. 135 pp. \$2.00.

America's Way in Church, State and Society, by Joseph Martin Dawson. MacMillan Company, 60 Fifth ave., New York. 189 pp. \$2.50.

The thesis of *Tensions and Destiny* is that one savors the satisfactions and sweetness of life in direct proportion to one's commitment to the "spiritual meaning and ethical demands" of the world.

Dr. John M. Ellison, president of Virginia Union University, pursues this thesis in a series of religious essays that are at the same time a critical examination of western society.



REDDING Interested in pointing questions that in finding answers.

The answers, most of them, will satisfy most readers, for they are simply given. They sound, indeed, as if they were prepared for the students who must look to Dr. Ellison for advice.

The Proper Choices

What the author says in effect is that to attain the good life, one must make the proper choices, and, lest the readers of this review think that this is just so much religious mauling on Dr. Ellison's part, let me hasten to point out that not all the proper choices are spiritual.

Add to beauty, friendship, self-realization and religion the choice of good health, and skill and knowledge and you have a neat and workable integration of the spiritual and the material.

I suppose that Dr. Ellison's might be called a "practical" approach to religious experience.

I suppose that the author was mindful of the skepticism that haunts the minds of young students. I suppose that he knew the young mind's suspicion of the abstract, the generalized.

And so he wrote as concretely as his subject permitted. *Tensions and Destiny* may not rank with the sermons of Luther, Calvin and Wesley, but the essays in it are good for our times.

Church And State

Similarly, *America's Way in Church, State*

and *Society* is probably good for our times; for it emphasizes again the importance of the separation of church and state. The perspective here is social, in the broad sense, and historical.

Or perhaps the last should come first—historical and social; for what Dr. Dawson does first is examine the origins of the American concepts of the church and the state's separate domains, and what he does second is apply the working of these concepts in the American society.

The book discusses a wide range of matters, from the well-known McCollum case, in which the Supreme Court of the U.S. handed down a decision forbidding churches to enter public schools, to religion and the position of the church on racial minorities.

The chapter which discusses this last matter will irritate some liberal readers, for in it the author proves himself disposed, like Hodding Carter, to grant the colored first-class citizenship without granting him status as a first-class human being.

With the rest of *America's Way in Church, State and Society* few will have reason to quarrel. It is a vigorous and forthright study, clearly and vigorously written.

The personal story of a Negro and his family who found equality in a small Vermont town, is told by Wyn Thomas in his new book, "The Seeking." Scheduled by Wyn for May 29 publication, the book has an introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Mr. Thomas is the author of the novel, "God Is For White Folks."

"The Naked Heart," a first novel by John Lee Weldon, will be published May 12 by Farrar, Straus & Young. It is a story about a youth living the experience of growing up and his poor white family in Alabama. The author, who is Alabama born, has contributed articles to such publications as the Harlem Quarterly and New World Writing while trying his hand in New York as employment clerk, actor and stage manager with an amateur company and typist for THE NEW YORK TIMES.

N. C. College Sociologist Quoted In Books

DURHAM, N. C.—Several recent sociology textbooks have carried extracts from studies conducted by Dr. Charles E. King, sociologist and authority on marriage problems at North Carolina College, Durham. Among the authors who have



DR. CHARLES E. KING

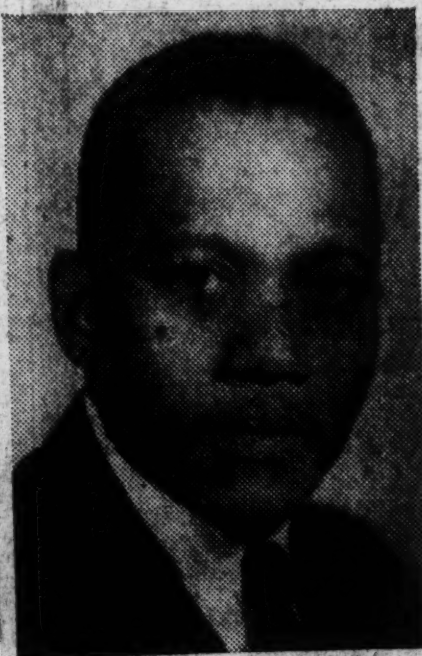
used Dr. King's findings in their work are R. A. Schernerhorn, J. H. S. Beassaid, and Alfred McCune Lee. SEVERAL OF THE references to the Carolina College sociolo-

gists work are to a study entitled "The Burgess and Cottrell Method of Measuring Marital Adjustment Applied to a Non-White Southern Urban Population." The article appeared in a leading magazine last year.

Dr. King received his undergraduate training at Paine College, Ga., and the master's degree at the University of Michigan. He earned his Ph. D. at the University of Chicago in 1951.

Dr. R. A. Thornton Named Dean Of Dillard Univ.

Dr. Albert W. Dent, president of Dillard University announced the appointment of Dr. Robert A. Thornton as Dean of Instruction and Professor of Physical Sciences. The distinguished professor



is a native of Houston, Texas, and has an outstanding background in education, both in America and Puerto Rico.

Dr. Thornton received his B. S. degree from Howard University, the M. S. in Mathematics and Physics from Ohio State University and the Ph.D. in the Philosophy of Science from the University of Minnesota.

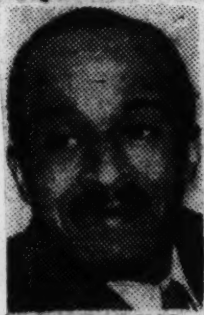
He is author of scientific text books, one of which has been used at the University of Chicago.

Book Review

Afro American By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Convoy To India, by Al Ethelred Blakeley. Trilon Press, 33 Flatbush ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 214 pp. \$3.00. P. 2

Al Ethelred Blakeley is described in the publisher's announcement as a "poet, composer, musician, actor and newspaper correspondent"—a list of occupations exacting



REDDING

enough to use up more concentrated energy than most of us are blessed with.

But in 1942 Mr. Blakeley found himself in Uncle Sam's army and some months later, "leaving for the seven seas," he decided to become a diarist as well.

Now having "weathered successfully the horrors of war" and in "the earnest hope" of making "a valuable contribution to the establishment of a peaceful world," he has decided to publish his "notes, observations and impressions." Convoy To India is Mr. Blakeley's report.

It is an angry, bitter report and, for all its cliches, purple patches and crushed emotions, is honestly written. But Mr. Blakeley is monoptic—he sees with only one eye and he sees only that that is close to him.

Defiant Critique

And what is closest to him is his color. Note after note is a bravely defiant criticism of the United States Army, and the British Army and their officers and men.

Incident after incident records the cavalier mistreatment of colored soldiers by both the great allies. This mistreatment was so obvious to the people of India (as it has always been to us in America) that their papers gave exhaustive coverage to it. One Indian woman wrote, for instance, as follows:

"You (white Americans) were horrified at the sight of mixing of black and white.

When you were told that one of the white girls happened to be a full-fledged Indian (and it didn't mean from Wahos, either) you turned to an Indian at a nearby table and asked him if Indians allowed such a thing!

"And so we thank you, 'pale face,' because in spite of the fact that you are fighting for democracy, you are still suffering from that dread fever—anti-Negro—a fever which is a hundred times more dangerous than any jungle malady.

"We shall not accuse you of possessing a color complex, because in your own words, you do not consider colored 'folks'..."

There are many examples of this sort of

thing, and they are true and there is nothing wrong with them. Nevertheless one gets the feeling that Mr. Blakeley often misses the boat that he fails to provide the proper context in which his experiences and reflections had their growth and from which they should have gained increased significance and impact.

Broader View

For instance, when an Indian native tells Blakeley that British soldiers aren't "much better than Americans," but to me they simply don't matter, why should Blakeley think "it wise to change the subject?"

If it is recorded, as it certainly must be, that Convoy To India is a report that could have been written only by a perceptive and sensitive man, then it must also be admitted that Mr. Blakeley's very sensitiveness tricked him into giving his record an emotional and intellectual imbalance that is perhaps appropriate enough to a private diary but that hardly does for a published one.

MORGAN PROFESSORS NEW AUTHORS

Baltimore, Md.—Two Morgan State College professors are co-authors of a remedial English text, currently in use at the institution. The Collaborators are Dr. Nick Aaron Ford, head of the Department of English, and Waters E. Turpin, associate professor. The text is entitled, "Remedial English for College Students — Designed for Sub-Freshman and Repeater Sections."

Defender
P.2
Chicago, Ill.
Sat. 10-31-53

State's Register Finally Appears After Long Delay

MONTGOMERY, Nov. 6 (AP)—Belatedly, the 1951 Alabama Statistical Register has come off the press and is now being distributed. Printing difficulties caused the long delay, Mrs. Marie Bankhead Owen, State Archives and History director, explained. She said any one of her book which is compiled every four years, usually just after a change of administrations, was turned over to the printer over a year ago.

This happened about the time the state printing contract expired and the work was turned over to another printer.

The new printer got it while rushed with other state printing, including that needed by the Legislature which was then in session.

BOOK REVIEWS by 266 GERTRUDE MARTIN

"It's Good To Be Black" is the aggressively chauvinistic title of a warmly told account of the life of the author's (Ruby Berkley Goodwin) family in Du Quoin, Illinois. There in a friendly small community, Negroes, Poles, Italians and other lived in harmony. Du Quoin is a small, community in town in Southern Illinois and, at the period of which Mrs. Goodwin writes (the early years of the 20th century) life there was brash, rugged, and often seamy.

Braxton Berkley, the father of the family, was a miner, strong union man, Republican politician and well-loved father of a family of eight living children. Four sons had died at birth, and two more died in early childhood. Sophia Berkley, the mother, was firm but quiet, and life was a gay affair for their eight children who felt a sense of security in the character and strength of their parents.

In the chapter, "Living Is Fun", Mrs. Goodwin takes issue with psychologists who say that "all Negro children grow to adulthood with a sense of frustration". Of her own family she writes:

"Being black, however, brought no frustration to us we were colored but what of it? Black was a mark of distinction, not condemnation."

Yet Mrs. Goodwin tells of the very real hurt she suffered at being called topsy periodically whenever "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to town. Or again when she describes her feelings at hearing a neighbor tell their white seamstress that only a "nigger" had been killed in the mine. The excitement and fear in the community when a Negro killed a white man trying to break into his home in the belief that it was a house of prostitution made a deep impression on her also. All

these may have been minor irritations although it seems from her description that she was deeply moved by the killing and all its implications.

There were other things also, the segregated school for Negroes against which her father fought; the hiring of a Negro boy in a drug store in a white community and the Negroes' speculations as to whether he would be a janitor rather than a clerk.

There is great good humor and affection in "It's Good To Be Black". Mrs. Goodwin writes simply and is able to re-create the town and the period in which she grew up. Hers was a full childhood and she rightly gives most of the credit to her parents. In a general way her book reminds me of Era Bell Thompson's excellent, "American Daughter", published some years ago.

"It's Good To Be Black" by Ruby Berkley Goodwin, Doubleday and Company, 575 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y.: 1953 \$3.50



MRS. CARRIE HARGRAVE
(Book Off Press)

WITH THE WOMEN

My, these prolific ladies! Ann Petry (Old Saybrook, Conn.) whose "The Street" published in 1946 became a best seller, has done another novel, "The Narrows." New York's Carrie Hargrave has a new tome off press, "The Magic of Casablanca." The theme of a child's trip to the magic Moroccan city of Casablanca.

Cleveland's Caribell Johnson Cook went out, last week, bought a newspaper and has taken on the real job of editor and publisher.

Dorothea Towles, international model, is the author of a new book entitled "Dorothea Towles Tells You How To Be Beautiful," which is to be published at an early date. In her book, Miss Towles reveals secrets of her own personal success in attaining charm and allure through fashion, cosmetics and skin care.

But to top the crop, Sara Harris of Montclair, N.J., in her new book "Father Divine, Holy Husband," says that he "combusted one day in a Rolls Royce at 134th st. and 7th ave., NYC." But the AFRO's Nat Turner interviewed one Mrs. Crawford in Durham, N.C. who surely said that she was his mother.

26b 1953

A BIOGRAPHY OF HARPER'S FERRY

The Raid: A Biography of Harper's Ferry. By Laurence Greene. 246 pages. Holt. \$3. There were 21 men in John Brown's force when he raided Harper's Ferry. Seven escaped into the hills. Two of these were captured and were among the six who were hanged. One made his way into Canada. Three died in the Civil War. The last survivor, John Brown's son, Owen, died in California in 1899. The ghastly details of the deaths of the others form the substance of this book. The intelligence of Brown's preparations make his stupendous miscalculation seem stranger than ever. The fact that the Secretary of War received an anonymous letter giving Brown's plan in accurate detail (and did nothing) adds to the unreality. Brown's complete mental paralysis once the attack was under way increased the atmosphere of irrationality to madness, intensified by the utter bewilderment of the townspeople. The author is a newspaperman who, during a hot season in Washington, went to the capital's railroad station and without thinking about it said: "Harper's Ferry." He then made his home there.

Mon 10-12-53
26b
p. 107

A Dixie Pygmalion

ADAMS' WAY By Lonnie Coleman.
252 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton
& Co. \$3.

HERE is a novel only a thin and wavering line between the novel which sets out to deal with human beings immersed in their own problems and the novel which assembles a number of appropriate human beings to illustrate a given problem of the author's choosing. Written with grace, precision and control, Lonnie Coleman's admirable new novel for the most part puts people ahead of problems. Rendered with economy and warm understanding are a set of human beings firmly located in their own time and place and acting in accordance with their own profoundly revealed personalities.

The time is approximately the present. The place is the deep South. And perhaps the most memorable personality is the narrator, 63-year-old David Adams, crochety, direct and natural. But Portia Bates, the woman who, some forty years before the period of the story, married Adams and then instantly gave way to her family's demands for an annulment, is an impressive figure too. She emerges from the background with malevolent femininity to object to her old lover's at first whimsical and then determined patronage of a young colored girl named Jolly.

THIS patronage follows the Pygmalion line. Adams decides—not out of lofty humanitarianism but out of honest irritation at the mean and finally horrible resistance of the town of Pluma to his efforts—to educate Jolly Rivers. In doing so he incurs the resistance of his aged colored housekeeper and he gains the assistance of a pair of marvelously well-rendered old codgers named Mr. Scarborough and Mr. Mendelssohn, who are out of tune with the town. And eventually, at a moment of intense drama, when the klansmen of Pluma

are out in force to discipline him, Adams gets the assistance of an elderly and retired school-teacher who is named Emma Ford.

She is completely believable, this Emma, like every other character in this unusual novel. Yet she drops suddenly and without much preparation into the action, like a *dea ex machina*. And after her appearance the book somehow moves across the thin and wavering line: it becomes just a little less the story of these very rich and right and real human beings and just a little more the studied posing of Jolly's special and highly important problem. But the line is only a line. On either side of it—indeed, on both sides—"Adams' Way" is beautifully done. It deserves wide reading, grave thought and warm appreciation.

RICHARD SULLIVAN.

With wit, humor—

Alabamian writes very readable Tale

ADAMS' WAY, by Lonnie Coleman. (Dutton, \$3.)

IT WAS ADAMS' way to live alone, separated from his South Alabama community by a barrier of mutual distrust. It was also Adams' way to find whatever occasion he could to irritate the sanctimonious conventions of the village, not because he felt that the village would change its ways but just because it made him feel better to taunt them.

So when Jolly, a young Negro girl, took up at his place and refused to go on her way to Montgomery and thereby ease the conscience of the town, Adams became fascinated with the possibilities of playing the Pygmalion game.

It was just a game at first, and it occurred to him only because he happened to be reading Shaw at the time. It soon became a great deal more than a game and his conflict with the town soon began to take on serious import.

IT WAS VERY clever of Mr. Coleman to think of the device of transplanting Pygmalion to South Alabama, but it is upon this kind of cleverness that many a novelist has hung himself. That Mr. Coleman has escaped the consequences of his own cleverness is a fine tribute to his skill as a novelist. The principal reason he gets by and goes beyond his device is that he has selected Adams to tell his own story with wit and difference. Adams is a fine bit of characterization, and the novel is successful as Adams is successful.

It is too bad, I think, that the novel thins out at the end. The conflict that had been built most vividly is resolved too easily and conveniently. The clash between honest and cantankerous honesty can never be so pleasantly and triumphantly solved.

BUT MR. COLEMAN has made a very readable book. He has approached the hard problem of race relations with understanding and wit. The world seems to have lost its preference for wit as an instrument of honest inspection. Wit lights up a dark problem with sanity, taste, objective honesty, and good humor. I am glad Mr. Cole-

man has shown that, at least with partial success, such a tone could be used to good advantage in a novel about race relations. CECIL ABERNETHY, Birmingham-Southern College.

White Paint And Shadows

A GOOD MAN. By Jefferson Young. 239 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.

By EDMUND FULLER

It is the dream of Albert Clayton, Negro tenant farmer in Tennessee, to paint his house white. He has calculated his share of the crop, and the sale price of the calf he and his son Cooter have raised, and it looks as though he could buy the paint. Mr. Tittle, the owner, has given his consent, though not without hesitation. There has never been such a thing as a white-painted tenant house.

The white and Negro communities, alike, respond to this scheme. Both know something more than a white-painted house is involved, though none of them ever have heard of a symbol. In the eyes of the whites, Albert's project is like certain of the attitudes of Faulkner's Lucas Beauchamp, in "Intruder in the Dust," who won't "admit he is a nigger." It is no accident that Albert's nickname is "Prince."

Nobody sees the implications more clearly than the choleric Mr. Mathis, the storekeeper, who proceeds to cut off Albert's credit and to organize threats of terrorist activity. Albert, gentle though he is, stiffens against this aggression.

Here are the classical, explosive materials of the Southern race-novel. As Jefferson Young starts to assemble them, they point toward every possible cliché of the genre. But Mr. Young will fool you. He has a fresh story and even more important, a fresh spirit.

He has sought for intensity, rather than size, in his dramatic explosion. He achieves this intensity by encasing his emotional charge in a strong shell of restraint, which is sound physics as well as sound novelistic technique.

Throughout this brief book, which does not waste a page, there is a sense that something terrible will happen. It does, but not in the common way of external violence. It happens



From jacket design by Satter for "A Good Man."

inside, not outside, the central characters. It results in their purgation, not their destruction.

THE book's style is unaffectionately simple. From Albert himself to Cooter, to Louella, the wife who does a true act of quiet desperation, we have a warm, moving gallery of people. Between Mr. Tittle and Mr. Mathis, we see the white man of this milieu at his best and at his meanest. There are subtle studies of pride and an interesting double-play on the title-phrase, "a good man." The author understands goodness and in the grace of his understanding there is a genuine contribution to race relations worth a dozen lynch novels.

Mr. Young has a bold, creative and authoritative approach to his material. He is a Saxton Fellowship winner and a first-novelist of exceptional ability.

Mr. Fuller, who teaches at Kent School, is author of "Brothers Divided."

About "A Good Man"

One of the best sellers is "A Good Man" by Jefferson Young. It's a book about relations between white and colored residents of Mississippi.

The whole story revolves about a colored man who wanted to paint his house white.

He had seen others with painted houses in the community. So it became his ambition to have a coat of paint on his crude, plain clapboard cabin.

But a majority of the people in the community objected. Whoever heard of a colored man having his house painted white? They said, next thing he would want to be white himself.

In the end, he doesn't get his house painted.

Somebody shot at his calf. There was a

threat of violence, but no actual violence.

Some good white people took his side. But there were not enough of them to justify him in believing that he could paint his house without having it burned down.

The critics are saying that it is a good book; that it presents racial progress in the south.

Said one character: "For less reason than that I've seen them get their guns and tell a man to get out of town in twelve hours or they'd kill him."

It appears to us that the moral of this story is two-pointed:

1. The unwillingness of the older generation to migrate from the villages, where they are in virtual bondage, to other areas of this country where they are free to paint their houses any color they desire;
2. The absence of the public conscience, and the ineffectiveness of the Christian religion in the average community, whenever the loud and noisy minority clamors in shrill and hateful tones for segregation.

Poet Publishes 4th Book, *Afro-American* P. 5 'A Little Slice Of Living'

LAWRENCEVILLE, Va.—Dr. J. Farley Ragland, popular lyric poet of Lawrenceville, has added another appealing number to the growing list of his books with the publishing of "A Little Slice Of Living."

The new volume contains a generous assortment of love lyrics, laudatory poems and humorous sketches.

South Boston Native

Dr. Ragland is a native of South Boston, Va., and an edu-

cational product of Virginia State college, Hampton Institute and Howard University.

Writing has always been his hobby and an amazing amount of verse, prose, dramatic sequences and musical compositions is credited to his fertile pen.

For several years, he was feature columnist for the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers.

Registered Pharmacist

Busy in his profession as a pharmacist, and in movements for civic betterment, he nevertheless finds time to give vent to his creative talents. He is a member of Alpha Phi Alpha and

Chi Delta Mu fraternities.

Some of the author's best known works are:

"Lyrics and Laughter," verse; "The Home Town Sketch Book," verse; "Arise Unto Your Song," musical composition; "Rhymes Of The Times," verse; "Out of The Darkness," three-act drama and "Now Is The Time," Virginia State college act drama, and "Now Is The Time," Virginia State college pop song—winner of Carl Murphy music prize, 1950.



J. FARLEY RAGLAND

**J. Saunders
Redding's**

**Our African Heritage
In Sculpture**

Book Review

Review
by Ladislav Segy. A. A. Wyn, Inc., 23 W. 47th. st., New York. 254 pp. \$7.50.

Ladislav Segy's "African Sculpture Speaks" strikes this reviewer as a definitive study of Africa's most representative

graphic art form. Other studies of other forms - music, for instance, and its complement, the dance - have been made and have created a flurry of interest, and



have sometimes inspired a spate of derivative works. The 1920's in France was a period notable for this kind of activity, and the novel *Batuola* in the opinion of many climaxed it. But in general African art forms have had little lasting influence on the art of other continents. There is even some doubt of the influence of African music; and the African dance, never taken too seriously, simply makes an entertaining spectacle for wan sophisticates who feel a spurious vitality at an exhibition of primitivism.

But African sculpture, though largely locked up in ethnological museums, has proved its durability, and Mr. Segy's new book serves the purpose of defining and proving its esthetic merit.

The author (himself a noted artist and a distinguished critic) does this by a detailed examination of the cultural background, the ethnological relations, and the social functions of African Sculpture.

Studies Basic Concepts

He digs very deep into basic concepts - animism, fetishism, magic, sacrifice, mythology, - and thereby infuses with understandable meaning the rich traditions of African life.

He does this while at the same time, he has of necessity to touch upon the social history of what he calls the "style regions," French Sudan, Liberia, the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, Nigeria, Dahomey.

And on still another level, Ladislav Segy deals with the sources of emotions in the minds of African natives. In short, the book approaches its subject in the great critical tradition followed by Sainte - Beuve and John Ruskin.

It does not always make exciting reading for the layman, but it makes informative reading, so that the Westerner discovers as he reads that his resistance to the semi - abstract African forms is being overcome by increasing knowledge.

Their True Worth

And long before the end (as the author in the beginning warns we must) we have forgotten "the naturalistic-conventional - symbolic associations" and are beginning to take the forms of African art at their intrinsic worth.

And what is this intrinsic worth? Basically, the expression of basic human emotions; the provocation of varied responses in the true beholder; the beauty of its exotic forms; the unrestricted expressiveness, by means of which the African sculptor gives another dimension to "natural" freedom.

But *African Sculpture Speaks* is something more than a work of criticism and history. It contains many full-page illustrations of the principal pieces in European and American museums. These serve as a "pictorial guide," and these alone open a new world of wonder and beauty to the Western eye.

Alabama Literary Profiles, Old And New

David J. Harkness In Southern Observer

ALABAMA'S first novelist, Augusta Evans Wilson, is the subject of a recent biography by William Perry Fidler of the English department at the University in Tuscaloosa. Augusta Jane Evans was born in Columbus, Ga., and came to Mobile at the age of eleven in 1845. Her estate, "Ashland," became one of the showplaces of Mobile and the state's first literary shrine. "Della Rosa," on Main Street in Union Springs, is a fine example of the Southern plantation manor house and figures in her novel *At the Mercy of Tiberius*. Her *St. Elmo* has been called "the most praised, best abused" novel ever written and "the grandmama of all *Gone With the Winds*."

Tuscaloosa has been a literary center since Carl Carmer was on the faculty at the University and wrote *Stars Fell On Alabama*, a book on folklore and history which supplied the title of a popular song. The ante-bellum houses near Boligee are described in the book—Thornhill, Rosemont, and Hill of Howth.

Hudson Strode, a native of Demopolis, teaches a class in creative writing at the University which has produced a number of outstanding novelists. In addition to books like *The Pleasant of Cuba*, *The Story of Bermuda*, *Timeless Mexico*, *Finland Forever*, *Denmark Is A Lovely Land*, *South by Thunderbird*, and *Sweden: Model For A World*, Strode has written the introduction to *Spring Harvest*, a collection of stories from Alabama. Robert Gibbons, a native of Tuscaloosa and a member of Dr. Strode's class, is now teaching at Tulane University in New Orleans and has written two novels, *Bright Is the Morning* and *The Patchwork Time*. Robert Bowen, a graduate of the University of Alabama now teaching at the University Center in Birmingham, wrote *The Weight of the Cross*, a novel laid in a prisoner-of-war camp in the Philippines, and is working on a new one, *Bamboo*, about a group of sailors in pre-war Manila.

John Craig Stewart, instructor in English and Fiction Writing at the University of Alabama, has written *Through the First Gate* and is working on a second novel to be titled *One Earth, One Cry*.

Carlyle Tillery of Tuscaloosa has written *Red Bone Woman*, a novel with a Louisiana setting which is now available in a pocket reprint.

William Bradford Huie, a native of Hartselle and a graduate of the University now living in Silver Springs, Md., wrote *Mud On the Stars*, a novel laid in Alabama, and the recent *The Revolt of Mamie Stover*. He is the editor of *The American Mercury*.

Clement Wood, who was born in Tuscaloosa, wrote *The Mountain, Deep River, Folly, and Nigger*.

James Saxon Childers used the University of Alabama as the setting of his novel *God Save the Duke*. He taught at Birmingham-Southern College and used that campus as background for *Hilltop in the Rain*. A native of Birmingham, he also wrote *In the Deep South*, *The Bookshop Mystery*, and *Mumbo Jumbo, Esquire*. He lived in Chapel Hill, N.C., where he collaborated with James Street in writing the novel *Tomorrow We Reap*, and is now associate editor of *The Atlanta Journal*.

CLAYTON is the home of one of the state's best known novelists. Lella Warren's *Foundation Stone* is perhaps the most sustained book about Alabama and is often compared to *Gone With the Wind*. This author also wrote *A Touch of Earth*. Her new novel, *Whetstone Walls*, a story of Alabama in the '80's, is a sequel to *Foundation Stone*.

Caroline Ivey of Smiths is author of the first novel *The Family*, laid in a small Alabama town.

William March was born William Edward March Campbell at the northeast corner of Broad and Conti Streets in Mobile. He attended the University at Tuscaloosa and wrote *Come In At the Door*, *The Tallons*, and *The Looking-Glass*, novels laid in small towns in Alabama. His latest novel is titled *October Island*.

Lonnie Coleman (born William Lawrence Coleman), a native of Bartow, Ga., and a graduate of the University of Alabama, wrote *Escape the Thunder*, *Time Moving West*, *The Sound of Spanish Voices* and the current novel *Clara*, which is laid in an Alabama town.

Alice Fellows of Tuscaloosa wrote *Laurel* and Paul Cook of Anniston wrote *And So Farewell*.

The Warrior River country affords the setting for *A River Goes With Heaven* and *This Green Thicket World* by Howell Vines of Montgomery.

Another Alabama novelist, Harriet Hassell, wrote *Rachel's Children*. A recent book for children about an Alabama hero of the Civil War is *Raphael Semmes: Tidewater Boy* by Dorothea J. Snow. Frank L. Owsley, a native of Montgomery who is now professor of Southern history at the University of Alabama, is author of *Plain Folk of the Old South*.

Joe David Brown, who was born and reared in Birmingham and now lives in Maryland, wrote *Stars In My Crown*, a novel about a minister in a small Southern town which was made into an outstanding motion picture. This and his other novel *The Freeholder* are now available in pocket-size editions. Julia Truitt Yenni was born in Birmingham and wrote *Never Say Goodbye, This Is Me, Kathie*, and the recent *The Spell-bound Village*.

Octavius Roy Cohen of Birmingham wrote stories about Negro characters placed in the Eighteenth Street district of that city, a setting which has come to be known as Cohen-Town. Dr. William MacQueen of Birmingham who uses the pseudonym James G. Edwards, has written a number of mysteries including *But the Patient Died*. Another Birmingham writer of mystery novels is Stewart van der Veer, author of *Interlude At Pelican Bend*. Emma Gelders Sterne, a native of Birmingham, wrote *The Calico Ball*, a novel dealing with that famous episode in Birmingham's history. Her novel *Some Plant Olives* is laid in Demopolis and *No Surrender* is a novel of the Civil War.

ANNE ARRINGTON TYSON of Montgomery wrote the novel *Constance Valleire* and Zelda Sayre (Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald), also of Montgomery, was the author of *Save Me A Waltz*. John Stewart Craig, another student of Hudson Strode, wrote *Through the First Gate*. Dothan is the locale of *The Devil Makes A Third* by Douglas Fields Bailey and Mobile is the setting of *Cottonmouth* by Julian Lee Rayford.

Other novels with Alabama scenes are *Morning Star* by Marian Sims, *Spring Will Come Again* by Florence Glass Palmer, *Weariest River* by George S. O'Neal, and *Family Affair* by Mary Fassett Hunt. *Zeke* by Mary White Ovington is laid in Tolliver. J. Max McMurray of Roanoke has written a novel titled *The Far Bayou*. Mary Fassett Hunt of Birmingham is the author of a first novel titled *Family Affair* and will have a second one published soon. Audrey Toulmin Carney of Birmingham has written two novels, *No Certain Answer* and *No Odds, No Victory*.

T. S. Stribling, Pulitzer Prize winner novelist who was born in Clifton, Tenn., and lives there today, went to school in Tuscaloosa and Florence. He used the latter city as the locale for *The Forge* and *The Store* and Huntsville for *Unfinished Cathedral*. *Some Lose Their Way* by native Alabamian Eloise Diddon, laid in Mobile during "the flush times of Alabama" in the 1830's and '40's, won the Thomas Jefferson Award for outstanding Southern fiction. *Ober Lives To Live* by Herbert Lyons of Memphis is laid in Mobile during the Azalea Trail. Eugene Walter of Mobile is author of the new novel *The Untidy Pilgrim*.

At Tuscumbia is "Ivy Green," the birthplace and old home of Helen Keller, a novel about a minister in a small Southern town which was made into an outstanding motion picture. This and his other novel *The Freeholder* are now available in pocket-size editions.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON
UP FROM SLAVERY
THE STORY OF THE NEGRO

....

"The Rose and Honeyuskle Home" in her book *The Story of My Life*.

"Elmcrest," on the Judson College campus in Marion, was the birthplace of John Trotwood Moore, who became poet laureate and state historian and archivist of Tennessee. He is well-known for such writings as *Songs and Stories From Tennessee*, *His Old Mistis*, *Tom's Last Forage*, and poems like *Success* and *Sam Davis*. He also wrote *The Ballad of Emma Sansom*.

The Howell Rose Plantation near Wetumpka is the site of Little Tallassee, where Alexander McGillivray (see Constance Lindsay Skinner's novel *The White Leader*) was born. Huntsville is the home of Tallulah Bankhead, the well-known actress whose autobiography is titled *Tallulah*.

TUSKEGEE is a literary shrine with its noted institute, founded 70 years ago by Booker T. Washington, whose large brick house "The Oaks" is the place in which he wrote his autobiography *Up From Slavery* and also *The Story of the Negro*. Also on the campus of Tuskegee Institute is the Carver Museum, which houses the collection of the great scientist George Washington Carver. Interesting books about Dr. Carver have been written by Rackham Holt and by Shirley Graham and G. D. Lipscomb.

Joseph Glover Baldwin's *The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi* will be 100 years old next year. Augusta Thomas's play *Talladega*, later named *Alabama*, was a hit on Broadway in 1891. Alabama social life and customs are presented in an entertaining way in Viola Goode Liddell's book *With A Southern Accent* and Ralph Hammond is author of the volume of *Ante-Bellum Mansions of Alabama*, which has beautiful photographs. Kate Porter Lewis wrote *Alabama Folk Plays*.

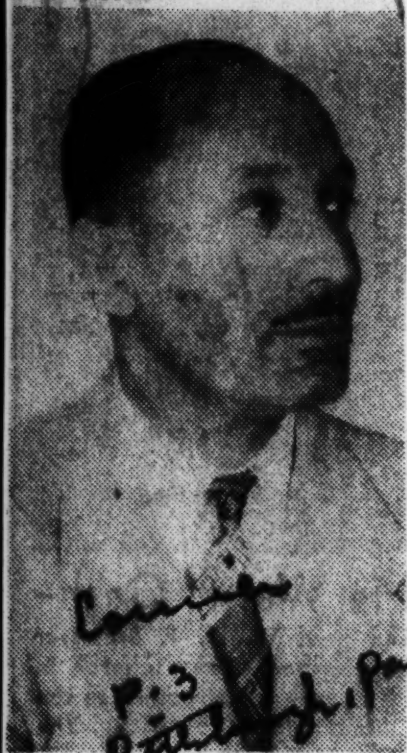
John Temple Graves, of the editorial staff of *The Birmingham Post*, is author of the novel *The Shaft In the Sky* and also of *The Book of Alabama* and *The Fighting South*. Herman Clarence Nixon, a native of Merrellton now on the faculty of Vanderbilt University, wrote *Lower Piedmont Country* in the American Folkways Series, *Possum Trot*, and *Forty Acres and Steel Mules*. Joseph Howard Parks, professor of history at Birmingham-Southern College, and Robert Edgar Moore have written a new history titled *The Story of Alabama*.

Robert Payne, professor of English and resident author at Alabama College for Women in Montevallo, has written the novels *Torrents of Spring* and *David and Anna* and also non-fiction titled *The Revolt of Asia, China Awake*, and *Forever China*.

Virginia Sorenson, whose husband is professor of English at Auburn, is the author of the novels *A Little Lower Than the Angels*, *On This Star*, *The Neighbors*, *The Evening and the Morning* and *The Proper Gods*.

Shrines like The First White House of the Confederacy, where Jefferson Davis lived during the time the Confederate capital was located at Montgomery, bring to mind such novels as *The Proud Way* by Shirley Selfert and *Bride of Fortune* by Harnett Kane.

Rufus Turner Authors Book



RUFUS P. TURNER

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—Rufus P. Turner, local electronic engineer, is the author of a new technical book, "Basic Electronic Test Instruments," just published by Rinehart and Company, New York.

Turner, who has been publishing technical treatises continuously since 1939, is the author also of an earlier textbook, "Radio Test Instruments," published in 1946.

26b 1953

BELLE BRADLEY

Books Published Today
BELLE BRADLEY, Her Story, by
Anonymous (Gold Medal: Faw-
cett Publications, 25 cents).
About a Negro girl. \$1.50

Important Grants By Rockefeller Foundation

Journal Guide
 AMONG the numerous grants made by the Rockefeller Foundation during the first quarter of 1953 is one of \$45,000 to the University of North Carolina "to support a study of medical practice by the Division of Health Affairs over a two-year period." This ought to help to reveal a good deal that ought to be known, but is not as yet revealed about improving the practice of medicine.

The Foundation also made a grant of \$10,000 to defray the cost of preparing a biography of BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. Mr. JAMES should be able to improve upon the existing fund of biographical data on Dr. WASHINGTON.

Atlanta University received a \$10,000 grant through the General Education Board "toward a program of English education, with emphasis on the education of teachers and prospective teachers."

... And Speaking Of People

AME Bishop and Mrs. F. D. Jordan left by air Friday for Southern Rhodesia, Africa. They will not be allowed to live in the Bishopal residence in Capetown, South Africa. Billy (Old Black Magic) Daniels should arrive in Glasgow, Scotland May 12. Billy Eckstine has consulted his lawyer about that shirt company using his nickname "Mr. B" without his consent. Joe Louis did so much business at Harlem's Apollo Theatre, he's booked for a return May 1. Lena Horne heads the new show at Bill Miller's Riviera April 28. Marquis James will write Booker T. Washington's biography with a \$10,000 Rockefeller Foundation grant.

"KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES" PROVES TRAGIC
 BLACK PARADISE, by Florence H. Hough, published by Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia, 236 pp., \$3.

"Keeping Up With the Joneses" is an often heard expression describing extremely socially conscious people. A little of this pride in outdoing the next person is good, for it keeps us on our toes; however, too much can be tragic. What can happen in the latter case is well shown in "Black Paradise".

In this novel, a beautiful Negro girl marries a handsome, well educated colored man. With her beauty and brains, the couple should have been happy and destined to a successful life. However, this was not the case for the wife had an insatiable desire to be a leader in Washington society.

This ambition led her from one extravagant venture to another, resulting in enormous debts for her husband and ultimately the destruction of her marriage.

Whereas the author, Florence H. Hough, member of the faculty of Miner Teachers college, may have exaggerated this condition found in many of our social circles, there is no doubt that far too many of us have our sights on false goals. This emphasis on false values today is causing too many people the same kind of trouble as experienced by characters in this book.

The novel is worth reading, but it is doubtful if the lesson derived from it will affect many readers. Most of us never see the necessity for change until it is too late and tragedy already has struck.



A. S. Mopeli-Paulus.

Under White Man's Rules

BLANKET BOY. By Peter Lanham, based on an original story by A. S. Mopeli-Paulus, Chieftain of Basutoland. 309 pp. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$3.50.

By JOHN BARKHAM

YOU may see them on the roads of the Witwatersrand any Sunday afternoon, the sturdy Negro "boys" wrapped in their variegated blankets, with the faraway look of their native kraals still in their eyes. They are the blanket boys who toll in the bowels of the earth to produce the white man's gold. This is the story of one such blanket boy, a Basuto named Monare, and of what happened to him when he forsook his mountain tribe for the white man's city.

It follows that the progenitor of the book is the race conflict which has cast so dark a cloud over South Africa. For in that white man's world the black man is the son of Ham, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Although cast in the form of a novel, there is much in this

book that is typical of the fate which overtakes many thousands of young Basutos, Zulus, Xosas, Shangaans and others in South Africa's cities every year. It is a story of deep tragedy.

What gives this familiar tale a special significance is that it is presented here (for the first time, to the knowledge of this reviewer) through the eyes of a black man. It was conceived by an educated Basuto and rendered into English by a white South African. The collaboration has turned out to be as illuminating as it is unusual. It is a salutary experience for the white man to see himself as the Negro sees him.

Though the white man cuffing the swartgoed (black trash) out of his way thinks nothing

Mr. Barkham, who was born in South Africa, has written and lectured extensively on the situation in that country. Of it, the Negro is human and bleeds, too. Alan Paton memorably made this point in his

"Cry, the Beloved Country," an indictment without rancor. In "Blanket Boy" the authors essay the same task, but their pages often burn with bitterness. This is perhaps a measure of the extent to which the situation has deteriorated in South Africa. P. 4

Monare was well thought of among his Basuto people, but in Johannesburg, the City of Gold, he was less than the dirt. The authors spare nothing in their narration of the perils and temptations which beset a rav blanket boy. Thieves, harpies, predatory prostitutes, arrogant whites and, above all, police, police, police are everywhere.

MONARE soon learns the ropes, and the inevitable descent to real crime begins. He adjusts himself to the fact that he is a lower order of human in his own land. But where in the past he might have accepted this as a natural law, he now questions it. And therein of course, lies the root of the current clash.

The authors have shaped this into a moving and dramatic story. Because they have tried to cram too much incident into it the book occasionally turns into melodrama. Crime, race conflict, life in the gold mine compounds, ritual murders in the mountains—they are all here like projections of the daily news reports. But because a Basuto conceived this tale there is realism in it and compassion, too, in pages that reflect the unhappy lot of the Negro as eloquently as any since "Cry, the Beloved Country." Monare is a man of flesh and blood who speaks for all his silent compatriots when he cries out: "Tell the white man that too many laws and too many policemen make for too little understanding."

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

"Blanket Boy," a novel of South Africa, by Peter Lanham and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus throws into bold relief once more that country's racial problems. The authors are an Englishman, (Latham), and a

South African chieftain (Mopeli-Paulus). Theirs is a happy collaboration and the first book written by a European and a native to be published in the United States.

The central character in "Blanket Boy" is Monare, a Basuto. The title refers to the fact that the traditional clothing of these men of the mountains is a colorful blanket. Like many of his fellow tribesmen he travels to Johannesburg to work in the mines. There he discovers the white man's ways are hard to fathom and soon finds himself in difficulties with the police.

When he returns to his home village he is involved in a murder, the rest of which are to plague him to the end of his days. From this time the course of his life changes. He travels from city to city and finally reaches Mozambique, a Portuguese city, where a lot of the African is far better than in the Union of South Africa.

"Blanket Boy" is at the same time an odyssey and the story of the development of a man's philosophy and character. The authors have introduced many different aspects of South African life ranging from that in the native village to the crowded existence in the cities, from dope peddling to homosexuality, from pagan to Christian to Moslem customs. There is considerable discussion too of the differences in treatment accorded the natives by Englishmen and Afrikaaners. Neither is concerned with giving

the African equality of opportunity but the English are less harsh in their attitudes.

Monare's experiences with his Indian friends and the resultant distrust of some of the Africans is well handled. On the whole the book gives an excellent idea of native life and problems. From time to time it would seem that the authors are trying to introduce every experience possible for the sake of completeness rather than to help their story. Although fiction, the book is just as important as a sociological record and an indictment of the white man's treatment of the African in the Union.

The authors make no attempt to glorify Monare, he is a simple man plunged into situations which make it necessary for him to learn rapidly or not survive. He meets the test and in the end he is a wiser, more compassionate man. His plea for his people is that of all thoughtful people:

"Why will not the white man try to understand the black man? We Africans desire but the same things as they do — a house to live in with the loved ones, water, light, freedom to move, it will across the fair face of the land; ground to till, or work to do. The right to speak and say aloud, without fear, that which we think."

"Blanket Boy" by Peter Lanham and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus; Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 432 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; 1953; \$3.50.



Hero of "Blanket Boy."

Darkness in Africa's gold city

BLANKET BOY, a novel of South Africa by Peter Lanham and Mopeli Paulus. (Crowell, \$3.50.)

"BLANKET BOY" IS THE story of Monare, a Basuto, one of the native people of South Africa. The title is derived from the customary attire of the Basuto in his native country. Many begin to wear European clothes when they go to the city.

Peter Lanham, an Englishman, based the book on an original story supplied by Mopeli Paulus, the Basuto chieftain.

Monare goes to Johannesburg, the City of Gold. He suffers injustice from white men, then sinks into cesspools of vice created by the conditions in which the native is made to live.

The problem in the novel is basically the same racial one with which we are concerned. It should be read for this reason, if not for the story and the poetic charm with which it is told.—LANE CARTER

Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Blanket Boy, by Peter Lanham and A. S. Mopeli Paulus. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 432 Fourth ave., New York. 309 pp. \$3.50.

Blanket Boy is a timely novel, and there are newsworthy facts about it that should be mentioned at once. It is the first South African novel in which the quite different talents of a European and a Basotho tribesman are combined.

Peter Lanham, an Englishman, was for almost twenty years the chief announcer of the South African Broadcasting Corporation in Johannesburg.

S. A. Mopeli Paulus has written many books in the Sesotho language.

South Africa is very much in the news, but the news itself is in outline, and what lies behind it in terms of individual human conflicts is left largely to speculation.

Blanket Boy fills in the outline with people acting out their every day lives.

But these facts dwindle to only peripheral significance once we begin: "Monare Lived."

From that point on we are engrossed in the story of many people—black (the natives), white (Afrikaans and Europeans) and brown (the Indians)—but principally of Monare, the headman of the chief in a Basutoland village.



One says story advised. Mr. Redding ly, for in spite of the sociological tone of the introduction. Example: "The views expressed in this book on questions of color segregation are substantially those held by the majority of my people; the descriptions of the treatment accorded to the Black people by the White people are not exaggerated." — Blanket Boy is a surging drama of people and events set moving by the present historical context of South Africa.

Alive With Conflict

The introduction should have been a colophon. It will repel more readers than it will attract, and the book deserves a lot of readers.

It is written with fine artistic restraint. It is notable for its compelling story. It is alive with conflict.

The principal conflict is between two systems—the tribal law represented by Monare's chief, and European culture and control represented by the Britishers and Afrikaans.

Monare is caught in the maelstrom between. As a young man, he follows tribal custom. He buys his wife. He believes in the medicine horn. Following the precedent established for his village, he goes to Johannesburg to work in the mines, but in a short time grows wealthy by making and selling trousers to fellow natives.

Already he has felt the conflict between the superstitions of the witch doctors and the teachings of Christianity.

In the City of Gold (Johannesburg) he is caught in another conflict—between innocence and learning. Disillusioned, he returns to his village.

But as the letona of his chief, he gets involved in a ritual murder. The white man's law spreads its frightening net. Monare flees. His flight is the central device of the novel.

It makes possible and credible the odyssey and the epic adventures of Monare. He flees to Durban. Here he becomes addicted to the drug daga, attempts rape, is spiritually degraded by vice.

This phase of his life comes to an end when he is saved by the love of his son, Lebe. But the very saving of him brings alive again his Christianized conscience. The guilt of the ritual murder preys upon him. He seeks a way of atonement.

Offers His Life

He finds it in a blazing moment of action during the riots that rage for three days through Durban. He offers his life for others: he wins instead a friend, an Indian muslim.

But Moulvie, the muslim, cannot save him from the white man's law, nor completely free his spirit from its burden of guilt.

Monare flees to Mozambique. Eventually his great love for his son draws him back. But by now he understands the conflict he is caught in. His spirit by now is clean.

Blanket Boy cannot be summed up in a review: it is too powerful a story of the growth of a human being, and it is too profound an exposition of the problems of a dark and troubled land.

Here we see South Africa in panorama, with its clashes of color, religion, classes and cultures, with its exploitation and degradation of the native people complicated by their own divisions.

It is the story of Monare, a blanket boy from Basutoland, who goes to Johannesburg, the City of Gold, to seek his fortune; his exploitation and success; his return home and involvement in ritual murder; his flight back to the metropolis where he succumbs to drunkenness, drugs and homosexuality as his conscience flays him, and the police pursue him.

Finally rescued by his son and a friend when on the brink of destruction, he reaches the freedom of Lourenco Marques, the Portuguese African capital, by way of Durban, the City of Sugar, only to return to Johannesburg when his son's life is endangered in a mine disaster.

There the police nab him, he is carried back to Basutoland where he is tried, convicted and executed for his crime.

In this work there is a wealth of sociological and ethnological material which lends color and authenticity to the stark drama. It is a story with a moral and a message, a most entertaining, unusual and gripping tale.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Book of the Week

ONE of the most stirring and forceful novels to come out of South Africa is "Blanket Boy" (Crowell, 309 pages, \$3.50), the collaboration of a white man, Peter Lanham, and a black man, A. S. Mopeli Paulus, a chieftain of Basutoland, the first work with such authorship.

This is at once an indictment of white prejudice and discrimination and also of tribal cruelty and backwardness. It is a tale skillfully contrived, written in the native idiom and replete with apt sayings and pertinent proverbs. In addition, it is rich in plot, humor, pathos and tragedy, interspersed with heart-clutching adventure and hair-breadth escapes.

25-cents edition of Attaway 26b novel published

NEW YORK — 300,000 copies of the 25-cent pocket-sized reprint edition of "Blood on the Forge," novel portraying the economic and social position of Negro workers in the steel industry, were put on sale by Popular library today.

Author of the novel, William Attaway, has been called by critics one of America's most promising Negro authors. He is now on location in Mexico with a film company working on the screen adaptation of his first novel. His third book, as yet untitled, was recently purchased by a major publishing firm.

The New York Times described "Blood on the Forge" as a "novel that portrayed life in the raw" and advised it was not for those who "shun the unlovely aspects of human nature."

William Attaway's novel, "Blood on the Forge," is a big hit. Author of three books, his first is being filmed in Mexico, and his third, as yet untitled, has been purchased by a major publishing company. Youthful and courageous Mr. Myra Elise Chatters of New Orleans and a Howard University Medical School graduate (1950), has changed her mind about quitting her practice in New Iberia, La. She threatened to close her office and move to another town last week after reporting that she had been beaten and kicked by a deputy sheriff. "My patients need me," she said.

No Battles, No Magnolias, No Lynchings

BRIDLE THE WIND. By Julia Davis. 247 pp. New York: Rinehart & Co. \$3.

THIS is one historical novel about the South that does not pretend to be epic. There are no battles, no magnolias, no lynchings and no inflammatory speeches. Julia Davis has preferred to write a low-keyed story of a Virginia gentleman and his wife who do not see eye-to-eye on the slavery question. The time is some twenty-five years before the outbreak of the Civil War, when the abolitionist movement in the North was considered by most to be peopled by the lunatic fringe, but when slaves escaping to Canada were enough of a specific nuisance to be reckoned with by legal statutes.

Lucy MacLeod helped one slave to freedom and took herself to New York where she lived for three uneasy years with her unmarried sister, a pioneer in social service work in the slums. Miss Davis has had the good sense and taste to make Lucy no flamboyant heroine but simply a woman who puts principles above the family and the home she loves.

The greater portion of "Bridle the Wind" is devoted to Lucy's return home, her desire to be accepted by her husband and children, and her discovery that differences of conviction are not necessarily bars to love.

The dramatic high point of the tale centers on Lucy's trial as a person unlawfully aiding a slave to escape. (Virginia's statutes at the time made a jail sentence mandatory.) Miss Davis has written of that trial with a fine feeling for the contours and shadings of character. The judge, the prosecution, the star witnesses are delineated with painstaking care. They are not comic book villains but men and women bewildered and confused by the implications of the South's "peculiar institution."

Outstanding among the novel's minor characters are Phoebe, the social worker, a superb picture of the militant woman who pioneered for so many

causes and cared more for ideas than for comfort, and Winnie, the Negro woman who served the MacLeods most of her life. Winnie is doubtless typical of many slaves who, when offered freedom, neither understood nor wanted it, and felt proud and happy to continue in bondage to the families they loved.

It is obvious, from the first pages of this novel to the last, that the author is thoroughly at home in her milieu. The reader will not be surprised to learn that Miss Davis grew up in the Shenandoah Valley, that she has steeped herself in its lore and its history from her childhood. She is the author of "The Shenandoah" in the Rivers of America Series; long before her literary career began, she made an intensive study of the segment of American history treated here—the deceptively quiet period that was really the seed-time for the great war to come.

Miss Davis is to be complimented on taking a well-worn subject and giving it nuances, depth and meaning. Her characters are satisfyingly complex, her settings simple and believable.

JUDITH P. QUEHL.

REPORTER'S STORY OF NEGROES PRINTED IN BOOKLET

What has happened to the millions of Southern Negroes who have migrated North within the past decade is told in a series of newspaper stories in the Providence Journal and Evening Bulletin by James N. Rhea, a Negro reporter on the staff.

The title of the reprint of Rhea's stories is "Bugle in the Color Line." The 48-page booklet covers various phases of the experiences of the Negro newcomers in the North and West.

Rhea worked for three years on the reportorial staff of the Journal and Guide in Norfolk, Va., before joining the staff of the Providence Journal and Evening Bulletin in June, 1950. A native of Jackson City, Tenn., he is a graduate of Lane College and the University of Michigan where he received his master's degree in 1947.

The story which Rhea has woven into his news reports starts with the experience of J. C. Farr of Beaumont, Texas, who left for "God's country" in 1943.

To get the information for the stories Rhea traveled across the American continent. He spent an average of a week in New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Richmond, Calif.

During his trip, he talked with hundreds of persons of both races from the rank and file, and with public officials, social workers, labor leaders, businessmen, religious leaders, businessmen, religious leaders, health officials, teachers and others.

The entire Negro population of Bastrop, La., pulled up stakes and moved to San Francisco. Rhea's report disclosed. The migration was due to both a desire for higher wages and a higher state of citizenship.

The booklet shows the trend of the progress toward better race relations in sections where the Negro population has increased perceptibly by migration from the South. That much still remains to be done is evident from the stories. And how well this need will be met is the subject for a future writer.

26b 1953

Case 999, New Xmas Book Out On The Market

ST. LOUIS — It was learned here this week that the Meador Publishing Company of Boston, Mass., has released a new Christmas story, Case 999 by Anna



ANNA BELLE SCOTT

Belle Scott, teacher at Dumas Elementary school, has also written the author of the popular George Sampson Brite stories.

Miss Scott is a member of All Saints Episcopal church and the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority, and has been interested in creative writing since her early high school days.

Anne Scott's Works Published



The Meador Publishing Co., of Boston, Mass., announces the release of Case 999, A Christmas Story by Anne Scott, author of the "George Sampson Brite" stories. The author, a product of the St. Louis public schools and a graduate of Chicago University, has had the second of her works published. She is a teacher at Dumas Elementary School, a member of All Saint's Episcopal and the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority.

Balanced Color Picture

Novel Based on Normality Of Negro Life in America

Reviewed by John Barkham
Saturday Review Book Reviewer

THE CHAIN IN THE HEART By Hubert Creekmore. Random House. 401 pp. \$3.75.

Of the 15 million Negroes in the United States, the overwhelming majority are neither beggars nor plutocrats. Nor are they lynched, torn by race riots or treated as pariahs. On the contrary, they lead normal lives with the same gladnesses and sadnesses as other Americans, getting along increasingly well with their white neighbors and slowly but surely winning a better place for themselves. For all the inequalities that still exist (and they do), nowhere else on earth do so many Negroes live as well as they do in these United States.

It is this atmosphere of normality, hope and gradual advance that informs Mr. Creekmore's long and animated novel. It is an impressive piece of writing, although it burns with no professional crusading fire, or perhaps because of that. This, indeed, is one Negro novel with no ranting.

Yet don't mistake it for a mushy piece of sweetness and light. Instead, it is realistic to a degree, and shirks none of the poverty, degradation and discrimination that falls to the lot of the average Negro. But it gives those elements their proper place, without exaggerating their proportion in a balanced picture.

WE FOLLOW ONE Negro family, the Murchisons, through three eventful generations. The focal point is George, who is a small boy calling the doctor to his dying Grandma when the story opens. When it closes, his son T. G. (Taffy George) has hoisted himself by the bootstraps and lived among the whites. Yet he turns to the South to help his people.

"You can change things eas-

ier down South," he says. "Up here it's rigid with self-satisfaction."

A panorama of characters passes before the reader, all living, breathing people, for Mr. Creekmore has a deft hand with humans and an unerring ear for talk. The pace is unhurried, the small Southern setting so realistic that the reader will come to know it like his own hand.

In short, this is a skillful and painstaking creation, shaped with care and marked with truth. That a white man, and a Southerner at that, should have written it is in itself proof of the long way the Negroes have come on their road to happiness. And that, after all, is the message of this book.

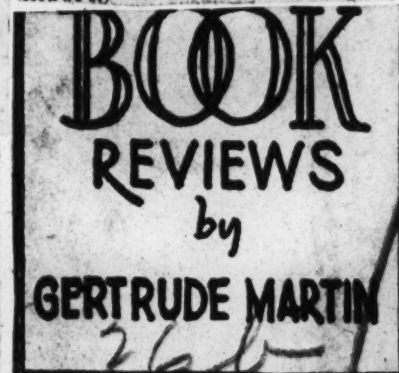
tained (by a clever psychological approach), the Germans not only used them, but kept the British from finding out what had happened.

FOR TWO YEARS Giskes maintained regular radio contacts with London, reporting and receiving reports on the Dutch underground from the unsuspecting British. The Royal Air Force dropped arms and equipment straight into the hands of waiting Germans. Then many of the bombers ferrying the stuff across were shot down.

Worse still, 54 agents sent from Britain were captured (and most of them later were shot). It wasn't until two of the agents escaped and returned to England that the British Secret Service learned how it had been taken.

When this book was published in England recently it caused a painful sensation. Angry members of Parliament demanded an inquiry, but the Secret Service, as usual, was saying nothing. So Colonel Nordpol stands and must be accepted, the more so as an explanation by the captured

agent, Lauwers, is included in the book. (Lauwers describes how he tried to tip off the British by transmitting clues in his messages to London, but the British failed to grasp their import.)



Twenty years ago or perhaps fifteen "The Chain in the Heart" by Hubert Creekmore might have been considered a better book. As a novel of three generations of a Negro family it seems dated. However, its greatest fault—the failure of its characters to come to life, would still have been a flaw years ago. If the characters were more real they might have carried the plot and it would have been more acceptable.

Mr. Creekmore tells the story of three generations of a Negro family from Annie, who was born a slave, to T.T., her grandson, who went to college and finally was able to throw off the inner chains of slavery. It was the middle generation and especially Annie's son, George, who found the way hard. His mother had grown up under the protection of the Murchisons, a white family to whom she had belonged in slavery. After emancipation her mother and father had stayed close and found they could call on the Murchisons in crises. When that link was finally broken it was George's generation which had to find a new way.

The author presents a large number of characters but few of them succeed in working out a way of life that is satisfactory. Those who go North as well as the majority who remain in the South find life difficult. Although the cover blurb states: "People are people—not symbols—in this vivid novel"—most of them seem like symbols. The mulatto family is one example: Miss Lucy, the mother who had lived with a white man for over two years, during

which time they had had two children.

George's relationship to Miss Lucy and her children is especially strained although he finally marries her daughter, May. Here as in other instances with whites and other Negroes, George's reactions are valid but somehow the the author does not make them believable.

"The Chain in the Heart" is simply another novel about the South but not a very good one. It has its share of brutality and violence but it lacks psychological insight. Mr. Creekmore, who is a white Mississippian, does not get inside his Negro characters and the result is a book which seems like a series of incidents with no real continuity or unity. "The Chain in the Heart" by Hubert Creekmore; Random House; 457 Madison ave. New York City; 1953; \$3.75.

NEGRO AND THE CIVIL WAR

Benjamin Quarles, professor of history at Dillard university, has written "The Negro in the Civil War," which will be published by Little Brown and Company on Aug. 10. Publishers' Weekly describes it as "A worthy addition to our Civil War history, about a phase of it that has hitherto been somewhat neglected."

PERSONAL HISTORY

"In the Castle of My Skin" is the unusual title of a book by George Lamming to be published on Oct. 27 by McGraw-Hill Book Company. Mr. Lamming is a native of Barbados and his book is called "a self-portrait of a man and his people." Richard Wright has written the Introduction to what promises to be an exceptionally good book.

26b 1953

THE COVERTS

Norfolk Author Writes Novel

Norfolk resident, Rebecca S. Brown, who lives at 306 Redgate avenue, is the author of a tense new novel entitled "The Coverts," which is being released by Pageant Press, New York City on September 1. P. 15

"The Coverts," which is set in the Norfolk area, deals with espionage during World War II. Combined with the excitement generated by a search for spies, is a gripping sub-plot which the question of religious intolerance.

Old New Orleans Comes to Life in Tinker's Book

CREOLE CITY. Its Past and People. By Edward Lafocque Tinker. Longmans, Green. \$6.50.

By MABEL C. SIMMONS

This story of the union of Marianne and John Sam, that strange shotgun marriage between France and the United States, is the worthy contribution of one of New Orleans' most scholarly writers to the sesquicentennial celebration.

How the gay, pleasure-loving Creole lady and the serious, industrious man of business, after a stormy and passionate youth, have settled down into a perfect union after 150 years, is told in a series of short sketches and articles, most of which appeared before in various periodicals.

Two outstanding events of the city's history are covered in the first third of the book ("The Past"): The purchase by the United States and the capture by the federals. "The People," continues the city's history in a topical way and is made up of stories of the folkways of New Orleans. Mardi Gras, the lottery, bi-lingual and two-gun journalism, free men of color, the three French languages and other items of diverse and sure-fire interest are entertainingly described.

The loyal Orleanian who reads the many books about his city as they are published will find much

that is familiar in this one. It is to the author's credit that he can refresh old tales, not only by his lively writing style but by use of his painstaking research into original sources, and make them better reading than ever.

It is surprising that a variety of stories, written over a period of years for publications ranging from the local daily newspapers to the Yale Review, could be gathered into a book with the unity of tone and feeling that this one has, and into a volume that so thoroughly covers the city's history and culture. Perhaps that is because Tinker's aim has been, in all of his writing, to preserve for today's reader those quaint and foreign early days and ways of his beloved city before they are lost in the bustling, modern life of America's Second Port, the Air-Hub of the Americas.

It is too bad that the price of the book, \$6.50, may prevent its being as widely read as it deserves.



ILLUSTRATION
from "Creole City."

Husband, Wife Team Writes African Book

WACO, Texas—The Christopher Publishing House has just announced the publication of "Dawn in Bantuland" by Dr. Amos Jerome White and Luella Graham White, members of the faculty of Paul Quinn College, here.

Dr. and Mrs. White spent three years in missionary work in South Africa. They worked among all classes, Dutch, English, Germans, the various native tribes—Zulus, Hereros, Ovambos, Hottentots and Indians, Coloreds and Afrikaners.

The publishers state that "Dawn in Bantuland" is a remarkable account of missionary experiences, observations, reminiscences and reflections. . . . "It is a first class account of the existing economic, social, educational and religious conditions of this country as they found them."

Dr. White has served as president of Edward Waters College, Jacksonville, Fla., former chairman of the Romance Language Department, Wilberforce University, former president Wilberforce Institute, Transvaal, South Africa, and former Dean of Administration, Paul Quinn College, and a Kappa Alpha Psi member.

Mrs. Luella Graham White is in charge of the Commercial Department at Paul Quinn College; former head of the Business Department, Edward Waters College, Jacksonville, Fla.; former Registrar and assistant to the late Dr. W. S. Scarborough and two other presidents of Wilberforce University, Ohio; former assistant to the Dean of Education of the State Department, Wilberforce University, former teacher, registrar and missionary worker at Wilberforce Institute and other parts of South Africa.



**Race Violence Theme
Inspires Still Another**

DAY OF THE HARVEST. By Helen Upshaw. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.

The sad story of a young Negro girl in love with a white man is retold in "Day of the Harvest." Unhappy himself, Philip Farrell is helpless to prevent Noel's suffering. The whole community of Liberty Hill, Louisiana is eventually involved because Bootsie Boy goes out with a gun looking for Philip Farrell. The atmosphere is thick with hate, fear, and suspicion. Will Banton, a Negro doctor, and Jonathan Farrell, the white mill owner, do what they can to prevent violence, but the tense atmosphere is too much for them. **29-53**

Though Miss Upshaw has told the story from several viewpoints, the focus of interest is always clear. Her style is smooth, and "Day of the Harvest" moves swiftly to its climax.—M. M.



Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Democracy's Negroes, by Arthur Furr, House of Edinboro, 21 Edinboro st., Boston, 315 pp. \$3.50.

Democracy's Negroes is probably the last history of its kind to be written in America. Or perhaps this reviewer is merely indulging in wishful thinking; but one does not see how it will continue to be possible to write histories of American colored soldiers in that happy future, which we are told is already upon us, when the armed forces of the United States will no longer designate the race of its personnel.



MR. REDDING

But since this development, which was forced by the moral exigency, did not start until we were deep in World War II, Mr. Furr's book has validity. It was intended to fill a gap.

The gap is an historical one, but in as much as Mr. Furr's book is rather short on history and historical scholarship, Democracy's Negroes does not fill it. To say however that the book is not important as history is not to say that it has no importance at all.

A part of its importance is in the complete catalog of all the colored outfits, the places in which they were stationed, and the actions they took part in. Another importance is the identification of various units as colored units.

Though during the war one's interest in military matters was at its height and one read all the newspaper dispatches and communiques, one was frequently unable to identify a given group as a colored group. Mr. Furr does that.

But probably the supreme importance of Democracy's Negroes for colored readers is less informational than inspirational. With one recent exception, and that only a partial exception, every book about colored soldiers this reviewer has read has developed into panegyric and preachment.

"Every Negro," Mr. Furr tells us, "should feel proud of the contribution of that group whose heroism, stability and fidelity survived the most arduous tests of warfare." I suppose that the exhortation is considered not only necessary but salutary.

Mr. Furr lists all the merit citations earned by colored soldiers in World War II and the acts of bravery for which they earned them.

Finally, Mr. Furr is not averse to saying frankly that besides its informational and inspirational value, Democracy's Negroes has another, which he sets forth in the following words:

"Colored America must assume its rightful place and mobilize its efforts to gain benefits that will cause Public opinion to agree in possible measurement of interracial aims and purposes.

"Arguments of the past by racial leaders will have to be reconstructed. These individuals must propose views more in accord with modern times on racial discriminations, persecutions and proscriptions... It is the purpose of the Author to evaluate the Negro's (sic) virtues in his struggles for proper recognition in America."

Sociologist Writes Religious Book

Announcement of the publication of a book entitled "The Development of Negro Religion" by Ruby Funchess Johnston has been made by the Philosophical Library, Inc., 15 East 40th Street, New York 18, New York.

This book presents an analysis of past and present religious practices in terms of the American culture. It describes the changes which are occurring in religion and relates religious actions with economic and social conditions. It includes a presentation of types of religious men and the effects of the various types upon the Protestant church. It also portrays the goals of the Negro as expressed through the Christian religion. In short, the book tells what men believe, what they experience, and what they expect from religion.

This book represents a life-time of intimate acquaintance with men's religious manifestations. As specific preparation for this study, however, the author observed the religious attitudes and actions of churchmen of various denominations and conducted interviews with church members under varied situations.

The publisher has said this of Mrs. Johnston's book: "It is undoubtedly a work of merit and unusual scope."

The author, a recent graduate of Radcliffe College and Harvard University, is the daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. S. A. Funchess, Orangeburg, South Carolina. She is a member of the American Sociological Society, the American Academy of Political and Social Science and the National Education Association of the United States, the Palmetto Education Association, and the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority.

Mrs. Johnston is a teacher in the Orangeburg City Schools and a visiting professor at Clemson College.

"The Development of Negro Religion" will be released for sale in October, 1953.

can be seen in the work which describes the changes which are occurring in religion and relates religious actions with economic and social conditions. It includes a presentation of types of religious men and the effects of the various types upon the Protestant church.

New book analyzes religious practices

NEW YORK — A new book entitled "The Development of Negro Religion" by Miss Ruby Funchess Johnston, an analysis of past and present religious practices in terms of the Ameri-

FRANK YERBY IN FRANCE

Frank Yerby, who has been in France since last June doing research for his new historical novel, has submitted the manuscript to his publisher. The book will be called "The Devil's Laughter" and its story is based on the French Revolution. It will be published on August 31 by the Dial Press. The book will be 75,000 copies. To date Mr. Yerby's seven novels by Mr. Yerby have sold a million and a half copies in the United States alone.

COMING UP

"The Devil's Laughter," by Frank Yerby, is scheduled to be published during the latter part of this month.

In this book, America's most widely read novelist tells a riotous, violent tale — this time against the background of the French Revolution, which many Americans say paved the way for our American Revolution.

26b 1953

DIVINE HORSEMEN

Haitian Folk Religion

DIVINE HORSEMEN. The Living Gods of Haiti. By Maya Deren. Thames and Hudson. \$4.75.

This study of Voudoun, the folk religion of Haiti, delves deeply into the psychology of primitive man and his concept of the universe. African in origin, with Indian and Christian modifications, Voudoun is a subtle and complex system of explaining natural phenomena and the mysteries of life and death in human and comprehensible terms. Unlike most books on the subject this is a serious attempt to understand Voudoun and to explain the origins and meanings of the elaborate rituals.

American Born Poet Writes About Negro

Weekly

Atlanta, Georgia.—A strange story of an Armenian-born poet who became fascinated by the Negro question in America was revealed in EMANCIPATION SYMPHONY a book published recently in Atlanta, Georgia.

This work has been edited by Dr. L. D. Reddick of Atlanta University who, in a long introduction traces the biographical background of the author, who writes under the pen name of Beethoven, II.

The story goes back to the battle-torn Balkan Peninsula in south east Europe and to the first World War. At that time thousands of Armenians were massacred, allegedly by the Turkish military authorities.

The young poet who was born under what Dr. Reddick terms "the shadow of death" lost his father in the underground resistance movement and himself lived in hiding with relatives or in one orphanage after another until he was 13 years old.

Meanwhile, his mother who had been "passing" as a Turkish citizen in Constantinople, in 1929 decided to come to America. She advertised in the Armenian language press of the United States for a husband and out of some fifty-odd proposals made a selection. Soon after her arrival in this country she sent for her son.

Both mother and son had thought of America as the "promised land," a land of democracy, free from the racial and national bickerings they had known in Europe. Instead they found prejudice and racial discrimination here also; against themselves as "foreigners" but mainly against the Negro. They saw in the struggle of the American Negro for freedom and equality the symbol of the struggle of minorities all over

the world. This is how the young poet turned his talents to the Negro theme and wrote the long dramatic poem EMANCIPATION SYMPHONY that is attracting so much attention.

Reddick Edits

Emancipation

Symphony Here

Dr. L. D. Reddick, director of the Atlanta university library, is the editor of a 70-page poem, Emancipation Symphony, which will be published here this week.

In an introduction Dr. Reddick observes that the poem was written by an Armenian-born New Yorker who has been hospitalized since 1943 as a "homefront casualty" of World War II. The poet writes under the non de plume of Beethoven, II.

The poem is chiefly an account of John Brown's Harpers Ferry expedition against slavery, and Reddick points out that:

"The theme of this poem is the struggle against oppression of the Negro in America and the need for drastic change in our society if the Negro is to be free and equal.

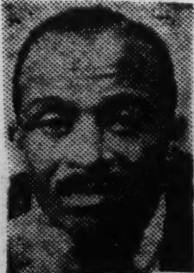
The published poem, an excerpt from the original which consists of twelve rhapsodies plus an apotheosis, is from the first rhapsody only.

Book Review

Emancipation Symphony, by Beethoven II. Fuller Press, Atlanta, Ga. (Distributed by L. D. Reddick, Atlanta university.) 70 pp. \$1.50.

It is extremely difficult to comment objectively on this first published product of a writer

who calls himself Beethoven II. In the first place, this publication was sponsored by a valued acquaintance of high professional reputation who was undoubtedly moved by personal considerations quite foreign to those who will read (and I hope there will be many)



Emancipation Symphony.

In the second place, the sponsor asks the reader to share in an experience with the poet that cannot but prejudice the reader's opinion of the poem. In a certain sense, this is unfair; but in another sense, it is a display of admirable sympathy.

The introduction to this long fragment of a long poem is a simply and beautifully written account of the life of "B" as L. D. Reddick knows it.

In his capacity as Curator of the Schromberg Collection of the New York Public Library in the late '30's and early '40's, Reddick met "B" an Armenian youth who, after a round of European orphanages, came to the States to join his mother who herself had fled Europe in 1929.

"B" had been happy in his last orphanage. He was in New York. His mother was practically a stranger to him; his father completely so. "He did not share his inner life with his parents—or almost anybody else."

In Reddick, "B" found a sympathetic friend, and through Reddick, probably, he came to associate his own lost lot with the general lot of colored people in America. Just before he joined the army in 1942, he brought to Reddick a "sizeable bundle" of manuscript. "B" cracked-up in the army.

For a long time now he has been in an institution. A few months ago Lawrence Reddick decided to publish enough of the poet's work "to give the reader some sense of the style and content."

Emancipation Symphony is in the ancient tradition of the heroic epic, and in that tradition it weaves fancy and fact, story into story. Its emotional tone is high-pitched, idealistic. Its characters—John Brown, Frederick Douglass—are god-size. The poem thunders out its story in lines that have, as it were, weight and mass.

The work has a compelling, evangelistic sincerity that lifts the reader over the crude rhythms, the occasional jarring rhymes, the sometimes screaming dissonances.

Yet it seems to me that without these crude rhythms and head-rattling dissonances the poem would not be the compelling experience that it is. What is there about it that makes one think of Beowulf being chanted in Anglo-Saxon to the accompaniment of a taut-toned harp? What is there about it that

brings constantly to mind the mad passion of Lear, the towering pride of Othello, the vengeful wrath of Gabriel? I do not know.

I know only that Emancipation Symphony gripped me for reasons quite beyond my comprehension.

J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Editors deserve thanks

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN HISTORY, edited by Richard M. Morris. (Harper, \$6)

THIS ENCYCLOPEDIA represents a major effort. It is an attempt to compress into one volume (although one of 776 tight pages) all the important facts of American history. To do this a novel approach was undertaken.

The book was divided into three parts. For 409 pages, one gets a basic chronology, in which, from the earliest evidences of men on the continent down through 1952 one gets a connected picture of the main events of the nation's history. Although termed an encyclopedia, this section gives a sense of continuity, a feeling of cause and effect, that lie at the heart of good historical writing.

A similar achievement is found in the second section, which provides a topical chronology for major aspects of American life. Such separate subjects as territorial expansion, population, the Supreme Court, agriculture, public finance, inventions, religion, and literature (to name only a few) are given chronological treatment.

THE ARRANGEMENT in both sections facilitates finding desired information. Typographically, the packed pages are kept from being forbidding by liberal use of black type and sub-headings.

The third section consists of short biographies on 300 notable Americans. The choices were reached after considerable study and involve, of course, some arbitrary decisions. Alabamians may be interested in the fact that only two persons appear as from this state. Both are Negroes. They are Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver.

We know of no volume that gives so much of the history of this nation in so practicable a form as the "Encyclopedia of American History." The editors, headed by the professor of history of the graduate school in history, Columbia University, deserve commendation — and thanks. — J. F. BOTHERMAN

TSU Professor Publishes Book

HOUSTON, Texas — Appleton-Century-Crofts company, 35 West 32nd Street, New York, has announced the publishing of "ETHNIC RELATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES" by Edward Mc Donagh, associate professor of sociology, the University of California and Eugene S. Richards, chairman, Division of Social Sciences and professor of sociology, Texas Southern University.

The work is a 106-page text in a social science series. The monograph on the book states in part: "An outstanding feature of this new study of race relations is its original organization which employs a frame of reference that makes possible a comparative study of the position of each of seven ethnic groups in the social system of the United States." The book analyzes and discusses the seven different groups in terms of their social status, their educational status, their legal status, and their economic status. This scheme enables the student to see clearly what are the mutual problems and what are the individual problems which confront each group, and how the members of the different groups are affected by these problems.

Dr. Eugene Richards has written a number of articles in journals. He formerly taught at Prairie View A & M college and Southern university in Louisiana.

The Sands Run Out

FACING MOUNT KENYA: The Tribal Life of the Gikuyu. By Jomo Kenyatta. Illustrated. 339 pp. New York: British Book Centre, 1953. \$4.
WHO KILLED KENYA? By Colin Wills. Illustrated. 111 pp. New York: Roy Publishers. \$3.

By JOHN BARKHAM

THREE years ago Negley Farson, an American-born writer who knows his Africa, wrote a perceptive and vaticinatory report under the title "Last Chance in Africa," in which he sounded a clear warning that the sands of time were fast running out for the white man in Kenya. Now, in 1953, another white man, Colin Wills, writes an equally understanding book, the tenor of which is that the sands have, in fact, run out. The old Kenya he knew, paradise for planters and hunters, has been engulfed in a morass of Mau-Mau murder and mutilation.

Although the two books under review do not directly debate the issues now being decided with knives and bullets on the Kenya plains, they do throw plenty of light on the problems and attitudes involved. Mr. Wills is an Australian who knows and loves Kenya and is saddened by the errors that have overwhelmed its laughing countryside. Jomo Kenyatta is a prominent Kikuyu, the tribe from which the Mau-Mau sprang. Whether Mr. Kenyatta bears any direct responsibility for this is a matter the British courts are now deciding. (His conviction is still a subject of litigation, from which a new trial may emerge.)

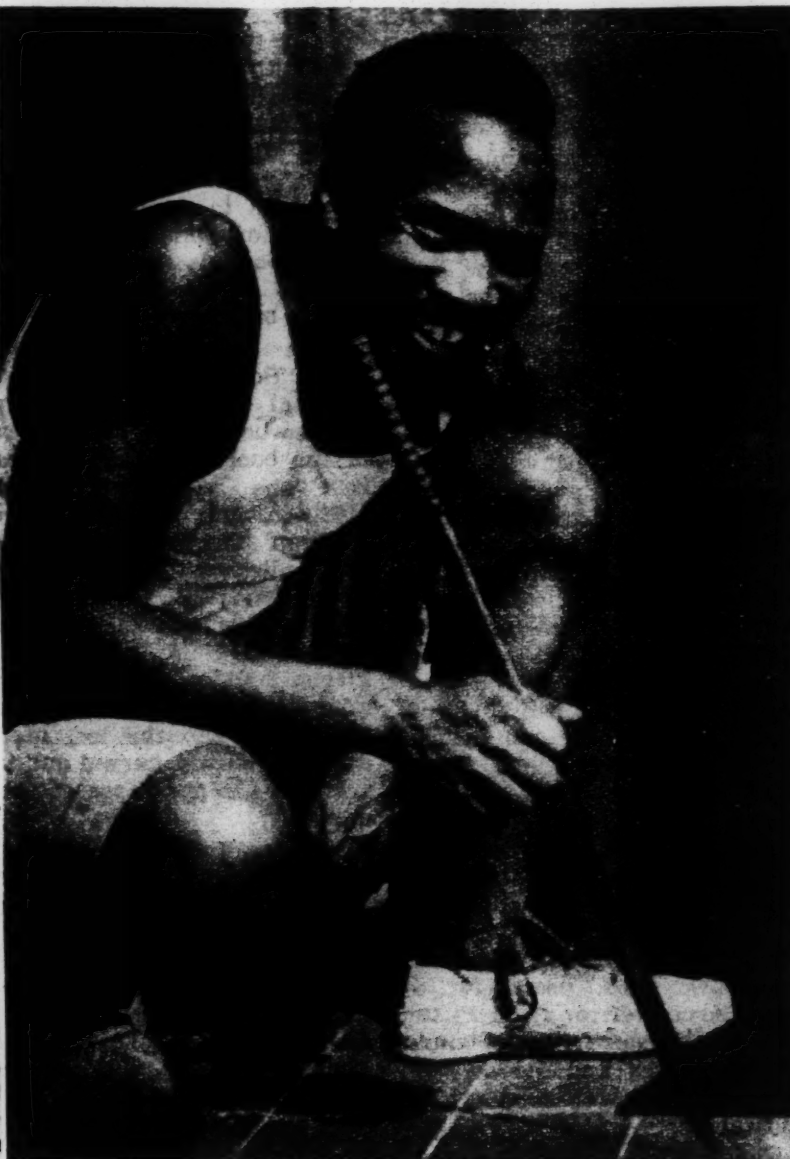
Kenyatta was educated in London and Moscow, and is thus a product of both Western and African civilization. Yet his book is no political credo or fighting manifesto: it is a serious anthropological study of the Kikuyu (which he spells Gikuyu), first published in England fifteen years ago and now re-issued here.

AT first blush Kenyatta's book seems a formidable work for the layman to get his teeth into—a detailed description of tribal customs, religious rites, marriage practices, systems of government, and so forth. Actually, however, it is an extremely interesting document, as much for what it unconsciously reveals about Kenyatta himself as for what it says about his people. Bear in mind that he is an educated Kikuyu accustomed to hearing his people belittled by whites. His book, therefore, is an attempt to equate the Kikuyu with the European, and usually to the disadvantage of the European. The results are often remarkable—and a measure of the massive inferiority complex from which Kenya must have suffered.

Thus on the subject of the "magic" as practiced by tribal witch doctors, he explains it as "a way of transmitting thoughts telepathically from one mind to another. * * * The magician's suggestions are easily transmitted by means of vibration to the brain, and then to the mind." One of the most barbarous practices of the Kikuyu is that of female circumcision, which they have refused to give up. Kenyatta defends it vigorously as part of "an institution which has enormous educational, social, moral and religious implications," and points out that the women who perform this razor operation work "with the dexterity of a Harley Street surgeon."

(Negley Farson, on the other hand, says that in Kenya they still recount the dreadful episode when a band of Kikuyus broke into the home of a Scottish woman missionary opposed to female circumcision, and forcibly circumcised her with such "dexterity" that she died.)

THIS desire to prove the Kikuyu as good a man as the European runs like a corroding thread through an otherwise impressive book. Kenyatta has right on his side when he asserts "They [the Europeans]



Jomo Kenyatta.

speak as if it were somehow beneficial to an African to work for them instead of for himself." But when he adds: "The African is conditioned, by the cultural and social institutions of centuries, to a freedom of which Europe has little conception," he is preaching plain xenophobia.

Mr. Wills gives a rather different picture. For centuries before the white man came, Kenya was a land of fear. The Bantu tribes (including the Kikuyus) preyed upon each other, the Masai in turn massacred all of them, and the visiting Arab slave-traders wantonly butchered Africans at large for the sheer sake of carnage. The first white missionary to visit the interior in 1849 reported that en-

doubtedly pass. But the white man in Kenya has still to find a *modus vivendi* with the black man which will satisfy both and affront neither. Perhaps the solution lies in the words wrung recently from the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Godfrey Huggins: "We will have to cut out the color idea and regard him as just another man."

The Mau-Mau phase will



Father Divine with his followers during a Hudson River excursion.

The Magnet of a Cult

FATHER DIVINE: HOLY HUSBAND.

By Sara Harris. With the assistance of Harriet Crittenden. 320 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co. \$3.95.

By OSCAR HANDLIN

THOSE who read this important book will come away with a better understanding of Father Divine and of his sect than any other account could afford them. They will also have flashes of illuminating insight into the American society that produced the man and the movement.

At about the time of World War I (exact dates are obscure) there wandered from Georgia an itinerant Negro preacher, one of many carried along by the flow from the rural South to the industrial North. In the vicinity of New York "the Messenger" made a modest place for himself, in the chaotic religious life of the poor, unwanted new comers. Through the Nineteen Twenties his following grew around a center in Sayville, L. I.; by now he was Major Divine. After 1930, the number of his adherents soared with the revelation that he was no mere spokesman or minister, but God Himself. Steadily and in widening circles, Father Divine's influence has spread to California and Canada as well as to Harlem, to whites as well as Negroes, and to the wealthy and educated as well as to the indigent and ignorant.

"Father Divine: Holy Husband" makes an intelligent effort to explain the motives that drew so many diverse members to the cult. Mrs. Harris, a sociologist and novelist, knows the story, has understood its meaning, and has skillfully set it forth. In good part she has succeeded in maintaining a judicious balance between skepticism as to Father Divine's own claims and the mere scoffing that sets to naught the faith of thousands.

Mrs. Harris tells her story largely through a succession of personal sketches. Here appear the 11-year-old Mr. Loving Jeremiah, whose ambition was to sing before Father; Miss Beautiful Love, who knows how Father brought the Japanese to their knees; Miss Holy Grace, a schoolgirl at 92, and Miss Faithful Mary, who was not faithful and suffered thereby.

It is clear that the initial impetus toward the growth of the cult came from the depression. It was then that Father Divine pulled himself above the level of the mass of store-front evangelists. Like C. S. Braden, who wrote on the same subject earlier, Mrs. Harris properly stresses the economic basis of the movement at the time; its system of cooperatives was enormously attractive to Negroes, hardest hit by unemployment. To the appeal of providential plenty amid uni-

versal want, Father Divine joined absolute intransigence on the racial issue. To the residents of the Harlem slums the demand not for equal but for identical treatment was indeed God-like. The promise of security and dignity was the magnet that drew to Father the love and faith of thousands, eager for his sake to sever family ties, to surrender sex and literally to lose themselves as individuals.

THE cult, however, did not remain confined to Harlem Negroes. It is in the analysis of the motives that middle and upper class whites, well-educated and economically secure, shared with the Negroes that this book is most illuminating. The unemployed Negroes had lost the power to resist, through the corrosive effect on their family and social life of the degraded status to which America confined them. An identical corrosion among whites was the product of analogous though not identical forces. It is in this sense that Mrs. Harris concludes that the cult serves a real need in the lives of its members; but that the need should exist is "the shame of America."

Author's Query

TO THE EDITOR:

I am engaged in a complete critical edition of the works of the German philosopher Georg Hegel (1770-1831) and would be most grateful for the communication of manuscripts of any hitherto unpublished or faultily published material.

JOHANNES HOFFMEISTER,
Bonn University.
Bonn, Germany.

FACING 'GOD'S' DEATH 'WHAMMY':

Divine 'curses' biography author, publisher, readers

PHILADELPHIA

Father M. J. Divine has aimed a "death whammy" at the author, publishers and even the readers of a book about him, which he characterized as a slanderous, scavengous publication.

Mr. Divine (God to his followers of both races), owner of many "mansions" and "peace missions" in America and with millions of disciples throughout the world, issued his "prophecy, prediction, declaration and ultimatum" in the New Day, weekly organ published by his associates.

Referring to the book "Father Divine, Holy Husband" written by Sarah Drucker Harris and Harriett Crittenden, the cult leader declares, in part:

"Everything that has ever been said slanderous, libelous and in a way of accusing — falsely accusing — me they have tried to bring out under that book and in that book where they think that the masses of intelligent people would read it."

"But now, if they choose to read it, they are 'cursed' with it and with the publishers of it — with the publishers, I say, of it and the publication."

"You Can See Them Dying"

"The ungodly have taken God's name in vain and they have tried to curse but those of you whom are of the Truth and have heard the Truth know that God is the only one that can actually curse. Tell them I said it."

"I curse all that believe in the slanderous and libelous articles written by the malicious and antagonistic! Curse them, world without end, and I curse them even into death."

"You can see them dying on every hand. Accidents disease and all sorts of catastrophes that rise against those who have risen against me! Aren't you glad!"

Book of The Week

IN "FATHER DIVINE: Holy Husband" (Doubleday & Co., New York, \$3.95) Sara

Harris has written a most intimate biography of one of the most hypnotic personalities of our time.

"Peace" is Father's greeting, and the person responding wholeheartedly to it loses his identity; there are supposedly twenty million such people in the Divine Peace Movement.

Why are they his followers? They have been maladjusted in one way or another in the outside world, they have been seekers of perfection, they have been, some of them, everything under the sun. It seems that when all has been hopelessly wrong; life not worth living, each follower has been drawn as if by a magnet to Father Divine. He proclaims himself God and they believe him. They adore and worship his "beautiful body." He is perfection; he is everything. They are nothing.

ON THE one hand through him they find self-esteem, independence, an enviable code of morals (if true). On the other, they forsake families and worldly goods on his say-so; reject sex, because it is outlawed in the kingdoms as a black sin. They walk in his shadow.

Father Divine really has a system, but what is it really? What happens to these people — Negro and white, illiterate and highly educated who live for the sight of him? You read page after page of Mrs. Harris' interesting book and

you never cease wondering.

He has great wealth . . . yet he has nothing. He has a bride, but she is virgin. According to him and his cult, he has everlasting life and will never die. It would be a woeful day if he did. Imagine so many people disillusioned at one time. How many could survive?

GWENDOLYN WILLIAMS
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Behind the Headlines

By ROBERT M. RATCLIFFE
(Courier's National News Editor)

Father Divine Said Something

THE new book, "Father Divine—Holy Husband," picked up extra sales after "Father" put his "curse" on the author, Sara Harris. Mrs. Harris declares she wrote the book "from where I stood" and



Mr. Ratcliffe

in doing so referred to Divine as a man and not as God . . . Reports from Charleston, S. C. say white workers are bringing their lunches from home, or eating at the canteen, since non-segregation has been enforced at the cafeteria of the Navy Yard . . . Denied service in the cafeteria of the airport in Oklahoma City, two NAACP officials merely mentioned the name of Atty. Thurgood Marshall to the cafe manager. The NAACP officials were served and invited to return.

Two Disturbing Orders

We are disturbed over the implications of new orders just issued by the State Department.

After American Jumping each time Senator McCarthy cracks the whip, the department has ordered its overseas information service to no longer use material from the works of liberal writers like Howard Fast.

It has gone further and threatened to cancel export licenses of all book publishers bold enough to fill any foreign demands for Mr. Fast's work. This is unfortunate.

No contemporary historical novelist has contributed as much to racial understanding as has Howard Fast.

His brilliant novel, "Freedom's Road" brings to light the long buried story of the difficult but heroic Reconstruction Era in South Carolina.

His "Citizen Tom Paine" performs a similar needed service in throwing new light on the contributions of men of color during the Revolutionary War period.

No one can read these volumes without gaining a broader understanding of all that democracy (with a small d) means. They are not subversive. To the contrary, they are documentary refutations of everything for which communism stands.

The State Department, amid all the hysteria created by the Wisconsin smear artist, has blundered in issuing these orders? We hope that Mr. Dulles on second thought quickly withdraws them.

26b 1953

THE GOLD COAST REVOLUTION

THE GOLD COAST REVOLUTION:
THE STRUGGLE OF AN AFRICAN
PEOPLE FROM SLAVERY TO
FREEDOM, by George Padmore
(British Book Centre) \$3.

Times

p.15

Fri. 8-21-53

New York, N.Y.

Book of the Week

Books of The Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

THE GREAT distinction of "Go Tell It to the Mountain" (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.50) is that it breaks the tradition of grief and calamity which has characterized most novels by Negroes during the past twenty years. The author, James Baldwin, is a New Yorker and an experienced writer who has here presented a segment of Negro life in a very unique manner.

The church, a certain stratum of Negroes, folk songs and religious monomania are used to reveal the hardships, the religious and emotional experiences, and the picture of sex-lust-crime which is the story of John, his family and the people of his world.

Portraying all of these evils in a state of monomania is the Rev. Mr. Grimes, who sincerely believes he is a man sent of God to reveal the truth.

John, an out-of-wedlock stepson of the preacher, is seeking for an understanding of his inner conflicts, and turns to the religion of his father, hoping that through this experience he will see the light.

Through a morbid narrative of a certain type of religious expression, the truth is nevertheless unfolded. Naked truth has a strange way of impressing and challenging the reader. It is a fascinating story of one who seeks to know the behavior patterns on various levels of our society.

Moreover, it is written in a delightful style and the characterization is life-like and believable. The conflicts are not so much between race but are human, such as could be encountered among similar people anywhere.

Mr. Baldwin may well develop into a more accurate delineator of Negro life than many more-touted authors one could name.

REV. D. EDWARD WELLS
New York, N. Y.

THE store-front church on Lenox Avenue in Harlem was called the Temple of the Fire Baptized. There the saints gathered sure in the knowledge that those who had been converted and saved were among the Lord's anointed. There they listened to fiery sermons rich with the ornate rhythms of the old Testament. And there they prayed long and lustily and sang exuberantly until the floor trembled and the walls shook. And sometimes, when the power was on them, the saints saw visions and spoke in tongues. One March Sunday in 1935 Johnny Grimes had a fit in the Temple of the Fire Baptized, and while he lay unconscious on the church floor the members of his family had plenty of time to remember their past lives, all the heavy burden of sin and guilt that they hoped had been forgiven them on high. It is about this eventful occasion that James Baldwin has written in his striking first novel, "Go Tell It on the Mountain."



James Baldwin

James Baldwin, like Johnny, is the son of a Harlem preacher. Although he is only 28 years old, he is a sound craftsman in fiction. As individually and authentically talented as Ralph Ellison, author of last year's "Invisible Man," Mr. Baldwin has made an equally auspicious debut. Readers interested in Negro fiction, an increasingly large number, will not want to miss "Go Tell It on the Mountain."

Real but Remote

But this is an odd and special book that will not necessarily appeal to everyone. Its exploration of the role of a primitive, naive and frequently hysterical variety of religion in the lives of American Negroes is objective and sympathetic. But its interest is sociological rather than emotional. Mr. Baldwin writes with great intensity and clarity; but somehow his story seems almost as remote as a historical novel about the Hebrew patriarchs and prophets. The members of the Grimes family are perfectly real and pathetically troubled human beings. But they are strange ones with one foot in the world of Abraham and Isaac and one in the world of John Calvin. One stares at them with considerable interest, but it is often difficult to follow them

through their riots of religious frenzy. The most important member of the Grimes family was Gabriel, a man of God, a preacher

*GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN. By James Baldwin. 303 pages. Knopf. \$3.50.

and a deacon who was convinced that all white people were wicked and that his own sins had long since been washed away. As a young man down South Gabriel had been a drunkard and a lecher. But he had been converted and had become a mighty preacher of the Word. But the Devil was strong in Gabriel and he had succumbed to the lusts of the flesh. Years later in Harlem his self-righteousness had nearly obliterated his sense of guilt, leaving Gabriel a proud, arrogant, short-tempered, domestic tyrant.

Gabriel's first wife had died before he came North. His second wife had an illegitimate son when Gabriel magnanimously married her, forgetting his own murdered bastard child. Gabriel's sister was a harsh and vindictive old woman just waiting for a chance to strike back at her haughty brother. Johnny, who was not Gabriel's son but only his mother's, was a good boy; but Roy, Gabriel's true son, was as hot-tempered as his father and surely bound for damnation.

With vivid imagery, with lavish attention to all the details of the Harlem scene and with much eloquent dialogue (colloquial but not so extreme as to seem like a dialect), Mr. Baldwin has told his feverish story, using flashbacks with great skill to transport his characters into the far past in the nameless community of their origin somewhere in the South.

Primarily About Religion

"Go Tell It on the Mountain" is primarily a novel about religion and secondarily a novel about sex and guilt. It is concentrated on the minds and emotions and relationships of a half dozen characters and makes no attempt to indict society because of race prejudice, as do most novels by Negro writers. But Mr. Baldwin is as bitter about race discrimination in a few passing references as many authors are in whole books. He also can be as brutal and shocking as any of our modern realistic writers, although this too is only in a few passing references.

The really distinctive element in "Go Tell It on the Mountain" is its style, an elaborate, cadenced prose that reflects the Biblical language that constantly runs through the minds of the saints of the Temple of the Fire Baptized.

"Late in the afternoon the wind rose, the skies opened and the rain came. The rain came down as though once more in Heaven the Lord had been persuaded of the good uses of a flood. It drove before it the bowed wanderer, clapped chil-

dren into houses, licked with fearful anger against the high, strong wall, and the wall of the lean-to, and the wall of the cabin, beat against the bark and the leaves of trees, trampled the broad grass, and broke the neck of the flower. The world turned dark, forever, everywhere, and windows ran as though the glass panes bore all the tears of eternity, threatening at every instant to shatter inward against this force, uncontrollable, so abruptly visited on the earth."

Negro Writer Finds Secret

Original Freshness In Novel Links Author, Reader Together

GO TELL IT TO THE MOUNTAIN. By James Baldwin. Knopf. \$3.50.

WAY UP IN Harlem, a boy named John Grimes has his 14th birthday, and it porves one of those epochal, momentous days when the step is taken from child to man, from innocence to knowing, from the safe, sure bosom of the family to the hazardous outer world.

The youngster wakes up hoping his mother, at least, will remember, but there's no sign of a celebration of any kind when he comes down at breakfast with sister Sarah looking on in silence, rebellious brother Roy complaining, the baby banging her spoon on a dish, the mother trying to keep order. Then the mother sends John off to sweep and dust, and, at last, getting him alone, gives him the few coins that show she did remember after all.

Sins On His Conscience

Father Gabriel is a hard, harsh parent, and only his sister, John's Aunt Florence, who can remind him of his sorely wasted youth, has the courage to face him. Roy is the harum-scarum, as a knife-wound will prove. John is dedicated to the ministry, but even at 14 he has sins on his tender conscience. This book tells his background: Where the Grimeses come from, how they got to Harlem, what their flesh and blood and thinking and doing are like.

Old Time Religion

It's a novel of the old time re-

ligion, with some of the elemental simplicity of Gertrude Stein's earliest stories. The faithful frantic and despairing, cry out to their God, and in their prayers recall the Southland from which they fled, the overpowering passions to which they once succumbed, the emptiness and frustration of the years of their youthful abandon.

There's art behind the artlessness here, of course, and this young author is well grounded in his craft. Yet there's a remarkable original freshness about this, something unspoiled and natural. Somehow Baldwin cuts the distance usually intervening between a novelist's people and his readers to almost nothing.

—W. G. R.

BOOK REVIEWS

by GERTRUDE MARTIN

James Baldwin has written an extraordinary novel in "Go Tell It On The Mountain." That this is his first novel and that Mr. Baldwin is not yet thirty make his achievement even more impressive. He has combined beauty of language with skill in the mechanics of writing; objectivity with the greatest understanding of the human heart. He is quoted on the cover as saying of his novel:

"It is a fairly deliberate attempt to break out of what I always think of as the 'case' of Negro writing. I wanted my people to be people first, Negroes almost incidentally."

He has succeeded in his aim and in so doing has made literary history.

Mr. Baldwin has written his nov-

el on several different levels; there is the story of Southern Negroes migrating to the North in search of a better life, there is the relation of his characters to their religion, there are the parent-child relationships which are in all instances difficult.

The book tells of one day in the lives of its characters and through the use of flashbacks introduces the readers to the pasts of these characters. The action revolves to a great extent around John Grimes, a fourteen-year-old Negro, who is deeply disturbed by his conflicts. More than anything perhaps he seeks love but he is frustrated by the rigidity and the religious fanaticism of Gabriel, the man he thinks is his father. In the end John embraces the religion he has scorned before and seeks in it the comfort he has not found in his other relationships.

Gabriel, the father, has come to New York from the South after his wife's death. He had turned to religion after a lusty youth and keeps his fleshly cravings reined in by his oppression of those around him. His second marriage in New York to Elizabeth who was alone with her illegitimate son, John, seemed a blessing to her at the time.

The book goes back another generation to show the influences which molded Gabriel and Elizabeth. Both suffered as children although in very different ways; Gabriel had no father, and Elizabeth was separated from hers.

This sketchy outline of the plot of "Go Tell It On The Mountain" gives no indication of the complexity of the characters and of the factors which had brought them to the day of which the author writes. Store-front religion, Negro-white relationships, the human heart and its gropings for happiness all have their place here.

"Go Tell It On The Mountain" is a novel of intense feeling written with great sensitivity. Mr. Baldwin has recorded the speech of his Negro characters with exactness without using dialect—his novel is above all a story of family life and of the difficulty of one human being establishing contact with others.

This is a book no one will want to miss. Few novels in any year can measure up to its excellence.

"Go Tell It On The Mountain," by James Baldwin; Alfred A. Knopf; 501 Madison Avenue; New York 22, N.Y.: 1953; \$3.50.



James Baldwin

Tribune Novel of Family's Search for Religion

"GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN," by James Baldwin. [Knopf, 303 pages, \$3.50.]

Chicago Ill.
Reviewed by Roi Ottley

The store front church common to Negro communities in the north is often a transmission belt in the Negro's progress from the primitive, rural life of his ancestral south to the modern, alien tenements of the north. The leap from a feudal to a modern way of life is frequently a mighty one, often involving generations—and in the process these people, beyond the normal strain of metropolitan living, must turn to Jesus to find a way out of the dilemma of the slum corrals.

James Baldwin, a preacher's son, has chosen these people to write about. While his powerful novel is primarily about religion—a Negro's own, individual, intimate meaning of religion—it is as well a story of violence and lust and tenderness and compassion. It revolves around the moment—at the age of 14—when John Grimes gets religion.

In three well-conceived, retrospective chapters, grippingly and movingly written, we follow three generations of the Grimes family in their emotional wanderings and search for Jesus. And these are pitilessly told. Amid the vivid scenes at the Temple of the Fire Baptized, a store front church on Lenox av. in Harlem, the whole story comes to the surface as everyone ups and "testifies." John suddenly awakens to the

harsh realities of the world about him and to facts about his father.

The focal character, and perhaps the best realized, is Gabriel Grimes, a lecher and domestic tyrant, who magnanimously married John's mother when she had had an illegitimate son. He is a man of God, a preacher and a deacon who is convinced that his many sins have been washed away. His utter self-righteousness has nearly obliterated his sense of guilt. Even when his harsh and vindictive sister holds a mirror before his evil face he has a defense. But it is Gabriel's true son, Roy, hot tempered and wayward, who finally damns him.

Not since the late James Weldon Johnson wrote the vivid imagery in the eloquence of Negro preachers, in his admirable "God's Trombones," has an author put on paper so faithfully the speech of Negroes. James Baldwin has succeeded in a way. His dialog is both eloquent and purposeful; never seemingly to have the character of dialect, and it lends itself well to the hysterical and feverish quality of religion common to these people. Always, somehow, one hears echoes of the Hebrew patriarchs as snatches from the Old Testament are quoted in remarkably ornate rhythms.

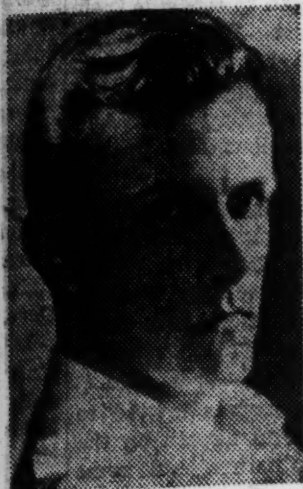
This is a distinctive book, both realistic and brutal, but a novel of extraordinary sensitivity and poetry.

Books of The Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

ALTHOUGH one swallow doesn't make a summer, two first novels published within two weeks of each other offer heartening evidence that things are looking up below the Mason-Dixon Line as far as fiction is concerned. The young Southern writers who have been competing with each other to see who can imagine the most gruesome psychological horrors and

explore the most noisome extremes of degeneracy no longer have a near monopoly on Southern literary talent. Ovid Williams Pierce, author of "The Plantation," has written about North Carolina with affection, respect and gentle dignity — and with brilliance. And Jefferson Young, author of "A Good Man,"* has written about Mississippi with equal, if less showy, brilliance and also with affection, respect and dignity.



Jefferson Young

"The Good Man" is a novel about Mississippi and race relations which has none of the characteristics usual in novels with its familiar theme: bitterness, brutality and tortured prose. Mr. Young has written with limpid and eloquent simplicity, without once raising his voice, without melodrama or violence. One of the major points of his story is that the Southern tradition of violence still haunts the minds of men, both white and black; but changes in thought and folkways have so diminished its strength that situations that might have precipitated lynchings a generation ago no longer do. "The Good Man" is a hopeful book.

3-10-53
Story of a Sharecropper

It is also a quietly moving one, for Mr. Young has drawn a convincing full-length portrait of a genuinely good man who faced up to a potentially nasty situation with admirable faith and courage. Albert Clayton was a Negro sharecropper on Mr. John Tittle's place near the village of Longfield in the Piney Woods country of Mississippi. Albert was ignorant and poor. He lived in a gray tenant cabin with a tin roof and cardboard tacked on the walls to discourage the wind from howling through the biggest cracks. His wife, Luella, and his two sons, Cooter and Daniel, lived with him and so did his wife's grandmother and sister. After Albert got his half of the cotton profits each fall and paid off his debt at Mr.

Mathis' general store he had hardly enough money left to keep the old woman in snuff. But Albert had a dream he took around with him.

Albert wanted to paint the shack he lived in and he wanted to paint it white. "I believe I be going to 'ad somethin'. Somethin' papa and his folks on back been lookin' for and ain't found. A white house let a man be a man."

White paint was a symbol to Albert, although he didn't know it, of home and pride and aspiration. He wanted it for his family as well as to satisfy a longing deep within him. But no Negro had ever painted his tenant cabin white in Longfield. Mr. Tittle, who was a good man, too, in his way, told Albert to go ahead. Mr. Mathis was outraged by such uppity doings and cut off Albert's credit at the store. And the white folk began to act queerly. "Them mens up to somethin," said Luella. She was frightened and wanted to move away. Albert was frightened, too, but he couldn't give up his dream of white paint. "This where we live. This us home."

Around this poignant crisis Mr. Young has built his story, quoting the uneducated speech of Albert and his family and friends with loving attention to its special usages and rhythms, deftly suggesting a dozen other characters, broadening and deepening his portrait of Albert with scores of small details and incidents that demonstrate his kindness and devotion to his family, his humble patience, his unassuming courage.

He Even Trusted White Men

Albert was not a resentful man. He wasn't trying to rival the white folks. He even trusted them, as his friends did not. All he wanted to do was to appease an inner craving of his soul with a few gallons of white paint.

Jefferson Young might have written "The Good Man" as a solemnly pretentious parable. He might have made it a savage tragedy of human malice and individual defeat. Instead, he has kept his tone light and his story short. He has a pleasant sense of humor and a neat gift of suggesting much with a bare detail or an artful understatement. But if "The Good Man" is simple in manner its implications are many; and all of them are generous and fine. There is a nobility of thought and emotion in "The Good Man" that is uncommon indeed in contemporary fiction, and more uncommon still in novels about the plight of black men in a white man's world.

Jefferson Young was born in Oma, Miss., about thirty-two years ago. He served three years in the Air Force as a bomber pilot, was graduated from the University of Missouri School of Journalism and won the 1951 Eugene F. Saxton Memorial Fellowship for creative writing. "The Good Man" is so good a book that Mr. Young's future career is certain to be followed eagerly by all who are interested in the literature of the American South.

26b 1953

GREAT NEGRO BASEBALL STARS AND HOW THEY MADE THE MAJOR LEAGUES

GREAT NEGRO BASEBALL STARS AND
HOW THEY MADE THE MAJOR
LEAGUES by A. S. (Doc) Young
(A. S. Barnes \$2.50 cloth \$1
paper bound) 2-33-53

Youth And Religion

C. F. Graves Discusses Problem In His New Book

GUIDING THE ADOLESCENT IN RELIGIOUS GROWTH

By C. F. GRAVES
16 pp. 50 Cents 1952

"self centered" and like to play the glamorous role in their leadership.

This is a valuable contribution to a problem which grows worse in modern civilization due to the inroads of materialism in our schools and churches. Adult readers of this work will recall how confused they were at times in their youth over the contrast between Christian principles and the practices of Christians.

THE AUTHOR sees the need for bridging the chasm between youth and adults so that the two groups can cooperate to solve their mutual problems.

As head of Roanoke Institute in Elizabeth City for a number of years and later as a public school principal in Elizabeth City, Mr. Graves had an opportunity to learn first hand the impact of social conditions on the lives of young people. A conviction grew with him that adult leaders must help youth find answers to their perplexing questions and guide them into a life of tranquility and assurance by way of the Christian faith.

—Thomas L. Dahmer

Mr. Graves, who is a veteran educator and minister of Elizabeth City, N. C., devotes the first section of his book to the psychological basis of learning, and the scientific methods in influencing character. He discusses the emotional area of stimulation and response with particular reference to the adolescent.

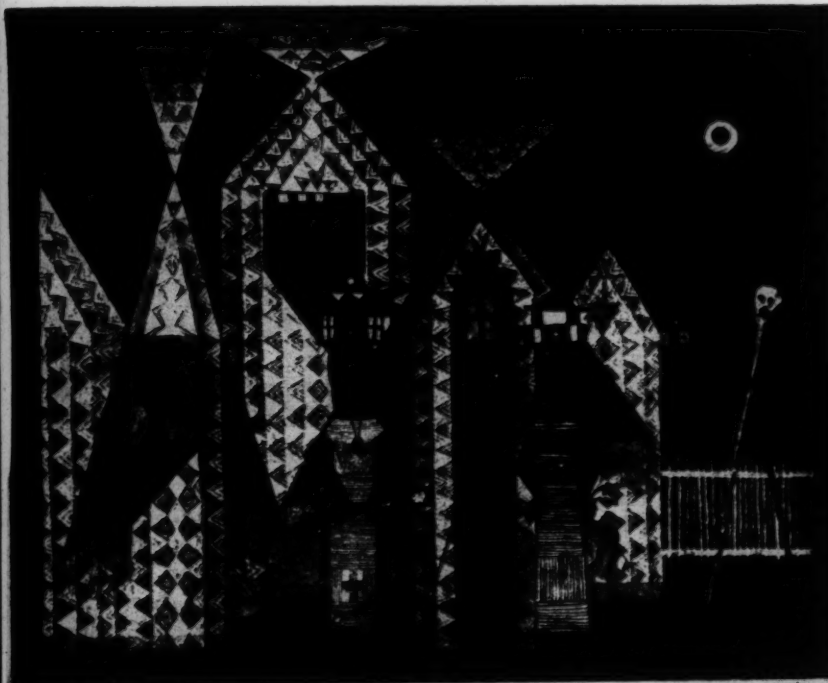
THE AUTHOR stresses the importance of guiding youth in the adolescent period so that young people will get the proper understanding of their relation to the community of which they are a part and to God.

Teachers and others connected with organizations for youth will appreciate Mr. Graves' analysis of the areas governing an individual's response to the forces which influence one's life.

He speaks of the "intellectual area" through which we gain knowledge. He delves into the physical area and the social area and calls attention to the higher significance of the religious area "which provokes us to commune with the Great unto the end of the earth" and "satisfies our inner longings, that none but power can give."

MR. GRAVES makes a strong plea for a better understanding of the problems of youth by adults who "may lack understanding of youth or that they were once youths in age." He deplores the tendency of some adults to regard youth as "going to the dogs."

He also criticizes the readiness of some young people to claim that adult "leaders make a bad impression" on youth; that some are



From a painting by Edward John Stevens Jr. Courtesy the Weyhe Gallery.

"... the voodoo, the magic and the witchcraft ..."

Under a Haitian Spell

THE IDOLS AND THE PREY. By John Goodwin. 341 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. \$3.50.

JOHN GOODWIN'S Grand Guignol of life in Haiti, as it seems to three Americans who arrive there in search of some kind of faith, is more Baedeker than *Boyer*. But it is not the kind of Baedeker that will encourage tourist trade. The very lavishness of the material — the voodoo, the magic and the witchcraft — is self-defeating, overshadowing the characters and the rancid events which send them to their doom.

We have met some of these characters before in the travels of Hugh Cannery, the aging debauchee, his young wife Faith, and the indigent American artist, Boyd Knowles. Faith and Hugh are visiting Haiti on their yacht, which breaks down and forces them on the spiritual mercy of the Haitians. Boyd is there to paint, and to know the "people" — at all costs. They have not been friends long when trouble begins. Hugh falls and injures his back, then comes under the evil spell of a Haitian nurse who spends what seems to his wife like a suspi-

cious length of time treating him. Boyd Knowles succumbs to a young *houngan* — a sort of curate in the hierarchy of voodoo priesthood — with whom he has an affair; and Faith takes to drink.

As a study in degeneration, "The Idols and the Prey" fails to come off. The author has not invested his lost Americans with any real sympathy — what is wrong with Hugh Cannery is the state of his soul, not the condition of his vertebrae.

However, as a documentation of the vast contradictions in Haitian life — its rigid class system, its great poverty in the midst of economic freedom, its dissembling beauty and veneer of European manners hiding a rich but rejected native culture — the book is interesting. For one thing, Mr. Goodwin is more successful with his Haitian characters. All the maddening improbabilities of a people in conflict with itself are here. Unfortunately, the reader is likely to find himself as exasperated as Faith Cannery.

DAVID DEMPSEY.

Haiti Shown As Caldron of Mixed Races

THE IDOLS AND THE PREY. By John Goodwin (Harper). 341 pp. \$3.50

THE STRANGE, other-world atmosphere of Haiti with its drums pulsing through the night has appealed to writers insistently. In Haiti is "everything conducive to work and yet nothing comes." "Flash after flash of color and space," of colorful natives, cries to be put upon paper, yet defeats the writer. But John Goodwin, in this first novel, succeeds where others have failed.

The story is in no sense autobiographical, but Boyd, a young American artist interested in voodoo and in the primitive peoples who practice it, seems closely identified with the author.

The story is florid in a way that fits the surroundings. It shows what happens to "Whites" in the Negro republic and sheds a clear light on the Haitians of various shades. Part of the plot revolves about Mr. and Mrs. Cannery, who sail into Port au Prince in their yacht, but are unable to leave for various exciting and esoteric reasons.

The value of the novel lies in its depiction of Haiti. There, "the Elite," engaged on a tricky political level, "constantly discriminate ... mixed blood against the Black, the Black against the Mulatto." Below them is the "voodoo cult" and across a vast sociological abyss — the peasants.

Against a vivid background of crumpled mountains, fetid jungle, poverty, disease and ignorance, John Goodwin makes them all real. It is an absorbing novel of "spirits and gods and demons" that discloses the heart of the little-understood island to our south.

MARJORIE B. SNYDER

Frogs, Snails and Lots of Bugs

I DRANK THE ZAMBEZI. By Arthur Loveridge. Illustrated with photographs. 296 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. \$4.

By MARSTON BATES

THE Zambezi is not a cock-tail; it is a river, the fourth largest in Africa, exceeded in length only by the Nile, the Congo and the Niger. It arises in a peat bog on the high plateau where the boundaries of Portuguese Angola, the Belgian Congo and Northern Rhodesia come together. It follows a circuitous course of nearly two thousand miles to the Indian Ocean. Its greatest claim to fame is Victoria Falls, discovered for the Western world by David Livingstone less than a hundred years ago.

Arthur Loveridge, author of "Many Happy Days I've Squandered," is concerned in this book with the lower part of the Zambezi, in the Portuguese colony of Mozambique. He went there primarily to collect frogs and other specimens for the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard, where he is Curator of Reptiles and Amphibians. The book, however, is mostly about Nyasaland, touching Mozambique's northern border, where the author gave special attention to the mountain forests which are rapidly retreating before the axe, making it urgent to collect the fauna before it disappears forever.

Most of the time the author was accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, the latter serving valiantly as chauffeur of their truck over the uncertain roads of tropical Africa. "I Drank the Zambezi" is a straight narrative of their experiences with snakes and other animals, with officialdom, with Natives (always capitalized), with storms and droughts. It contains a wealth of natural history observations, mostly on reptiles and amphibians, and the reader can be absolutely sure of the accuracy of these. The author makes few concessions to popularizing, that first step on the easy road to nature-faking.



Illustration from "I Drank the Zambezi."
Carriers emerging from Matipa Forest on the Mizuku.

and the scientific name of every beastie is carefully inserted each time that beastie is mentioned in the text. Surprisingly, this does not really slow up the narrative. An adventure with a cobra (*Naja melanoleuca*) is not dulled by the parenthesis, and the book as a whole thus becomes a solid contribution to natural history as well as an interesting account of travel in a little-known part of East Africa.

THE party landed at the Mozambique port of Beira and after a week-end of collecting thereabouts made the leisurely, twenty-four-hour train trip to Blantyre in Nyasaland. There they spent a week in getting their ulendo (Nyasa for safari) organized before going on into the Mlanje Mountains, where they camped on the six-thousand-foot, uninhabited Mchenya Plateau, in coldest Africa. "Though wearing a thick woolen vest, shirt, waistcoat, cardigan, tweed jacket and raincoat while writing, I remained cold. Mlanje, apparently, is no place for reptiles and consequently no place for me." They went on to explore other, less chilly highland areas in southern Nyasaland.

At the end of December, after some five months of safari, the ladies departed and Mr. Loveridge set out to camp on the

bank of the Zambezi in Mozambique. In that season, the rains should have come to this parched land, bringing life out of its long estivation. The rains never did come properly that year, and after broiling for several weeks, with the thermometer climbing above 100° F. every day, Mr. Loveridge headed back to Nyasaland to spend a period on the shore of Lake Nyasa and to explore still another mountain area. From all of this, the author got 1,680 amphibians, 1,120 reptiles, 510 birds, 600 mammals, numerous insects, snails and other animals; and a book.

"I Drank the Zambezi" is in the great tradition of the writings of exploring naturalists, a type of book that has become rare on publisher's lists in recent years. His book puts no emphasis on people and politics; it is about animals, and people who like to read about African animals and safari experiences will enjoy it.

Professor of Zoology at the University of Michigan, Mr. Bates is the author of "Where Winter Never Comes."



Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

In *The Castle of My Skin*, by George Lamming. McGraw-Hill Book Co., 330 West 42nd Street, New York. 313 pp. \$3.75.

There is no way to classify this beautifully written, heart-stopping book. To call it an autobiography would be as untrue as to call it a work of fiction; yet it has the quality of both, and something more—something so new in a modern work of this kind as to have no name.

One suspects that whatever this new thing is, it derives from a kind of poetic vision. Yet to call in *The Castle of My Skin* poetry is to overlook its purpose, which is certainly not, at least in the usual sense, a poetic purpose.

Those who remember MR. REDDING John Brown's Body will understand how magical poetry can recreate a wholly unpoetic and disenchanting world.

And this, it seems to me, is exactly what George Lamming does in *The Castle of My Skin*. He recreates the life of his childhood in terms of manhood's knowledge and experience, but with a youthful sensibility that has dried up.

He portrays his people and his native earth in the perspective gained by time and distance. What emerges is a multi-swarm of life lived in the Barbadoes, "Little England," between a world not yet dead and one not yet fully born.

One is the world of feudal authority, with its obliviousness to change, and the other is the world of industrialization that lives only on change.

Essentially in *The Castle of My Skin* is a narrative on one of the oldest of narrative themes, youth's awakening. The youth in this case is George Lamming himself.

The story begins in Creighton Village, where the British Mr. Creighton, whose house dominates the surrounding huts, is the symbol of a colonial empire, and where the colored ex-school teacher, Mr. Stephen Slime is the symbol of revolt.

The narrative goes on from there, through farce and tragedy and all the dramatic variations in between, the telling symbolism in the portraits of an ancient couple, Ma and Pa, and the big colored fisherman who "didn't seem to care what happened behind his back."

This overall narrative is the rim of the wheel of which the youth is the hub. Many stories are the spokes. Each story has its

relevance to every other, and yet each a meaning of its own—and always the meaning, if not explicit, is worth digging for.

The design is perfect for the author's purpose. The boy (George Lamming) is the center. All creatures and circumstances take their life, their color and their significance from him.

We see and experience them through him and come to know not only him and the social details of the Barbadoes, but also what Richard Wright (in an intelligent introduction) calls "the myth content of folk minds."

Within a few days of each other, two young poets of clear, pure talent have turned to prose. (Gwendolyn Brooks' *Novel, Maud Martha*, will be published within a week.)

Ordinarily this reviewer would find small comfort in the fact, since there are too few poets, but one cannot fuss when these talents produce prose work of the quality of *In The Castle of My Skin* and, as we hope to show shortly, *Maud Martha*.

IN THE CASTLE OF MY SKIN. By George Lamming. With an introduction by Richard Wright. 313 pp. New York: McGraw Hill Book Company. \$3.75.

By HARRY SYLVESTER

THIS is a first novel by a young West Indian Negro. Having said this, all categories except that of novel can be dismissed; one need make no allowance for its being a first novel or for being written by someone who happens to be young, a Negro, or of the West Indies. It stands firmly by itself and any major novelist could be proud of having written it. Indeed, the extraordinary prose style—tense, elegant and clean—is beyond most contemporary novels.

The scene is Barbados (or Little England, as the Negro children in its public schools learn to call their country), an overpopulated island in the Caribbean. Most of its people are Negroes and until recently, at least, a good many worked or lived on large estates whose landlords stand in strong paternal relation to the tenants. The tenant generally owns his own cottage, raised on a ground-sel, but not the land on which

up, the material for the novel of adolescence is also present. George Lamming avoids the pitfalls of both while managing to comprehend each in a novel that is more than either. The cryptic sloth of the proletarian novelist hoping to have a theme take the place of writing, the conscious and deliberate naïveté of the

Mr. Sylvester, a writer and critic, is now working on his fifth novel.

young Saroyan are not for Mr. Lamming. He wants before anything else to get into words a certain portion of the truth as he sees it, to render clearly and accurately the terrain, light, movement, color and above all the people of a country he seems to know better than most of us do the back of our hand.

It is not too much to say that his theme is life and living. The air of his book is filled with that "rain" of which Hemingway wrote in a preface to a novel of Elio Vittorini's—that ceaseless downpour of small, authentic objects, phrases and occurrences of which most of us are only at times aware. If in Lamming's case there is perhaps almost too much of the rain, the earth on which it falls seems also more substantial than that of Vittorini.

A PLOT exists—and a villain, one curiously muted and off-stage but real enough. This is, I think, Mr. Lamming's way of reminding us that the real villain of this world are usually first promises had been that he off-stage. His name is, of all things, Mr. Slime. We meet him first as a Negro teacher in a public school, from which he is discharged because he knows more of the headmaster's private life than is tolerable. Next Mr. Slime appears as benefactor through having formed a penny bank and a burial association—both of which represent progress for the people of the village.

BY now the boys who ran on the beaches are grown and some have departed to war, to the United States; the observant protagonist, whom we know only in the shifts from third to first-person narrative, sets out for Trinidad to teach school. On the eve of departure his friend Trumper returns from the United States. Trumper delivers a peroration on man as political animal and plays some wire-recordings of Paul Robeson singing. Uneasy over Trumper's possible politics, the narrator writes: "Trumper made his own experience, the discovery of a race, a people, seem like a revelation. It was nothing I had known and it didn't seem I could know it until I had lived it."

"Even before Lamming leaves his island home," says Richard Wright in his introduction to this volume, "that home is already dying in his heart. What happens to Lamming after that is something we all know, for we have but to lift our eyes and look into the streets and we see the countless young, dark-skinned Lammings of the soil marching in picket lines, attending political rallies, impulsively, frantically seeking a new identity. Filtered through a poetic temperament like Lamming's, this story of change from folk life to the borders of the industrial world adds a new and poignant dimension to a reality that is already global in its meaning. Lamming's is a courage, and in him a new writer's true gift; as an artist, he poses his place in the literary world."



From a painting by Stephen Butler. Courtesy The Mithc Galleries.

—Barbados.

Books of The Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

GEORGE LAMMING'S "In the Castle of My Skin" is an odd and unclassifiable book by a richly talented young writer. His publishers call it an "imaginative self-portrait," which is true enough but not very helpful to prospective readers. More specifically, this is a fictionalized memoir of the author's childhood expanded by many completely fictional episodes so

as to make a long and intensely personal interpretation of the life of a small Negro village on the island of Barbados. It is good of its kind, but its kind is peculiar and likely to baffle as many readers as it delights. George Lamming is a native of Barbados, a Negro, 26 years old, a former schoolteacher. He now lives in London and broadcasts book and movie reviews on the British Broadcasting Company's Colonial Service. This is his

written about tropical villages after spending a few months in one. But here is a "native" who is also a poet telling us what it is really like to grow up in such a village.

The fundamental theme of "In the Castle of My Skin" is change, the change in the social life of the village brought about by time and the gradual approach of modern civilization, and change in the boy produced by growing up and increased knowledge. The land on which the village stood had been the property of white landlords for generations. The villagers saw them only at a distance and dealt with them only through overseers. They were poor to the point of absolute poverty. But their gusto for life itself was inexhaustible.

Although there are many characters in "In the Castle of My Skin," they seem less like individual people than like striking symbols and eloquent voices. It is the group life, the emotional atmosphere and the farce or drama of particular episodes that stick in one's memory, not the people with their peculiar names. One remembers the sea and the sun and the mahogany forest and the crabs and sea birds; the Empire Day celebration in the village school; the long day at the beach spent by four boys; the open-air revival meeting and the riot in the city; the dignity of the old man and the courage and ambition of the little boy's mother.

Children's Talk the Best

Best of all are several conversations wherein children exercise their fanciful imaginations on subjects much too big for them, speculating with sublime ignorance and superb credulity on the problem of how the king's face got on pennies, or whether there was really any other land beyond the sea from which ships pretended to come. In several of these conversations stories are told that are so preposterous one feels that they must be true. No one could possibly make them up.

There is the story Trumper told about Jon, who feared death far beyond the normal human fear, and who knew that he would be poisoned by the mother of his two children if he did not marry her, and that he would be shot by the father of the expectant mother of another of his children if he did not marry her. Jon promised to marry both ladies, in two different churches on the same morning. And there is the story Boy Blue told about Bambi, Bots and Bambina. Bambi loved Bots and Bambina equally and their children equally and Bots and Bambina loved each other. Everybody was happy until the foreign woman persuaded Bambi to get married and he threw a coin to decide whether Bots or Bambina should be the bride.

There is such brilliantly fresh and original writing in "The Castle of My Skin" that it would be a pleasure to recommend it unreservedly. But it is uneven. Some episodes drag and lack the charm and vitality of the others. Consequently, some forbearance and considerable intellectual interest in the emergence of new literary talent are necessary for proper appreciation of "In the Castle of My Skin."

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

"In the Castle of My Skin" is one time a remarkable sole description of a boy growing up in Barbados in the West Indies, an account of the growing social consciousness of the people there, and a poetic evocation of the beauties of nature. The author, George Lamming, is only 26 years old, was born in Barbados and lived there until 1950 when he moved to England. His book is remarkable good combining as it does an awareness of the emotions of the adolescent boy, and a deep feeling for the land and its people.

Mr. Lamming has introduced a large number of persons through whose eyes the village assumes reality for the reader. One can see too the various pressures at work through the eyes of the author as a boy, through the teacher one of the villagers who made his way successfully, and especially through the eyes of Pa and Ma. These last are an old couple who discuss the past and future of the village. In a sense they represent the good that was in the past and their going marks an end to a way of life.

There is also the landlord who owns the village and is looked up to in his home on the hill both figuratively and actually. The changing attitude toward the landlord marks the greatest difference in village life during the years the book covers. There is growing consciousness of the poverty of their lives in the landlord's part in it. An ex-school teacher, Mr. Slime, organizes a Penny Bank and a Friendly Society and wins the confidence of the villagers. But in the end they find their confidence misplaced and their land passed from the landlord to other owners who are equally disinterested.

But beyond these happenings the book tells much of their attitudes,

the reluctance to accept the idea of slavery in their past, the feeling on the part of those who have made some progress that the others, "My People", will always let them down. There is the contrast between the lower school and school and the High school and the gradual drifting apart that followed the author's entering the High School.

There are also the stories that various persons tell of village life the folk stories and the embellished real life ones.

There are times when the author lets his enthusiasm bubble over and the book seems weighted down with words and images. On the whole though, it is excellent and has charm and simplicity combined with a zest for life that rises above the poverty and pathos.

There is an introduction by Richard Wright that is somewhat unusual as Introductions go. In this case Mr. Wright goes to great pains to remind the reader that the author is saying just what he, Richard Wright, has said.

"In the Castle of My Skin"; by George Lamming McGraw-Hill Book Company; New-York City; 1953: \$3.75.



George Lamming

first book. It has already won him a reputation in England and seems likely to do the same here. Mr. Lamming is a poet by instinct rather than a novelist, a man with an individual and almost private approach to the English language. His prose is poetic, sensuous, imaginative, adorned with fanciful figures of speech and surprising twists of language.

10-27-33
Dialogue Dramatizes People

His sense of humor is exuberant, hearty and childlike. His use of dialogue is astonishing, because he doesn't use it to characterize individual speakers so much as to dramatize the folk mind of a naive, ignorant, primitive and likable people and to demonstrate their manner of speech. Naturally, then, his many prolonged conversations are not easy to read; but they are worth reading. Some of them are pathetic. Some are hilarious. All are eloquent and utterly convincing.

Parts of "In the Castle of My Skin" are written in the first person singular and concern the childhood adventures of a little boy who is presumably Mr. Lamming himself. Other parts are written in the conventional third person and read like pure fiction. No unified narrative ties the two kinds of writing together; but a vague chronological order helps the reader find his way among the many separate episodes of which this book consists. Mr. Lamming hasn't written for people who demand a good story above all else (although he has told several excellent stories). His writing requires close attention and a slow reading pace. In return he offers an "inside" view of a tropical village unlike anything in modern writing. Scores of sophisticated writers have

"IN THE CASTLE OF MY SKIN. By George Lamming. Introduction by Richard Wright. 313 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$3.75.

Negro Author Says His Race Does Much That Isn't Protest

By W. G. ROGERS

Associated Press Arts Editor

New York, Feb. 12.—Uptown at a Broadway corner, the news vendor hidden behind his racks of papers and magazines looked at the picture in the paper, looked at the customer buying the paper, and cried:

"That's you!"

"Same guy," Ralph Ellison answered.

The newsman, a Jew, said a mild swear word and exclaimed:

"You're the author of a book! You are! . . . With the emphasis on the 'you.'"

"And there are people in my race who think they don't stand a chance!"

"We Live With This"

Ellison, whose first novel, "Invisible Man," is the National Book Award fiction winner, told me the story and then tapping the dark skin on the back of his hand, went on:

"We live with this just as other people live at the foot of a volcano."

Born in Oklahoma City in 1914, once a Tuskegee student, a cook in the World War II Merchant Marine, when he sailed to Swansea, in Wales, and to Rouen way up the Seine in France, Ellison is a Negro. His skin is light, though not so light as Mrs. Ellison's. He has a thin line of a mustache, like an upside-down V.

He is the one newcomer to the literary lists in the fourth annual awards. The other two are Bernard DeVoto, for "The Course of Empire," and Archibald MacLeish, for "Collected Poems 1917-1952." They're white.

"Too much of the energy of Negroes," Ellison said, "has to be channeled into fighting for civil rights."

Involved In Future

But that doesn't apply strictly to him: "It's a mistake to let this artificial thing get in the way. I really refuse to have my life disturbed by this. I can't live a protest."

"And Negroes do a lot that is not protest," he went on. "There

is Mrs. Ellison, for example, who has long been working with the International Rescue Committee. Negroes are in the professions, they're Americans, they're involved in the future of America. Many of the benefits of democracy do reach them. They can go places, provided they have talent."

He's one with places to go, and with talent, or that was at least the ruling of the five-man board of fiction judges: Saul Bellow, Martha Foley, Irving Howe, Howard Mumford Jones, and Alfred Kazin.

Once at Tuskegee, Ellison wanted to compose. Once he wanted to be a sculptor. Now it's writing, and there's another book in the works. But he has not forgotten music, and his wife says one wall of a room in their West Side apartment is a jungle of wires, speakers, turntables, and what not that betray the high-fidelity fan.

Ralph Ellison Guest Author On Radio Show

NEW YORK — Ralph Ellison, author of the best seller "Invisible Man" was a recent guest on the National Broadcasting Company's network show "The Author Speaks."

Although "Invisible Man" is Mr. Ellison's first novel, his short stories, reviews, criticisms and articles have appeared in leading literary publications including The Saturday Review of Literature, The New York Times Book Review, Horizons and many others.

THE AUTHOR, WHO studied music at Tuskegee Institute on a scholarship from the State of Oklahoma, has had a highly varied career. He has been everything from shoeshine boy to first trumpeter in a jazz orchestra.

His versatility is shown further by the fact that he came to New York in 1936 to study music composition and sculpturing before turning to literature. He has worked as a professional photographer, par-

ticipated in the New York City Writer's Project, and has lectured on various aspects of Negro culture at New York University and Bennington College.

The Real Freedom

One of the most sensible comments we have seen on the Negro in America is that of Ralph Ellison, author of the *Invisible Man*. Ellison, a Tuskegee alumnus who recently won the National Book Award in fiction for his brilliant novel, says in a *Saturday Review* interview:

The tendency in this country has been to reduce Negro life to sociology, and it is significant that the American school of sociology has spent more time analyzing the Negro than any other problem. Unfortunately, it has just been a way of not dealing with the human problem. What still riles me about sociologists is that they not only reduce everything to numbers, but they reduce the personality—especially the Negro personality—to a little question of civil rights.

Actually, freedom in America has always centered around the mastery of techniques, and what Negroes want—the real mark of progress—lies in this ability to master the techniques and to have the full benefits that come from them. . . . All this business about whether you want your daughter to marry a Negro is just a lot of flim-flam. I'm not interested in that.

Ellison knows the inequities and oppressions the Negro has been subjected to in America. He doesn't like them, but neither does he like the theory that freedom for the Negro will be realized simply by removing all inequities. Freedom for anyone, he believes, must come chiefly from within. He feels that his views are shared by many of his race:

[During the war] for the first time many Negroes were having the opportunity to face their real feelings for their own country, regardless of "second-class citizenship" so-called. They discovered, "This is really my home. This is where I was born. This is what I love! . . ."

Ellison tells how it feels to be a Negro in the South, in Alabama:

I was pretty miserable in

[Tuskegee]—for various reasons—but I am really attached to the country around [County] Alabama. I would fight to protect that, even though there was so much down there that I hated with my whole heart. You might fight with a land, but you come to respect it and love it.

With all the grievances the Negro rightfully has toward some of the things in America, the country still should not be an object of hate, Ellison believes. Unhappily, there are many, of every race, who do not share his wisdom. *Invisible Man* is a violent story of violent Negroes, violent whites, violent communists and violent reactionaries. No group has cornered the market on intolerance, bigotry and hate, and Ellison has shown the futility of strong passions and upheaval in bringing about social change. Closing his *Saturday Review* interview he says:

Certain groups in this country tell me, "Well, you don't belong here; you are just being tolerated." . . . I say, "To hell with you."

Books of The Times

By CHARLES POORE

THESE children grew up in southern Illinois, not far from Mark Twain's country. They enjoyed life in the second and third decades of the century and shared it with friends of various national origins. They had such household pets as Prophet, a somewhat unreliable horse; Cherry, a dependable Holstein cow, and Blizzard and Prince, who were their father's prize birds. A cat, called Greyco, lunched off-handedly one day on Cora, a pet chicken. This unfriendly conduct was violently deplored. But Greyco was finally forgiven. And Cora had a fine funeral. Once a year the carnival's spangled wagons rolled into town. Then canvas tents billowed out like frigates' sails and the children wandered happily through the midway under frayed banners of miraculous enchantment. On the Fourth of July family clans celebrated with picnic lunches and sports. All the appropriate games were played in appropriate seasons and school days offered their trials and rewards.



Ruby Berkley Goodwin

The town Du Quoin, on the Illinois Central Railroad, was a mining community in a prairie landscape. Maple, birch and poplar curtained the flat horizon, and "quiet creeks and streams that never ran dry suddenly found themselves part of the great Mississippi that rose to appalling heights every spring, climbing over dikes, washing the lowlands." Veils of coal dust hung above the mines where periodic disasters plunged the town in tragedy. The children's father, Braxton Berkley, to them a combination of Einstein, Flash Gordon, Sherlock Holmes and Santa Claus, was a leader among the miners and one of the things he taught his youngsters was to face all forms of danger with gaiety and valor. Above all he taught them to be proud that they were Negroes.

In "It's Good to Be Black" Ruby Berkley Goodwin, who was one of those children, tells the story of their young, confident lives. Her book is a fine, warm-hearted memoir, profoundly a part of the American tradition.

"I am not so naive that I wish to imply being black is a bed of roses. Life is a serious business whether one is white or black, but in our town there were few penalties that could be traced directly to color."

Until a psychology teacher said so, Mrs. Goodwin did not know that "all Negro children grow up with a sense of frustration and insecurity." "I still feel that this

statement, along with such kindred observations as 'all colored people can sing and dance,' must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. The philosophy behind this remark, however, I have since found implied in most books about Negroes. Whether the authors are black or white, they are equally guilty of representing us either as objects of pity or as objects of contempt, and I have learned to resent this implication much as I earlier resented the flat remark of the psychology teacher.

"As a result I have felt impelled to write of life as I have lived it. I sincerely believe the lives of many Negro children follow the same pattern as did mine. We have probably been overlooked by writers because it is much easier to dramatize the brutal and the sordid than the commonplace."

There is nothing commonplace about these tales of childhood. They glow with uncommon life and high spirits and humor. Summing up the chances that a certain character called Beesman might lapse into veracity, an old acquaintance says of him: "Beesman'd tell a lie on credit when he could get cash for the truth." In the course of a jubilant discussion of Jack Johnson's triumph as heavyweight champion of the world Grandma Thompson suggested that "the white man knows you're as good as if not better than he is. He just don't want you to find it out." On the same occasion Uncle John observed: "We've had a lot of great fighters. In the olden times, a fellow named Hannibal was quite a scrapper."

The metaphors and similes are vivid. A difference of opinion between Cousin Dora and some other relatives reached the point where it could be noted that "Cousin Dora got so mad you could fry an egg on her head." On an expedition into the country Mrs. Goodwin (who is an accomplished publicist for others when she is not writing her own books of poetry and prose) recalled that "ground squirrels chattered like an unwatched teletype machine."

Any child's sense of security and his normal pleasures, she reminds us, "depend for the most part on the wisdom of the adults with whom he lives." Her own father, who had been president of what was at that time the largest miners' union in the country, shielded his children from lurking savagery. "Maybe," he told his daughter after she had felt the tremors of persecution, "I should have told you a long time ago about some of the things you are going to be learning from now on. But I allowed I'd stand between my children and the gun as long as I could." In spite of his protection she had already met terror. It lay in the brutal callousness of a remark she had overheard after a mine explosion: "Twasn't bad, just killed twenty mules and a nigger." It lay in being called "Topsy" when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came to town. It lay in a line from one of Stephen Foster's songs: "The head must bow and the back will have to bend, wherever the darky

may go," which her father would allow no member of his family to sing in a household that rang with true song. And when her own people showed bigotry in turn, she drew the moral clearly.

Nowadays, when Mrs. Goodwin looks at some of the "nervous, frustrated children with their radio crime programs, their exposure to pseudo-psychological pictures and the insecurity of broken homes" she likes to look back at her own childhood in southern Illinois. It was not all serene, by any means. It could be rugged. Indeed the balance of her book is so subtly achieved that we learn from it far more than we could from any biased lecture. For Mrs. Goodwin has the gift of humanity.

N. Y. Herald Tribune commends Goodwin's new book, "It's Good to be Black"

Frequent Tribune contributor Ruby Berkeley Goodwin earned a favorable review of her new book, "It's Good to Be Black", published late last month in New York by Doubleday and Co., in the Dec. 6 issue of the New York Herald Tribune Book Review section.

Accompanied by a composed two-column picture of Mrs. Goodwin, who is the mother of four children and a member of a large and well known California family, the review was captioned, "A tonic for the spirit and for the mind", and the reviewer, Ann Pe-try, wound up the piece with the statement that "Reading this book . . . is like taking a tonic for the spirit and the mind."

The reviewer is, herself, a successful Negro writer, author of several novels, including "The Narrows," which is high on the list of favored fiction of the day. Contrary to the expectations of persons who knew of Mrs. Goodwin's book, it is not about her own large family, which she and her husband reared in the small California town of Fullerton; but is about Mrs. Goodwin's own childhood in the town of DuQuoin, Ill., where her father, Braxton, helped organize the first mining union in the area and later became its president, where her uncle was the town constable, another uncle was an alderman, a cousin was accompanist to the region's best known tenor, and her grandfather was a minister.

The book is dominated by Mrs. Berkeley's father, "a big man," reports Miss Petry, "big in spirit as well as in size. . . . His opinions were so respected that any political candidate who had his support was certain to be elected — 1100 miners and their families and their friends voted the way Braxton voted."

"The mother, Sophia Berkeley, was a serene, confident person" and "Sophia and Braxton Berkeley provided the best of all possible worlds for a child to grow up in — a world built on faith and love."

In spite of this security, however, the child, Ruby glimpsed "another world, a world of insecurity and hate" . . . in the callous references of neighbors to "jes' 20 mules and a nigger", in DuQuoin's segregated school system, in the annual local production of "Uncle

Tom's Cabin", after which the white children would call Ruby "Topsy", in the fear of a neighbor that he would be lynched for accidentally killing a white man.

As comfort for the fears thus aroused in the child, Mrs. Goodwin says her father passed on to her his own sustaining belief that "fear and panic were useless . . . that 'black has strength and dignity . . . black is powerful.'"

In Miss Petry's review, the California author's view that it is a possible for Negro children to grow up in the United States without a sense of frustration and insecurity, is reported, and the reviewer comments that Mrs. Goodwin "proves her point, primarily because of the vivid picture she paints of the strong, kindly man who was her father."

"There were obvious inconsistencies in his beliefs on the subject of race. They apparently developed as a form of defense against the equally undesirable racial theories held by many people during that era. (But) despite his lack of logic, life with Braxton Berkeley for a father would have been good, whether the color of one's skin were black or white."

"It's Good to be Black" is available at all bookstores at \$3.50, and would be a highly desirable Christmas gift. It will be reviewed in the Tribune shortly by Mrs. Minnie Lomax.

The Colored Man Who Founded Chicago

Pirate's son, Indian chief, hunter, trader; this was the colored pioneer, Jean Baptiste Pointe DeSable.

Chicago was founded by Jean Baptiste Pointe DeSable, a colored man who braved British and Spanish soldiers, angry Indians and the American wilderness to found a trading post which became this nation's second largest city.

Jean Baptiste was a friend of Daniel Boone, an honorary Indian chief and used his influence to make peace among the red-men and the Yankees.

It is this brave pioneer's story that Shirley Graham tells so vividly in her newest biography.

The story begins in the eighteenth century. America was still dominated by foreign powers. France, Spain and Britain were in a bitter struggle for this rich land. Life on the frontier was one continual song of violence.

Jean Baptiste was well-prepared to face the American wilderness. His father had been a pirate, second in command of the Black Sea Gull which raided Caribbean ports and

Meet The Author



Miss Graham is famous for her excellent biographies of colored Americans.

Her book on the life of Frederick Douglass, "There Was Once A Slave" won her a Guggenheim Fellowship and the Julian Messner Award for the best book combating intolerance in America.

She also has written "Your Most Humble Servant," the life of Benjamin Banneker; "The Story Of Phyllis Wheatley" and "Dr. George Washington Carver: Scientist," in collaboration with George D. Kipcomb.

Born in Indiana, the daughter of a Methodist minister, Miss Graham is a graduate of Oberlin College and has studied at the Yale School of Drama. She has received several awards for her creative writing.

In private life, she is the wife of Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, the famed scholar.

Spanish ships.

Mother Murdered

Jean's mother was murdered by the Spanish at Saint Domingue in the West Indies. He was of African and French extraction.

Like his father, Jean loved the sea and wanted to be a sailor but his father packed him off to France to study.

Those were the only restful days in his life.

Jean bought a boat, set sail but a hurricane off the coast of Louisiana wrecked the vessel. He arrived at New Orleans alone, broke and friendless.

It was risky for him to stay there. The Spaniards threatened to take this French New World city and he could not prove himself a free colored man if they came.

So Jean Baptiste headed north to make his fortune as trader.

Indians captured him as he traveled up through the Mississippi Valley with his trading party and he was taken before the great chief Pontiac. They thought him to be a spy for the British.

Miss Graham writes:

"Half a dozen Indians were standing watch over them while several others moved about apparently making preparations for some event.

"Additional torches were brought in and placed at the far end of the room where DeSable now saw a platform more luxuriously heaped with furs than any along the side.

"After a short interval the three prisoners were pushed toward this platform. Then a door opened at this end of the room to admit two Indians . . . faces and bodies were streaked with paint and from each side of their heads sprang horns.

"DeSable held his breath. Even before the third figure in the doorway could be clearly seen he was certain who it would be.

" . . . his eyes riveted on that tall commanding form which moved with such majesty and dignity as the third man mounted the platform and turned toward them.

"Instinctively DeSable bowed. He knew

He Built First House In Windy City

Jean Baptiste Pointe DeSable, by Shirley Graham, Julian Messner Company, New York. \$2.75.

Prize-winning biographer Shirley Graham (life of Fred Douglass) goes back into early American frontier history for this dramatic account of the career of Jean Baptiste Pointe Desable.

Here are passages from the latest of her books:

"By the spring of 1774 DeSable persuaded the entire Potawatomi (Indian) village to move to Eschikagou with him.

FIRST BUILDINGS

"In the summer of '72 DeSable took a band of workers to the portage, cleared a space and put up a large square building.

" . . . The logs were peeled and set upright in Indian fashion, but instead of simply leaving a slit in the roof for smoke, DeSable built a huge stone fireplace . . . windows were cut in the logs. The floor was hard-packed clay.

" . . . He painted a sign in French which said, "Come in and build a fire" after which he signed his full name. He fastened the sign over the door where anyone who passed along the route could see it.

"Then he took wide, smooth strips of bark and he drew pictures which would say even more to the Indians.

"Col. Arent de Peyster, commander of British forces in the Northwest, described DeSable in his memoirs as "a handsome Negro, well-educated and settled at Eschikagou, but much in the interest of the French."

The Colonel also told of the trading post, wharves, barns, mill, smokehouses, cultivated fields, and grazing cattle that DeSable had planned and worked.

that he was in the presence of the chief Pontiac.

And it was this meeting that changed DeSable's whole life.

He was 22 at the time. Death might have been his fate had it not been for a strange coincidence surrounding his name and something out of the great chief's past.

It is this coincidence that is a highpoint of Miss Graham's biography.

Chief's Friend

DeSable became Pontiac's trusted friend. He was with him when enemy tribesmen murdered the great ruler. Near death, Pontiac asked Jean Baptiste to show his peace belt to the Ottawa tribe and ask them not to avenge his death.

Jean Baptiste traveled among the dead chief's tribes, urging them not to fight but the British and Spanish were forcing the Indians further into the wilderness. War finally exploded.

Married Indian Maid

Jean Baptiste met his wife - to be, Kitchihawa, and Indian maiden. In order to marry her he joined her tribe. She bore him a son and a daughter.

It was time to settle down after a lifetime of wandering and trading in the region

around the Mississippi River.

He decided on a place on a river near the Great Lakes that the Indians called Eschikagou. Jean Baptiste built a hunters' lodge here, leveled the fields, built other buildings.

Soon Indians and white traders moved in with him and a city began to rise out of the frontier. The Yankees went to war against the British. The Great Lakes region became a battlefield.

Jean Baptiste's Chicago was destroyed. He rebuilt it out of the ruins.

Forgotten Man

He prophesied that Chicago would be a mammoth city as it did become eventually.

But ironically, Jean Baptiste who founded the city did not share in its growth. He was hoodwinked by the Yankees he had befriended and sold out his interests.

In his last days, he became a confidant of Daniel Boone, the fabulous Kentucky adventurer who similarly had not received a rightful share of the land he had explored.

Jean Baptiste died August 29, 1818, not in his own Chicago but in the tiny town of Saint Charles, Mo., a forgotten man.

Book of the Week

that history cannot be confined to provable documentary foundations, and she reminds us that most of what mankind has done and thought and said is unknown or forgotten. Her "Jean Baptiste Pointe De Sable: Founder of Chicago" (Messner, \$2.75), therefore, "is an imaginative interpretation of all the known facts in a sincere attempt to create a reasonable and plausible whole of the essential truth."

Born in St. Marc, Haiti, De Sable (1745?-1818), the founder of Chicago, died in St. Charles, Mo. He was a handsome Negro of commanding appearance and uncommon intelligence. Constantly facing formidable obstacles, mainly because of his color, he never lost sight of his ambition to stake out land, to build and develop something, to found a family.

As the colonies became the United States of America, De Sable became a man of wealth and prestige — especially among the Indians. Constantly oppressed, however, by land commissioners, ever fighting a losing battle for the Indians, he aged rapidly. Finally he joined Daniel Boone in Missouri where the two renowned old men fished, hunted and remounted. Miss Graham has vitally and humanized another important historical character. She effectively interprets the actions and reactions of her subject to the social forces around him. Hence this book is additional testimony that Miss Graham is one of the ablest of contemporary biographers.

RANDOLPH FISHER.
Savannah, Ga.



Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Jean Baptiste Pointe De Sable, by Shirley Graham. Julian Messner, Inc. 8 West 40th street, New York. 180 pp. \$3.00.

Pere Michel, the good padre at the school of St. Cloud, misspelled the name. It was Dessable, but the padre, not remembering the corruption that might have come to it in the new world, spelled it in the old French way—DeSable: Jean Baptist De Sable, he wrote—and thus the son of Pointe Dessable, buccaneer and pirate, got the name he was to bear the rest of his eventful life.

Jean Baptiste was a boy of eleven then. His mother, Suzanne, had been killed by the Spaniards during his father's absence on a voyage, and when Jean Baptiste saw his father's ship returning to the harbor at Port de Paix, Haiti, he swam out to meet it.

He had to, for in coves and inlets lurked the Spanish privateers, waiting to pounce. Jean Baptiste wanted to save his father and his father's ship. He did.

That was only the beginning for him. After school, in France, the new world beckoned. Martinique! But even that romantic island, where the older Dessable was well established in business, was not enough.

The American continent—Louisiana, "the place for big traders. Fortunes to be made in furs alone. Valuable wood rots on the ground."

"It's a whole, rich continent, Jacque," young Jean told his friend. Given a ship by his father, Jean Baptiste and Jacque Clemorgan sailed for Louisiana. Within sight of New Orleans, they were wrecked.

But fortune favored them. A British ship took them into port.

The rest of De Sable's story is well known: how he journeyed up the Mississippi to St. Louis, traded with the Indians, met the great chief Pontiac and accepted from him a legacy of peace; how he met and married Kittihawa; wandered and traded; and how one transaction was recorded thus:

"One lot of land and a house at the old Peorias Fort, and a tract of land near said Old Peroias Fort, quantity unknown, purchased by Jean Baptiste Point Sable, assignee Jean Baptiste Maillet, by deed"; and how he came to the strip of land that separated Lake Michigan from the rivers that flowed into the Mississippi.

It was called Eschikagon, and here De

Sable founded the town that grew into the fabulous city, Chicago.

Shirley Graham tells a story with some of the best of them, and in this biography of De Sable she has a wonderful story to tell. She does it so expertly and with such creative intelligence and imagination that a child of ten reads Jean Baptiste Point De Sable with the same interest he gives to a favorite comic book or fairy tale.

Not that Miss Graham's book is either far from it! This biography is as carefully researched as many a fuller biography might have been. It is to the author's credit that careful fact has not dulled and sicklied o'er the living truth.



REDDING

Labor in the News

By WILLARD S. TOWNSEND

THE "LABOR Newsletter," published by the Trade Union Committee of the National Urban League, for the months of October and November, not only is interesting but, indeed, very informative.

In the "Newsletter's" summary of Lester Granger's address to the New Jersey Civil Rights Institute at Rutgers University last summer, Granger warned, "Much of our optimism regarding progress in human relations is based upon insecure foundations." Mr. Granger concluded his message with the following significant questions.

"What would happen to minority groups and their jobs in another prolonged depression? We have FEPC laws in a dozen states and in two dozen cities, but what about the vast areas of American employment still untouched by any legal controls on economic discrimination? We have between 75,000 and 100,000 Negro youth in colleges and universities, but what is their job future after graduation?"

"We have Civil Rights Institutes and other union activities on the subject of racial relations, but how earnestly are unions working among their membership on individual cases where Negroes, Jews, Puerto Ricans and Orientals are denied job promotions?"

"What about the persistent shirking of its responsibility by the Federal Government and by President after President, from Roosevelt to Eisenhower—Presidents who have consistently evaded using

their full executive authority to wipe out racial discrimination, even on Government-financed jobs?"

IT HAS long been my sincere belief that of all the people engaged in the fight for human dignity and equality of opportunity, Lester Granger has always had his feet solidly on the ground, and his many statements indicate good, solid and understanding approaches.

At the National Urban League's forty-third annual conference in Philadelphia, Tom Young, one of New York's outstanding labor leaders and chairman of the Trade Union Committee of the National Urban League, presented a program meriting the recognition of all who are interested in the welfare of people.

At the conference he presented an outstanding array of labor and industrial leaders.

A. J. HAYES, president of the International Association of Machinists, AFL—an organization long noted for its intolerance insofar as Negroes are concerned—participated in the conference.

Mr. Hayes pointed out that the removal of the color ban in the Machinists' Union which "worked injustice upon a number of competent Negro workers . . . has already had a good effect in advancing the opportunities of our Negro members for advancement within the organization. Discrimination against Negroes on a policy basis has largely disappeared from the major business, labor, and government organizations in America.

"The legal strongholds of prejudice and discrimination are crumbling under the weight of enlightened public opinion. You of the Urban League, together with other

He Concludes Granger And Urban League Need And Deserve Support

organizations which carry on the good fight for understanding and tolerance, have laid a firm foundation for the future. Working together, I think the economic future of the Negroes in this country will improve markedly."

ALSO PARTICIPATING in the conference was our own Boyd Wilson of the United

Steel Workers.

Mr. Wilson, long known as a trusted lieutenant of the late President Philip Murray, is now acting in a similar role for David J. McDonald, the new president of the Steel Workers.

Mr. Wilson pointed out, "America's so-called race problem is no longer our private affair. The whole world is watching democracy in action in the United States and many millions of non-white people are not too impressed with what they see."

It was indeed heartening to find men from business and industry joining in the struggle for equal rights of employment opportunities.

WALTER H. WHEELER JR., president of Pitney-Bowes, Inc., called for FEPC in all states with "laws backed by rigorous enforcement measures." Declaring that "there is no other way," Wheeler stressed that "it is more dangerous to wait for education and present-day social measures to do the job . . . if we desire freedom to run our business, we must support freedom of all kinds."

From the report of the forty-third annual conference of the Urban League, it seems quite apparent that we are still vigorous and most useful.

The National Urban League is deserving of much more support than it has received in the past, and is receiving at the present time. This column, as it always has, salutes Lester Granger for

his astuteness and the great contribution he has made to our group.

NEGRO PRESS CREED

"I am convinced myself that there is no more evil thing in this present world than race prejudice. None at all. I write deliberately. It is the worst single thing in the world now. It justified and holds together more baseness, cruelty and abomination than any other sort of error in the world"—H. G. WELLS.



Mr. Townsend

Hughes' Books Are Banned In West Germany

BERLIN, Germany — Books written by several outstanding American authors, including Langston Hughes, noted poet and essayist, have been removed from the shelves of all Amerika Haus Libraries in West German cities.

Roy Marcus Conn and Gerard Schine, traveling investigators for Senator McCarthy, recently toured Germany checking books on the Amerika Haus shelves, once monuments to American freedom of thought.

Examination of the Amerika Haus in Berlin Wednesday confirmed that all books of about a score of American writers had been removed from the shelves.

Among the authors whose books were removed in the purge were such prominent political analysts as Vera Micheles Dean, editor of Foreign Policy Association Publications, and Walter Durranty.

At least five of the authors whose books were removed at one time or another had written books about China critical of the Kuomintang, the Nationalist Chinese political organization.

Several others had refused to tell Congressional committees whether they had once been Communists, or had otherwise been uncooperative.

In addition to the forty such libraries in Berlin and West Germany under the direction of the United States Information Service, there are 104 German-controlled libraries with books on loan from the State Department. These have been told to return all books by authors on the State Department's "black list."

Other authors banned by the State Department include the late Richard E. Lauterbach, former Life Magazine correspondent; Edgar Snow, former member of the staff of The Saturday Evening Post; Theodore White, formerly of Time Magazine; Anna Lee Jacoby, now Mrs. Clifton Fadiman; Lawrence K. Rossinger, former associated with the Foreign Policy Association, Owen Lattimore, professor on leave from the John Hopkins University; Howard Fast, John Abt, former special attorney for the Justice and Agriculture Departments, and Paul B. Anderson, European secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association.



Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

The Long Black Schooner, by Emma Gelders Sterne (Illustrated by Earl H. Pringle) Aladdin Books, Publishers, New York. 192 pp. \$1.75.

From the very beginning, Cinque was unusual. For one thing, he used his eyes and his ears not merely as organs of sensation but as instruments of his mind. Cinque knew what a barracoon was and he knew when he was in one and what was planned for him and the hundred other captives who had been caught by the slavers and brought to Cuba.



He did not like what was planned to sell him a Mandi, into slavery! "It was not right for Mandi to serve as slaves." But how was he to avoid such a fate?

Cinque did not know. What he did know was that there was a way and that somehow he would find it. His confidence was a comfort to him and to the other captives who, stowed into the slave hold of the Amistad, literally huddled at Cinque's feet and listened to his ANKLE CHAIN."

All through the horrible first days of the middle passage, Cinque bided his time. Nor did he have long to wait. Ka-le, the timid one, had given Cinque a file. Captain Ramon Ferrer, master of the Amistad, wrote in his logbook: "The thirtieth of June, 1839. Fourth day out. 90 leagues from port.

Wind E. by S.E. 7 knots. Slave of Senor Ruiz died. Corpse overboard. No special happenings." No special happenings! How wrong he was the next few hours would prove; for even as the Captain wrote, Cinque was filing through his galling irons; then through the irons of Komono and Fulway.

Between three and four o'clock of the morning, having murdered the captain, Cinque was in command of the Amistad, the long black schooner. The mutineer had spared the lives of Ruiz and Montez; the men who "owned" him. He was not a navigator and he needed these men to guide the ship back to Africa.

At first, Ruiz and Montez refused, but they were full of guile, and they laid plans to outsmart the ignorant blacks. They would navigate into the busiest sea lanes, hail a passing ship, and the colored persons would be slaves again.

And this almost proved to be the case, but at the last desperate moment Cinque

jumped overboard and swam to shore. Grabeau, Tua, Fulway and Ka-le followed. Though they did not know where they were, the ship they had come on was known and it was known to the first white man they met in this strange place—Long Island; New York; America.

Every school child knows what followed from Cinque's meeting with Graham Ellis. The trial; the acquittal; the return of the captives as free men to Africa.

The American Heritage Series has issued some notable books for children. The Long Black Schooner is one of them. It tells, for the first time, the epic story of Cinque and the Amistad from the point of view of the black captives.

Though written for children, The Long Black Schooner is not a "childish" book, else it would be far out of line with those in the series written by Oliver La Farge and August Derleth. Emma Gelders Sterne has a sense of history and a sense of character that contribute to her book a mature interest and a significance of theme that make the work interesting even to an adult who knows the story well. The illustrations, by Earl H. Pringle, are not childish either. The Long Black Schooner is a superior example of books for young people.

Int. 11-21-53

New Childrens Book**By Emma G. Sterne**

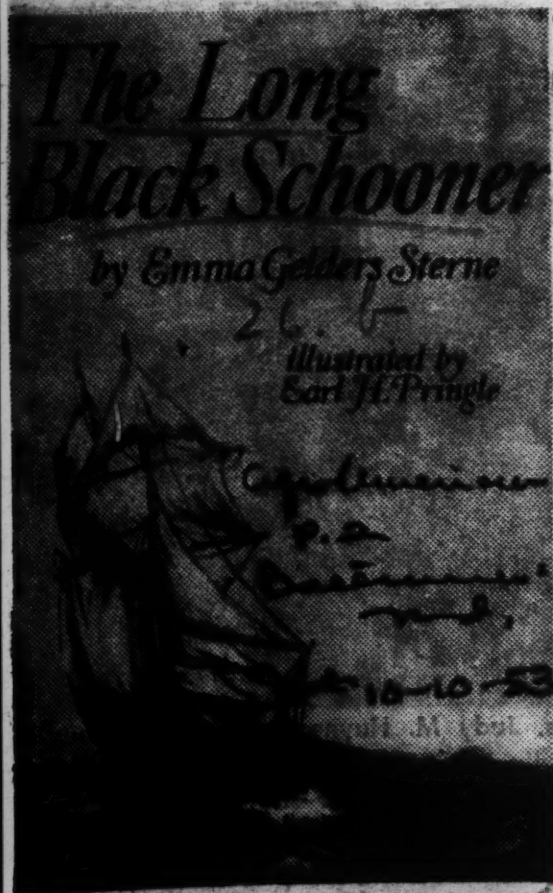
Latest book by Emma Gelders Sterne to hit the book shelves is "The Long Black Schooner."

This is a true story of the epic voyage of the schooner Amistad and her boatload of colored captives.

Captured in Africa and brought to Cuba, they were sold as slaves to Spanish planters and put aboard the Amistad. Under the leadership of Cinque, a young African farmer, they seized the ship and sailed for home and freedom.

The account goes on to tell how, instead of reaching Africa, they finally landed in America.

Emma Gelders Sterne is a well-known author of books and plays for young people. Her other book for the American Heritage Series is "Printer's Devil."



DUST JACKET—Of newest book by Emma Gelders Sterne.

Houston Teacher Publishes Book

HOUSTON - Texas - Mrs. El-
nita Wallace Stewart, 2802
Eagle, teacher (Reading Clinician)
in the Houston Public schools has
published a book for Children.



MRS. ELNITA W. STEWART

The publication, entitled, *The
Lucky Children*, is a true story
about the six Stevenson children
and their interests, hobbies and
pets. "Father Stevenson" is the
famous Big Ben Stevenson of
Tuskegee football fame.

MRS. STEWART received her
training at Prairie View, the Uni-
versity of Cincinnati, the univer-
sity of Chicago, and Temple uni-
versity. She has had newspaper
experience and has had articles
published in the Texas Standard
official organ of the Texas State
Teachers association.

The book takes its place with
other recent publications using Ne-
gro characters.

Tuskegee Prof Publishes First Fiction In New Literary Volume

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

ALBERT MURRAY, currently on leave from the English department of Tuskegee institute has contributed a story, "The Luzana Cholly Kick," to the fourth Mentor selection of the NEW WORLD WRITING, published October 28, by the New American Library of World Literature. It is a first printing of nearly 150,000 copies.

Mr. Murray was raised on the outskirts of Mobile and educated at Tuskegee and New York university. He says about "The Luzana Cholly Kick" which is part of a longer work, "THE BRIARPATCH:" "We all learn from Mann, Joyce, Hemingway, Eliot and the rest, but I'm also trying to learn to write in terms of the tradition I grew up in, the Negro tradition of blues, stomp, ragtime, jump and swing."

"After all, very few writers have done as much with American experience as Jelly Roll Morton, Count Basie, and Duke Ellington."

"NEW WORLD WRITING," now a well-established success with over half a million copies sold at 50 cents, began as a daring publishing experiment a year and a half ago, when The New American Library decided to launch a lively "literary" type publication in the mass market for inexpensive paperbound books, offering a sampling of the best contemporary fiction, poetry and criticism.

Its success has inspired other publishers to undertake similar ventures, and caused the NEW YORK TIMES to say, in reviewing the last issue, "In the current revival of the literary sampler... NEW WORLD WRITING continues to hold a comfortable lead."

The fourth Mentor selection offers, in addition to Mr. Murray's "The Luzana Cholly Kick," parts of other forthcoming novels, short stories, poems, critical essays, and a special section of drawings. International in scope, the new selection includes contributions from England, Ireland, Japan, Brazil, Mexico, Haiti, Spain, Argentina, South Africa, the West Indies and Cuba, as well as the United States.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN

his work with the Welfare Department and his realization that all that could be done was almost useless in the face of the great need.

"The Lying Days" gives an excellent picture of certain segments of South African life. Its characterizations are sharp and Helen especially is a fully rounded character. One wonders if her revolt against conventionality is not carried too far, but it is completely believable. One feels little hope for the problems of the natives in light of the blindness of the white population. Miss Gordimer is a skillful writer and her book is a remarkable one for a first novel.

"The Lying Days" by Natalie Gordimer; Simon and Schuster; 630 Fifth Avenue; New York 20, N. Y.; \$3.95.

"The Lying Days" can be added to a goodly number of fine novels about South Africa that have been written recently. The author, Nadine Gordimer, is a young woman in her twenties who can be listed with Alan Paton, Charlotte Webster, Daphne Rooke and other South Africans who have distinguished themselves in the literary field.

"The Lying Days" is the story of Helen Shaw, born in South Africa, the daughter of English parents. Her father was secretary of the Mine which dominated their life. The closed community of mine officials formed a social group into which her mother fitted with ease. Surrounded as they were by the natives there was no awareness of them nor of their problems. Helen grew up in a cocoon of security which became increasingly oppressive to her as the years passed.

From the time she leaves her home to visit friends on the South Coast of Natal when she was seventeen, Helen gradually emerges into a world that is far different from that of her parents. When she decides to enter the University of Johannesburg she finds the freedom of student life among a group of liberal thinkers vastly attractive. Most of the book is devoted to this period and the broadening of Helen's interests.

Miss Gordimer writes with great perception of a young girl's emergence into womanhood. Her first love and the later ones are treated with delicacy and sureness. This is also true of the way in which she traces the changing pattern of Helen's attitudes to the natives. Her relationship to the African girl, a fellow student, and later to the African leaders with whom she came in contact through Paul are well handled. This is also true of the description of Paul's dilemma, torn as he was between

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BOOK REVIEWS

by
GERTRUDE MARTIN

often below society's veneer. The scene at the Foxy-Cats dance is excellent as is her description of Paul's heady reaction to his invitation.

Maud Martha sees herself clearly and has few illusions about anyone but she is kindly and loving. The author is expert at exposing layer after superficial layer which cover many of the relationships of Negroes and whites. The scene at the campus hangout, the waiting for the visit from a white boy friend, the trip to see Santa Claus are painfully true.

"Maud Martha" is an extraordinary novel and one that can be recommended without reservation.

"Maud Martha" by Gwendolyn Brooks; Harper and Company; New York City; 49 East 33rd st.; New York City; 1953; \$2.50

First Novel By Pulitzer Prize Winner Off Press

NEW YORK—The first novel by Gwendolyn Brooks, Negro Pulitzer Prize winner in poetry, was published this week by Harper and Brothers of New York City. Titled "Maud Martha," the story centers around a Negro daughter, wife and mother who lives in the Bronzeville section of Chicago.

According to the publishers' statement, the novel tells in vivid poetic prose "the fear that underlies every moment—fear that beyond the safety of the neighborhood world the person born with a dark face will be looked upon as an intruder."

Miss Brooks' first volume of poetry, "A Street in Bronzeville," was published by the same company in 1945 and in 1949 she won the Pulitzer Prize in Poetry for her second volume of poetry, "Annie Allen." The novel is her first book of prose, and sells for \$2.50.

The author was born in Topeka, Kans., and has lived in Chicago since infancy. She was graduated from Englewood High School in 1934 and from Wilson Junior College in 1936. After doing newspaper, magazine, and general office work, she married Henry L. Blakely in 1939. They have a son and daughter.

She has received four Poetry Workshop Awards given by the Midwestern Writers' Conference (1943, 1944—two, and 1945). In 1945 she received the Mademoiselle Merit Award as one of the ten women of the year. A thousand-dollar award by the Academy of Arts and Letters followed in May 1946 and two Guggenheim Fellowships in 1946 and 1947.

Prize winning poetess publishes first novel

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MAUDE MARTHA



Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Maud Martha, by Gwendolyn Brooks. Harper and Brothers, 49 East 33rd. st., New York, 180 pp. \$2.50.

Let me begin this review with a statement that would certainly damn me as a critic, were I a critic; but since I make—or have not for a long time anyway—no pretense of the art I do afford to say a thing that is critically inexcusable.

Maud Martha is too short, and I find this an irritating fault. But of course the fault is in my stupidity as a critic, were I a critic; for Maud Martha fulfills its purpose, lives up to the special laws of its own being, and by the laws of that being is as nearly perfect in its structure as a narrative can be. But it is too short.

I am not trying to be objective. It would take a tremendous, wrenching effort to be objective about a book which realizes—that is, which brings to reality—so much that is impalpable, even abstract and instinct and generally thought to be immovable.

Maud Martha is an unflawed gem of a book—except that it is too short. No sooner does one come to love Maud Martha the girl (and then the young woman and finally the wife and mother) and to feel in her and through her the power and mystery and wonder and acid-tart sweetness of life than the author, who has made us feel, deserts us and puts our equipment to a test it cannot pass. There is not enough of Maud Martha.

Yet she is complete, a whole person whose life we know utterly through a span of forty years. From the age of five when most of all she loved dandelions and did not think it strange to love so much a flower so common, until—wife and mother now—she wonders, "What, what, am I to do with all this life." Maud Martha is as thoroughly absorbing as the image of oneself in a distorting mirror.

I am afraid I do not make myself clear. What I am trying to establish is the fascination, not the distortion—though one is as real and as absorbing as the other, and though what we get is a series of images, pictures, portraits painted from various angles in various colors.

I cannot tell the story of Maud Martha. She has no story, and yet in some strange way hers is the story of millions.

She is born quite ordinarily, goes to school in the ordinary way, has ordinary friends, marries quite ordinarily.

The emphasis on the common, the usual, the ordinary runs through the non-story like

tension and restraint and condensation. Maud Martha is too short.

For the second time within a few days, a superbly talented poet has turned to prose and produced a narrative that will easily rank among the top five first novels of the last five years.

a motif in music and what Gwendolyn Brooks makes us see and feel and understand is the joy, the beauty, the triumph of the ordinary. Maud Martha is an affirmation of life. "What, what, am I to do with all this life!"

Miss Brooks brings to prose the same talents and qualities which mark her highly-regarded verse. Those qualities are outstandingly, perception as keen as a blade edge and as oblique as refracted light; sensibilities that produce controlled explosions of insight beauty and precision of language.

"The Narrows," Ann Petry's new novel about Negro and white relations, will be published on August 17 by Houghton Mifflin. Set in a small town in the New England region where Mrs. Petry has spent most of her life, the story deals with an incident that brings about racial tension and, ultimately, violence. Mrs. Petry's previous novel "The Street" was about human degradation in New York's Harlem.

Book of The Week

NEGRO man plus white woman equals violence. Time and again this formula has resulted in successful novels. Ann Petry has followed the pattern in her newest novel, "The Narrows" (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95), and there is little doubt that it, too, will succeed. All the ingredients of success are present: vivid characters, an absorbing story, good writing.

Mrs. Petry varies the basic pattern a bit. Her setting is not the deep South, nor even the Northern metropolises, but a small New England town where race tension is slight. Her Negro man is not the illiterate brute, product of oppression; he is handsome, intelligent, educated, cultured, sensitive. Even artificial incitement produces no mob in her town. But the equation works just the same.

HER CHARACTERS are real people: Abbie Crunch, upholder of the race, who won't eat watermelon because "all Negroes love it"; the enigmatic racketeer, hard perceptive and withdrawn; Mr. Powther, the superior servant, whose status is linked with that of his employers. If anything, her people are too real, for you resent it when they get out of character—a thing permissible in life, but taboo in novels. Only Camilo, the wealthy white girl, is not quite clear. At times she seems simply a woman in love; then again she is the playgirl seeking a thrill.

The book is at its excellent best, perhaps, when it deserts the main story line to point

out the subtler problems of Negro life—the snubs and slights, the embarrassments and uncertainties, the fight to gain and retain the status of a human being.

It is a tribute to the power of the narrative that its flaws are not readily apparent until the book is finished and laid aside.

MARJORIE JACKSON
McFADDEN
St. Albans, New York.

"THE NARROWS" by Ann Petry
(Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95).
novel about race relations
in a New England town.



Richard Meek

NOVELIST PETRY
What was in the bundle?

Color in Connecticut

THE NARROWS (428 pp.)—Ann Petry
Houghton Mifflin (\$3.95).

The cops caught up with the speeding old-fashioned Rolls-Royce and brought the woman driver to a stop. What, one of the officers asked, was that bundle on the floor? The answer—"Old clothes for the Salvation Army." But the bundle actually contained the body of Lincoln Williams, handsome Negro bartender of the Last Chance saloon, punctured by two .45 slugs fired at close range. The lady in the car—and she obviously was a lady—was Mrs. Treadway, the richest woman in town. Captain Sheffield, respectable broker and her son-in-law, sat beside her.

So ends the life story of Link Williams, hero of *The Narrows*, by Ann Petry. It is a story of black and white, love and violence. One of the remarkable things about it is its setting: not the conventional smoldering South, nor the familiar, raw Northern city slum (which Author Petry well described in *The Street*, 1946), but the wind-blown Connecticut town of Monmouth, where dark, violent deeds are hard to imagine and slums are small enough to be swept under the carpet. Born and raised in Old Saybrook, Conn., Negro Author Ann Petry has the background to make her story fresh and credible. Apart from a deplorable tendency toward short flights of bogus impressionist prose, she also has the easy writing ability to tell a warm, readable story.

Link's story is simple enough. He was an orphan from The Narrows, the Negro slum of Monmouth, down by the river. He had been brought up by Aunt Abbie Crunch, a former school teacher and a lady of almost painful rectitude. But Bill Hod had been an even greater influence than Abbie. Hod was the Negro owner of the Last Chance, a cold-blooded, iron-fisted racketeer who paid Link's way through college and wised him up to life. The trouble began when Camilo, Mrs. Treadway's daughter, met Link down at the docks one foggy night. He was handsome and intelligent. Camilo was bored and unhappily married to dull Captain Sheffield.

What started out as a forbidden idyll headed quickly toward disaster. Link had his pride, did not want to be simply a kept lover. When he tried to break with Camilo, she called him a nigger and cried rape. While the whole town was talking and racial tension was at its worst, Link was abducted to the Treadway home. There Camilo's husband shot him dead.

If that were all, *The Narrows* would be merely the retelling of a sordid tabloid standby. But Author Petry, serious as she is about her seriously told plot, almost lets it take second place to other and better things: Negro life in broken-down Dumble Street, Aunt Abbie's sturdy effort to clothe her existence in dignity. Best of all is the rich parallel story of little Malcolm Powther, the dignified Treadway butler, and his blowsy, handsome, blues-singing, two-timing wife. Link and Camilo have a fictional survival period of one publishing season at best. Had Author Petry stuck strictly to Malcolm and Mamie Powther, *The Narrows* would be remembered far longer.

BOOK REVIEWS

by
GERTRUDE MARTIN

Ann Petry's third novel, "The Narrows," is her best to date. Her earlier writing in "The Street" and "Country Place." Like "The Street" it is long and concerns Negro life in a ghetto. In this case it is the Narrows, the Negro section of Monmouth, a small town in Connecticut.

The characterizations in this latest book are sharper and although long, the book lacks the diseasiness of "The Street."

Miss Petry introduces a wide variety of characters; the highly race-conscious Abbie Crunch, son, Jink Williams, Dartmouth Phi Beta Kappa and student of history, handsome asset to the Last Chance Saloon where he works as day bartender, is the central character.

His romance with a lovely white heiress, Camilla Sheffield, furnishes the drama and suspense of the book. There are many others, all well drawn, the Powthers; (Mamie, Malcolm and the child, J. C.,) Bill Hod, Weak Knees, Frances Jackson, and a number of lesser personages.

The greatest weakness in "The Narrows" is its ending. After handling characters and situation with rare skill, Miss Petry falls back on melodramatic violence to end her book. In this case and given the character of Camilla and her love for Link, it would would resort to the method she did even in a fit of jealous rage.

What Miss Petry is saying that under pressure the relationship of Link and Camilla reverted to the age-old struggle of white against black. The final tragedy is even more questionable.

Miss Petry is a careful observer and has a good ear for speech. She has a sure touch with very different people and the little boy,

J. C., is wonderful. He is precocious but she never lets him get out of hand. Most of us know the Abbies, constantly worrying about the impression Negroes make on white and making Link grow up with burden of the race on his shoulders.

A times Bill Hod and Mamie seem a little over-drawn but for the most part they, too are believable.

"The Narrows" establishes Miss Petry as a top-ranking novelist. She has chosen to tell her story in a difficult way, through internal conversations and flashbacks thus rounding out her various characters. Her book never drags and she has tied all the threads together skillfully. The ending is weak, I think, but the book's good far outweighs this fault.

"The Narrows" by Ann Petry; Houghton Mifflin Company; Park Street, Boston, Mass.; 1953 \$3.95.

BOOK REVIEW

By LEWIS GANNETT

THE NARROWS. By Ann Petry. Houghton, Mifflin. 428 pages. \$3.95.

ANN PETRY packs her novel with characters with a lavishingness that reminds one of J. B. Priestley. But most of her characters are Negroes—Negroes down by the river in Connecticut town here called Monmouth, and, like Mr. Priestley's Englishmen, they have a flesh-and-blood reality. They don't come out of the usual Harlem repertoires.

Never Let the Race Down

Link Williams was a Dartmouth graduate, Phi Beta Kappa, even if, in a petulant mood, he had left his stepmother's home and gone to work as day man behind the bar in Bill Hod's Last Chance saloon. His stepmother, Mrs. Abbie Williams, was a house owner and pillar of the church, and she had brought him up on the gospel that he must never let The Race down.



Ann Petry

Abbie loved watermelons but never bought them because people made fun of colored folks loving watermelons. She taught Link to be polite, and never to wear bright-colored clothes or eat fried food, and always to be on time, because people said colored folks were always late. And when Link skipped school Abbie told him how there had been a time in this country when it was a crime to teach a colored person to read, and therefore Link must go to school every day and learn and learn so that he would stand at the head of his class and be a credit to The Race.

Bill Hod and his cook, known as Weak Knees, re-educated Link on the subject of race. They pointed out that the black starlings drove all the paler birds away from the suet in the tree in the Last Chance's back yard. They told him ebony was the hardest and best wood: it was black. Black opals fetched a special price. They told him about the Chicago riots, where the Negroes fought back, not politely at all.

Across the Barrier

A yellow-haired girl whom Link met on the dock in a fog rounded out his education on the subject of race. She didn't know he was colored,

but she was scared and she trusted his voice. Link wasn't sure she was white, even after he had fortified her nerve with a drink at the Moonbeam bar, but Bug Eyes, the waiter, was. Bug Eyes had been born in a part of the country where a man's life might depend on quick ability to recognize a white woman as white. By the time Link was sure, he and Camilla were friends beyond barriers of race, but it was not so certain that their friendship could survive discovery.

Miss Petry herself grew up in Old Saybrook, Conn., and worked on various papers in New York City before she won a Houghton Mifflin fellowship and wrote her first novel, "The Street," seven years ago. That was a good novel; "The Narrows" is better. Miss Petry shifts back and forth through Link Williams' life with ease; she seems to enjoy picturing such varied characters as Bill Hod, who owned enough establishments to cut a wide swath in the town of Monmouth; the fussily respectable Abbie Crunch; the perfect butler, Mr. Prowther, and his lushly imperfect wife, Mamie; the vagabond photographer, Jubine; the local newspaper editor; and Cat Jimmie, an obscene remnant of a man. She can shift rapidly from rather highbrow interior monologue to a hard-bitten realistic version of bartender speech; and there is both humor and shrewdness in her series of conversations interpreting a report that the mill owner's yellow-haired daughter had been "attacked" on the docks.

Melodrama Is Stale

There is originality even in the particular pattern of violence with which Miss Petry brings her colorful, rambling story to a dramatic climax, but no originality at all in bringing it to such a climax. White writers and colored alike seem to feel a compulsion to end every novel of inter-racial love in melodramatic tragedy. Melodramas enough occur in real life, but far less frequently than in the novels, and it would be refreshing to discover a writer who could handle such a theme without following the compulsive traditions of the literature.

26b 1953

THE NEGRO COMMUNITY WITHIN AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM

ECONOMICS, SOCIOLOGY
PROBLEMS OF CAPITAL FOR-
MATION IN UNDERDEVEL-
OPED COUNTRIES. By Ragnar
Nurske. 163 pp. New York: Ox-
ford Press. \$4.22-53
INTRODUCTION TO COLLEC-
TIVE BARGAINING. By Do-
menico Gagliardo. 590 pp. New
York: Harper & Brothers.
GROUP RELATIONS AT THE
CROSSROADS. Edited by Mu-
zafer Sherif and M. O. Wilson.
377 pp. New York: Harper &
Brothers. \$4.52-54
THE NEGRO COMMUNITY
WITHIN AMERICAN PROTES-
TANTISM, 1619-1844. By Leonard
L. Haynes Jr. 264 pp. Boston:
Christopher Publishing House.

College Professor Says He Was Fired For Writing Book

ORANGEBURG, S. C. — (ANP)

Dr. Lewis M. McMillan of South Carolina A. and M. College here last week said he is being fired from his post with the institution because of his recently published book, "Negro Higher Education In South Carolina," called to win the approval of the president of the college.

Dr. McMillan, a professor of History at A. and M., said he was informed by H. C. Turner, president of the college, that his contract would not be renewed after June 30, 1953.

In a letter to the board of trustees regarding his dismissal, Dr. McMillan said:

"Because I wrote and published a book on Negro Higher Education in South Carolina in which I called a universally shameful situation by its right names, the president of the college has dismissed me, and the board of trustees has perfunctorily authorized actions."

"During our monthly faculty meeting on February 2, I announced the Feb. 12 publication date of my forthcoming book. Early the following day, President Turner, in an aroused and defiant mood, called me into his office and lectured me on the book."

"Incidentally, he had not read a single line of the manuscript nor had he had opportunity to see even the outside cover of the book. Turner complained bitterly of not having been informed about the project. Obviously what he really meant was that I had not submitted my manuscript to his personal censorship, since I had referred to the book several times while talking to him during the last two years."

"President Turner demanded that I burn all copies of the book. I put the book into circulation as soon as the first copies were ready, thus ignoring the president's threat to execute a 'death sentence' which had been imposed upon me in a court where he served as judge, prosecutor, jury and witness."

"Now I do not know whether the members of the board have read my book. However, I feel that you certainly owe it to me and the cause of Negro higher education in the state to have read it."

President Turner's action in dismissing Dr. McMillan gained the approval of the board of trustees, all-white. Dr. McMillan has asked the board to reconsider his case.

PAGES OF HISTORY

Negro's Role in War That Freed His Bonds

THE NEGRO IN THE CIVIL WAR By Benjamin Quarles. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 379 pages, illustrated with photographs, indexed. \$5.

Reviewed by SAM S. LUCCHESI

When the War Between the States broke out in 1861 there were 3,500,000 slaves below the Mason and Dixon line. North of this line of demarcation were 250,000 Negroes. This latter group had long been active in the crusade to bring about the liberation of the slaves.

With the start of the shooting war, hundreds of slaves fled north and into the Yankee armed camps. Contrary to the intimation in this book, this number was comparatively negligible. A high percentage of the slaves remained with their mistresses while the flower of Southern manhood marched off to war. This "loyalty" continued for many years even after the Negro had been given his freedom.

BENJAMIN QUARLES is a prominent Negro educator, dean of instruction and professor of history at Dillard University in New Orleans. In this book he spotlights what the Negro did for himself during the war that brought about his freedom.



ing the war that brought about his freedom.

In developing his history, Dr. Quarles divides the Negroes in the South into three categories that took form after that first shot was fired at Fort Sumter.

(1) Those who remained under the Stars and Bars for the entire war; (2) "Contrabands," those slaves who went into the Union lines and became active participants in the war, often as guides and spies; and (3) Those who joined the military, since ex-slaves made up the bulk of the 180,000 Negroes who enlisted in the Federal Army and the 29,000 who manned Union ships.

Incidentally, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy wrote in his diary in 1863: "All of our increased military strength now comes from the Negroes."

SOME WILL not like this book, but it should not affect them in that manner. Dr. Quarles merely brings into perspective the part played by the Negro during the war. He says: "To a few careful historians the Negro was the key figure in the Civil War. . . . Others . . . have simply neglected to approach the period with the Negro in mind. It is my hope to set the records straight, to restore the Negro to his rightful, active place in the war that set him free."

Amusing, however, is the conclusion drawn by Dr. Quarles that "the use of impressed labor was of enormous advantage to the South." He quotes the angry comment of the Chicago Tribune after the first battle of Bull Run in July, 1861: "Slave-built batteries repulsed the finest army ever organized on the American Continent. General McDowell threads his way through roads and defiles obstructed by Negroes and plunges into a honeycomb of batteries erected by Negroes, suffers a stunning defeat and loses his command."

That isn't the way we heard it. History has it that McDowell was outgeneraled by Beauregard, with valuable assistance from Joe Johnston and Thomas J. Jackson, who won his sobriquet of "Stonewall" on this occasion. And 35,372 Yankees were routed by a smaller Confederate Army and left 2,708 dead on the field as they fled pellmell back to Washington.

Henry Grady, great editor of The Atlanta Constitution, once said that "a thousand torches lit by slaves" could have put an end to the Confederacy. But, he said, they were never lighted. Dr. Quarles says that fear kept the Negroes from such an act of sabotage. But with the men away at war it obviously would have been a simple thing for the Negroes to organize a mass uprising in the South, had they been so minded, on a large scale.

Negro's Part in Struggle of '60s Told

THE NEGRO IN THE CIVIL WAR.
By Benjamin Quarles. Little, Brown. \$5.

By LYNN HOGAN

When the Confederacy turned its guns on Fort Sumter, the Negro sensed that freedom was in the offing. And throughout the conflict, as political leaders of the Union moved slowly, hesitantly toward abolition as a national objective, the Negro never lost the feeling that the hand demands of freedom would spell the doom of chattel slavery.

And long before he received the Negro had given freely of

such that he had to give—his labor, his spirit, and his life. Some 180,000 saw service as Union army enlisted men and 29,000 helped man the navy's ships. And notably and heroically they poured their blood out in futile assaults on Battery Wagner, before Petersburg (Crater), and Port Hudson.

In New Orleans on Sept. 27, 1862, the first Negro soldiers were mustered as a unit into the United States Army, as the First Regiment, Louisiana Native Guards. In enlisting these recruits, Gen. Butler acted on his own authority, and the pattern spread to other occupied areas.

Tersely, vividly, factually, Boston-born Dr. Quarles has told the story of the Negro's vital part in the conflict—his fight for the Union as a soldier or scout, spy or propagandist, nurse or home-front defender—and his striving for freedom, as abolitionist crusader and worker in the "underground railroad."

Great as was the Negro's help to the Union, his assistance to the Confederacy was, of course, greater. The slave produced the crops, minded the flocks and looked after the women and children of the master far off with Lee in Virginia. And as the South strove desperately to expand its industry, pleas went out for skilled Negroes to work in armories, gun foundries, etc.

Early in the war free Negroes came forth in number to offer military services to the Confederacy. Two regiments were organized in New Orleans and paraded with other Louisiana troops, but they were never to fire a gun.

Not until twilight had begun to fall upon the Confederacy did the Congress pass and President Davis sign the "Negro Soldier law." That was in March, 1865 (Appomattox was just a month off), and the Negroes wearing Confederate gray never saw battle action as enlisted soldiers.

In this latter connection of the Southern Negro in the mass, Dr. Quarles asks the question, "Would Negroes have fought for the Confederacy?"—and then gives answer, "Perhaps so, but without their hearts being in it. Most of them had come to look

on the Union soldiers as their friends and deliverers."

But Negroes often were under fire for the Confederacy, and in no few numbers, as body servants, as teamsters, and as men who dug entrenchments and gun-pits. And in one action at least, the last Southern gun was fired by a Negro—that was the report of a Northern news correspondent witnessing the Confederate evacuation of Yorktown.

Dr. Quarles' work is a solid addition to War Between the States literature; he has shed light on facts hitherto known only obscurely to most readers. The author for a number of years was professor of history at Dillard University until his departure last spring. He is now on the staff of Morgan State college, Maryland.

Role of the Negro in War Between States Is Told

Reviewed by Bert Collier

Drama of Self-Redemption

THE NEGRO IN THE CIVIL WAR.
By Benjamin Quarles. Illustrated.
379 pp. Boston: Little, Brown &
Co. \$5.

By HENRY J. GRAFF

THE liberation of the Negro was the inevitable by-product of the war to save the Union. For Benjamin Quarles it proves to have been ever more than that. It was the culminating act in a great drama of self-redemption carried on by the Negro, both North and South. One does not have to accept the position in all its ramifications to recognize that despite the ignorance in which they were held, Negroes grasped the implications of the terrible conflict and by sacrifice and suffering carved their own way to freedom.

It was not only that at least 180,000 Negroes wore the blue on the battlefield. There were others whose deeds are among the most thrilling in our maritime history. Take William Tillman, a steward who seized the prize ship *Waring* from the Confederates and, as its captain, brought it into New York harbor. Or Jacob Garrick, who prevented the capture of the *Enchantress* by diving overboard and informing a Union blockader. Or Robert Smalls, who boldly took a rebel steamer and delivered it to the United States Navy. In addition, countless slaves did their bit by providing information, spying, or simply leaving their jobs. Mr. Quarles insists that it was firm purpose that guided the Negroes. It matters not where I fight, said one who in 1862 entertained Northern soldiers in New Orleans, "if only my boy may stand in the street equal to a white boy when the war is over."

Not all of this is new; but much of it has not been told fully since Reconstruction days. A considerable portion has, up to now, been found only in the professional journals. Bell Wiley's "Southern Negroes" covered some of the ground in detail. The substantial role of Negro soldiers is well known

and has been justly celebrated in the important histories of the Rebellion and of the race. Nevertheless, this synthesis by a Negro scholar, who is Professor of History at Dillard University in New Orleans, is written with verve and with an eye to the poignant and the dramatic that must appeal to the many of us who are still seeking light on the tragic Brothers' War.

The book does tend to make the Negro's contribution central in the final victory. That is, possibly, unavoidable in the nature of the subject. However, Lincoln's skillful though perhaps gingerly handling of the Negro problem in the first two years of hostilities is grossly slighted. Moreover, the author overstates his case in maintaining that the Negro soldier was not bored by military service, enjoyed work and drank rarely. For if, as Mr. Quarles amply shows, the Negroes responded to army life much like their white brethren, then they shared their vices, and only the uninitiated or undrafted will hold otherwise.

What the historian will applaud, though, outweighs these criticisms. Properly credited is the distinguished work of Gen-

erals Lane, Hunter, Butler and Phelps and the abolitionists in opening the way to active Negro participation in the war. Mr. Quarles underscores, too, the noteworthy contribution of Negro home-front activities in supporting the North. Moreover, he exhumes the names and exploits of scores of authentic Negro heroes of the Union and makes them live again. Above all, he catches in these pages the exquisite satisfaction of a triumph that seemed more glorious than any the Caesars ever knew.

Mr. Graff is Assistant Professor of history at Columbia.



From a bronze relief by Augustus Saint-Gaudens in memory of Col. Robert Shaw, Boston, Mass.

Negro Novelist Forms Subject Of Coming Book

NEW YORK

"The Negro Novelist" by Carl Milton Hughes will be published by The Citadel Press in November. The book examines the complete output of American Negro Novelists of the decade 1940-1950, including Richard Wright, Frank Yerby, William Melvin Duboy, Chester Himes, Ann Petry, J. Saunders Redding, Zora Neale Hurston, Ralph Ellison and others.

"Native Son," "If He Hollers Let Him Go," "One Street," "The Foxes of Harrow," "The Invisible Man," "Knock on Any Door," are only a few of the novels discussed by Mr. Hughes. In addition, he presents and interprets the comments of leading American critics on the works of Negro novelists.

THE AUTHOR, himself a Negro, is a native New Yorker. He received his B. S. and M. A. degrees from the University of Maine. In 1944 he completed successfully the formal requirements for the Ph.D. degree at Columbia University. He did post doctoral study at Balliol College, Oxford, England and the University of Paris in 1950.

Mr. Hughes is a veteran of World War II, and saw action in the ETO with the 492nd Anti-Aircraft group attached to General Patton's 3rd Army.

Review: Culver, D. W., Negro Segregation in Methodism

A. KING CHANDLER, III
President, Payne College

This Yale University Contribution to Religious Education No. 22, published in 1953 by a brilliant scholar of our times has attracted attention of students of religion and sociology to an intensive study of it. It is intriguing to read because it unfolds an historical story and includes direct quotations from the literature of the field of human relations and the definition of religious philosophy and attitude. The author is so skilfully and so definitively that this book is an imperative to be read by persons who are concerned with the various aspects of religious experience and human relations.

The largest Protestant denomination in the United States has a separate ecclesiastical structure for Negroes. 350,000 Negro members are negatively affected by this arrangement. This is an arrangement in which the Negroes are segregated and arranged in spiritual attitude must be placed. These members are integrated into "Central Jurisdiction." The Central Jurisdiction is an ecclesiastical structure in Methodism designed to mobilize all Negro participation of the local church. A single group presided over by Negroes. This is internal segregation which is most thorough as related to the Negro more than any other minority group.

Quotations were secured from a large number of ministers and laymen throughout the United States regarding to attitude. These attitudes offer some prediction relative to disposition. References to important pieces of research formerly published such as John M. Moore's *The Long Road to Methodist Union*. The *Daily Christian Advocate* Frank S. Loescher's *The Protestant Church and the Negro Dilemma*. Statements were secured from prominent leaders in the bishopric of the church were secured. The statements suggested the attitude basic to the governing policy of segregation.

The first Negro associated with

the Methodist Church was converted under John Wesley in 1758. In 1766, the first Negro in the United States to joined the Methodist Church. The first ministers were ordained in 1800 as a result of the increase of the membership of the Negro communicants. By 1816, one fourth of the membership of the Methodist Church in the United States were Negroes.

Charleston, South Carolina marked the initial provision of separate galleries in 1787 and since that time there has been a widespread movement of that arrangement by this time the southern philosophy of religion had reached a point of amelioration and conciliation. Thus: our gallery. In churches, public auditoriums, theatres and other centers of public audience.

1844 was a decisive year, beginning with ideas relative to the capacities in which Negroes might serve the Church. 1872 marked the question of electing Negro Bishops being considered. Later, the idea was adopted and is still functioning today. This means for eighty-one years we have had this type of pattern in existence.

The Freedmen's Aid Society was organized in 1866 to foster and protect the colored people in educational pursuits. It was formed in Cincinnati, Ohio in 1860. White schools were permitted to secure aid. This set a quasi-standard of integration.

From 1924 to 1936, the period of struggle for Union of the major units of the Methodist Church was under serious consideration. The racial issue complicated and delayed the Union. In 1936, the Plan for Union was adopted by the Methodist Church at Columbus, Ohio. In 1938, at Birmingham, Alabama, the Southern Methodists made their decision with certain restrictions being highly satisfactory to them. 1939 marked the actual development of the merger.

A Jurisdictional arrangement was devised in the Plan of Union with respect to territories and the exclusion of Negroes from membership into their respective geographical territory. The Jurisdictional Conferences as were established are Southeastern, South Central, North Central, Northeast, West and Central. The Central Jurisdiction includes all Negroes in the United States except 7,000 living in sparse-

ly populated regions where they have the truly unified church.

Some Negro leaders openly protested the type of unification and they were: Dr. David D. Jones, President, Bennett College, Greensboro, N. C., did so as follows: Why do we protest? In the first place there has been a good bit of specious argument about this Plan. Everyone knows the plan is segregation and segregation is the ugliest way, because it is couched in such pious terms. My friends, what does segregation do a people? It sets them aside, it labels them, it says that they are not fit to be treated as other people are treated. My friends, you have that privilege of saying that to us, but surely you will expect us to be men enough not to say it ourselves.

Dr. Mary M. Bethune, President of Bethune-Cookman College, Daytona Beach, Florida said "This type of arrangement penalizes the Negro."

Some Negro leaders found justifications for the plan. Some of them were: Dr. Matthews S. Davage, former President of Clark College and Secretary of Education of the Methodist Church and a host of others. Again, here the picture of division destroys our greatest opportunities.

A suggested program for education, hospital, other church services and plans for the future are described magnificently in this volume.

I would urge immediate reading of this provocative Yale University production which is so important as we stand on the threshold of a new social order.

A dynamic treatise and trend from the beginning to the present. Read it for appreciation and enlightenment as a masterpiece of our times.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY
Culver, Dwight W., *Negro Segregation in the Methodist Church*. New Haven, Yale University Press, 1953.

FATHER TOMPKINS OF NOVA
SCOTIA by George...
...A biography...
...to the Antigonish
Movement...
NEGRO SEGREGATION IN THE
METHODIST CHURCH, by Dwight
W. Culver (Yale, \$3). In the
Yale Series in Religious Educa-
tion. W. 12.5-20-53

Book of The Week

AN UNUSUAL study of seg-
regation can be found in
the volume, "Negro Segrega-
tion in the Methodist Church"
by Dwight W. Culver (Yale
University Press, \$3.00).

Though this very well docu-
mented book deals with a large
religious denomination, the in-
sights gained from the study,
shows how white America
through segregation avoids put-
ting in practice the teachings
of Jesus. The result is devel-
oping a second-class citizenship
in a democracy.

One notes how hypocrisy and
deceit is developed in the name
of Christianity.

The book offers a challenge
to the religious, in their prac-
tice of the teachings of the
brotherhood of man. The kind of
rationalization offered by those
defending segregation and using
scripture to prove their ideas,
presents the reader a picture of
untruths and injustices hard to
believe.

Democracy cannot be express-
ed in its fullness as long as
segregation remains as a pat-
tern of social avoidance. This
book will help those looking
for a better way.

REV. D. EDWARD WELLS
New York City.

Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDINGS

Afro-American
Oct. 4-25-53

Negro Higher Education in the State of South Carolina, by Lewis K. McMillan. Published by the Author, Orangeburg, S.C. 296 pp. \$3.50

Negro Year Book. Jessie P. Guzman, Lewis W. Jones and Woodrow Hall, editors. Wm. H. Wise, Publ. 50 W. 47th st., N. Y., 424 pp. \$4.

Dr. Lewis K. McMillan is trained as an observer and researcher. He has been a newspaper correspondent, a professor of history, and a writer of magazine articles on higher education among colored people.

On the basis of the experience, he is worthy of trust. On the basis of his character he must be judged responsible. These are important considerations when one is faced with



Mr. Reddings such a book as **Negro Higher Education in the State of South Carolina**.

The facts are all here. Beginning with a historical survey of higher education in S. C., Professor McMillan examines in a detailed way all the educational institutions, existing, and as he says "nonexisting," in the recently most rabid anti-colored state in the South, and ends his study with two chapters on the prospects for higher education in South Carolina.

Emotional Sometimes

Dr. McMillan's book occasionally strays from the cool groves of Academe. This reviewer, of course, has no objection to such subjective excursions—particularly since he holds the view that scholarship completely devoid of value judgments is not scholarship at all.

But a certain type of pretentious scholar will resent Professor McMillan's intrusion upon his material.

Others will object not so much to the intrusion itself as to the harshness of it.

And the Charlestonians! Will they ever forgive him for saying of their city that it is "hide-bound and archaic?"

It is probably true also that the loyal sons of Allen University, Claflin University and Benedict College will rise up in arms.

"Each time," Dr. McMillan says, "I visited Allen's campus I was impressed ever increasingly with the fact of neglect of Allen University's students. . . . Obviously the college is to blame. . . ."

But the author is no easier on the institution with which he himself is connected. "The college (South Carolina State) in its turn, affords little that is challenging to its handicapped newcomers. . . . The college has not through the years created an atmosphere of scholarship and culture. . . ."

Bleak Future

Dr. McMillan's final conclusion is discouraging but on the basis of the facts as he gives them to us, it is right. "The outlook for public higher education for colored people in the state of South Carolina is very dark. Practically everything remains yet to be done; even the beginning has yet to be made."

The 1952 **Negro Year Book** is the eleventh edition of this important review of matters bearing on the life of colored people in America. Ably edited at Tuskegee Institute, such scholars and writers as Rayford Logan, Arthur P. Davis and Henry Lee Moon contribute chapters.

This reviewer has always considered the **Negro Year Book** an indispensable reference—and this was true even when it was more or less statistical in its approach. Now that it uses commentary to light up statistics, the value is increased at least ten fold.

New Books

New Books published by The New American Library of World Literature, Inc., 501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

SHOOT TO KILL by Wade Miller, a jealous detective cracks a deadly frame-up, original publisher

Farrar, Straus and Young, price 25 cents.

THEY LIVED BY THEIR GUNS by Luke Short and others, top-notch western adventure, original publisher Argosy Magazine, price 25 cents.

DREAM OF EDEN by Winston Brebner, an idyllic love brings rapture and tragedy, original publisher Viking, price 25 cents.

LEOPARD IN THE GRASS by Desmond Stewart, explosive intrigue in the turbulent East, original publisher Farrar, Straus and Young, price 25 cents.

KISS ME, DEADLY by Mickey Spillane, original publisher E. P. Dutton and Co., price 25 cents.

THE BLESSING by Nancy Mitford, a sparkling account of the pursuit of love, original publisher Random House, price 25 cents.

HOW TO KNOW AND PREDICT THE WEATHER by Robert Moore Fisher, original publisher Harper, price 35 cents.

BACK TO TOWN by Maritta Wolf, the story of two lovers who surrendered everything but themselves, original publisher Random House, price 35 cents.

DOWN ALL YOUR STREETS by Leonard Bishop, a savage novel of slum life, original publisher Dial, price 50 cents.

NO PICNIC ON MOUNT KENYA. By Felice Benuzzi. Dutton. 239 pages. \$3.75.

WHILE we are all waiting, with varying degrees of impatience, for a book on the conquest of Mt. Everest, that made so handsome a coronation present for Queen Elizabeth, here comes a very different kind of mountain-climbing epic—and one that should take care of the waiting period nicely.



Felice Benuzzi

For some of us, indeed, this may be the book of its kind, though the peak its heroes scaled is some 13,000 feet lower than Everest and 10,000 feet below Annapurna, of which Maurice Herzog has written so eloquently. But there was something special about this engagement.

Felice Benuzzi and two friends had with Mt. Kenya, in East Africa, during eighteen harrowing days in 1943.

Things Were Slightly Different

Not for them were the elaborate equipment, physical training, map work, native porters, etc., that usually make a highly professional production out of the ascent of a major mountain. Having climbed in Europe before World War II, Signor Benuzzi and one of his two companions were not exactly amateurs, but neither were they in a position to work everything out in advance, as the big-time expeditions do. All three were Italian prisoners of war in a British camp whose commandant, though he was later to prove an understanding gentleman, did not encourage such romantic leaves of absence as the one this trio took. *mon 6-15-53*

For this was an adventure more poetic than practical, and that was its special quality. A prisoner for two years after his capture in Libya, bored and disconsolate after his transfer to the camp at Nanyuki on the Equator, Benuzzi gazed out one night in May, 1942, from his prison compound and saw it: "an ethereal mountain emerging from a tossing sea of clouds framed between two dark barracks—a massive blue-black tooth of sheer rock inlaid with azure glaciers, austere, yet floating fairy-like on the near horizon." That did it. At once Mt. Kenya became a symbol, not of escape (they planned from the first to come back), but of challenge.

Willard TOWNSEND

Maintaining Racial Balances Is An Important Aspect of Public Housing

The racial relations personnel in the field and central offices of the Public Housing Administration have developed a very interesting bulletin captioned "Open Occupancy in Public Housing." I think this is a very excellent bulletin and should be read by all who are interested in public housing. I was particularly interested in a section of this bulletin on maintaining racial balance which I quote in part herein.

"The most serious problem with respect to maintaining reasonably balanced racial distributions in projects occurs when the pressure of need for low-rent housing among qualified applicants is numerically greater for Negro families than for others. The proportions that appear most conducive to maintaining balance are in the ranges of 40 to 60 percent. The experience indicates, however, that an over-all pattern of racial integration is achievable even when an ideal balance cannot be maintained on every project in the program.

"The question of so-called racial quotas is frequently debated. Racial minorities, long accustomed to the use of quotas to limit their opportunities, are naturally suspicious of racial designations or other indications of controls based upon race. This has posed a serious problem for those concerned with designations and proportionate allocations used to prevent racial discrimination or to admit a sufficient number of minority group families to compensate for their previous exclusion from a given program.

"There are increasing indications that this issue has in many instances tended to obscure other important considerations. It has been raised, for example, with respect to programs in which there was apparently no effort to disperse racial minorities throughout all projects in the program. Thus the pressure of minority

group housing need had its major impact on only some of the projects. The corrective approach is obvious. 2.28-23

"A more serious issue in the opinions of many observers is that of creating an excessive demand—and preferential eligibility—among racial minorities for public housing by the excessive clearance of minority group occupied sites.

"It is also believed that many local housing authorities are in an ideal position to influence the construction of private enterprise housing open to minority group families, since the extreme limitation of such facilities is an important factor affecting the pressure of minority group demand for public housing. This is especially relevant in those localities where graduation from public housing to private housing could be stimulated by the availability of suitable dwellings.

"In any event, only under extremely rare circumstances do racial minorities in Northern and Western communities constitute the larger proportion of families in the public housing market of any locality. On a national basis, they comprise slightly over one-third of the occupants of low-rent public housing projects.

"Another important technique of racial integration, sometimes confused with the quota concept, is the timing of admissions. In initial occupancy, it is advised that families of all racial groups to be accommodated in the project, in the approximate proportion of their ultimate occupancy ratios, be admitted to the first buildings opened.

"When applications for a low-rent housing project do not generally reflect relatively proportionate representation of the racial sectors in the total market, there is apparent need for reexamination of the techniques used by the local authority to inform the entire community as to the

availability of its facilities. This often calls for appraisal of the entire public relations program, including the selection of media to reach eligible families and the evaluation of the tenant selection procedures, performance of personnel and the location of tenant selection offices.

"Another timing consideration occurs when occupied sites are used. This is especially true if the sites are located in areas characterized by racial concentrations. In this situation, it appears to be especially important that (1) projects located on different sites be opened for occupancy at approximately the same time, and (2) the resources of existing projects as well as those newly developed be used as fully as possible to facilitate the dispersal of racial concentrations.

"Where planning for racial integration is well worked out, it is unlikely that any conflict between the preference requirements governing tenant selection, and timing of admissions to assure balanced projects in the locality's program would occur. Rather, it is usually apparent that compliance with these requirements contributes to achieving racial integration throughout a low-rent housing program."

Space will not permit lengthy discussion on this matter but since the Chicago Housing Authority has a rather suspicious looking resolution that passed last fall, I hope that they will give much thought to this well-prepared document.

Let's Move With The Times

and for DONE
An interesting booklet, "Our Colleges and the Industrialization of the South" was called to our attention this week.

Produced by the Lambda Sigma chapter of the Phi Beta Sigma fraternity, the 48-page booklet is edited by L. D. Reddick, librarian of Atlanta university.

Lafender
It consists principally of reports from Atlanta university, Clark college, Morehouse college and Morris Brown college on how they are meeting the challenge of industrialization of the South.

P. 11
Contributions are made by such well-known educators as S. M. Nabrit, J. P. Brawley, S. R. Brazeal and J. H. Robinson.

In the foreword, Mr. Reddick, in a sprightly introduction to the booklet relates how the project was born. It seems that Julius A. Thomas, industrial secretary of the National Urban League, keenly impressed by the recent very rapid industrialization of the South pointed out to a group of leaders in Atlanta that the Negro college, as such was almost completely out of the research that was basic to so many of the new industries that were springing up.

Chamberlain
The result of this little piece of research is not as important it seems to us as an awareness of the responsibility of the college in these new days of the South.

We want to compliment the frat boys for recognizing this as one of the great new challenges of our educational institutions and

for initiating the first step.

We at the Defender have been aware of the industrialization of the South and have felt as does Mr. Thomas and the members of the Phi Beta Sigma fraternity that it represents a new area of opportunity for our educational institutions.

Lat. 6-6-53
Last March in an editorial about the resignation of Dr. Frederick D. Patterson as president of Tuskegee we touched upon this same theme. In our March 21 edition we said:

"The question in our mind is whether Tuskegee with its great physical plant, its tradition and possibilities has exploited all its potentialities."

"We feel that the next president of Tuskegee should be chosen with possibility in mind that Tuskegee has a new mission in this atomic age, this age when more doors are open to Negroes than ever before, this age when progress is speeded up, when the ingenuity of man challenges every gain."

"We hope that Tuskegee in the future will continue to keep its position of leadership in the phase of education in which it specializes and we hope the new president will be an architect for such leadership."

What is true of Tuskegee is true of all our educational institutions. We hope that the men who guide the destinies of these schools will take the cue from Mr. Thomas, the Phi Beta Sigma and the Defender and re-examine their educational philosophy in the light of the changes that industry has brought to the South.

Fletcher Martin's new book off press

CHICAGO, Ill. — "OUR GREAT AMERICANS," a collection of life stories of America's great colored citizens, most of them inspiring examples of success against great odds and all of them shining tributes to the contributions of the colored man to American progress, is just off the press.

Published by the Gamma Corporation, the book was compiled and edited by Fletcher Martin, staff member of the Chicago Sun-Times and distinguished war correspondent with MacArthur's forces in the Pacific, during World War II.

A few of the names included in the book are: Blanche K. Bruce, Ralph Bunche, Louis Armstrong, Kathrine Dunham, Marian Anderson, "Satchel" Paige, Dr. Percy L. Julian, Roy Campanella, Roland Hayes, Bill Robinson, Canada Lee, Edith Sampson, Langston Hughes, W. E. B. DuBois, Mary McLeod Bethune, Charles S. Johnson, Billy Eckstine and Richard Wright.

Books of The Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

It is thirteen years since the publication of Richard Wright's famous novel, "Native Son," murdered his best friend.

and eight since that of his even more celebrated autobiography, "Black Boy." Both those books were bitterly angry, fiercely eloquent denunciations of the racial discriminations and social and economic pressures that condition the lives of Negroes. And both were so powerfully

written that they established Mr. Wright as the leading American Negro writer of his generation. His new novel, his first book since "Black Boy," is published today.

"The Outsider" marks a complete reversal in the direction of Mr. Wright's literary career. It is just as preoccupied with violence as the earlier books, just as harshly effective in its melodrama and its narrative impact. But the first two books were

Richard Wright

concentrated on the plight of the Negro and they interpreted it in terms of the sins of society, emphasizing the dominant power of environment in the tradition of literary naturalism. "The Outsider" has a Negro for its hero; but it is not primarily his plight as a Negro, but as a thinking, questioning man in the perplexing twentieth century that concerns Mr. Wright. And instead of a realistic sociological document he has written a philosophical novel, its ideas dramatized by improbable coincidences and symbolical characters. "The Outsider" has the plot interest of a rousing murder story, and its characters are as unreal as they are in most murder stories. And because of their unreality "The Outsider" seems artificial and lacks the persuasive impact that only fully individualized characters can give to fiction. But this partial fictional failure is compensated for to some extent by the interest of Mr. Wright's ideas.

This is the story of Cross Damon, a Negro mail sorter on the night shift in a Chicago post office. Cross was consumed with despair, guilt, shame and self-loathing, trying to anesthetize his overpowering sense of dread with whisky. He was in debt. His mistress was pregnant and his wife, from whom he was separated, was threatening legal steps. So when Cross had a chance to let another man's body be mistaken for his in a subway wreck he never hesitated. He fled from all personal responsibility, feeling no obligations to his wife or children or mistress.

And to make good his escape, he impulsively murdered his best friend. It is one of the unbelievable things in "The Outsider" that Cross should act so suddenly and violently when he is presented as meditative, introspective, addicted to self-analysis and philosophical speculation. But Cross did not stop with one murder. In New York he murdered three more people! Cross' murders and his battle of wits with the District Attorney in his efforts to conceal his guilt make lively if incredible reading. But there are other factors in "The Outsider" that are of considerably more interest. One of these is Cross' relations with several leaders of the Communist party and Cross' (or Mr. Wright's) analysis of the driving force behind communism as nothing except a lust for naked power. If power over the nation is a remote ambition, power over lesser members of the party is a present and delicious satisfaction. Idealistic talk about crusading for the working class is just hypocritical cant, which the Communist leaders don't believe themselves, Cross realized. Believing in no faith or ideals or ethical restraints, the Communists just want to reorganize the world, with themselves in positions of power.

Beyond Morality and Law

And Cross felt that he understood the Communists because he, too, believed in nothing. An outsider in American society because of his black skin, he was much more of an outsider because of his conviction that existence was senseless, that society had no moral claims upon him, that there were no divine or traditional or logical laws that applied to him. Cross believed that life was an incomprehensible disaster and human beings were "nothing in particular." So, if no ideas were necessary to justify his acts, he could kill impulsively to satisfy a passing whim or for his own convenience.

Cross had reached these nihilistic depths only after reading widely, particularly in several existentialist writers. He was a highly intelligent and widely informed man, but he used his intelligence and his information only to destroy himself and others. He despised the Communists for their cruelty and duplicity; but he could not see that if he despised such sins he ought logically to love kindness and honesty. He saw the confusion and suffering and fear of the modern world and the only step he could find to take was abdication from human responsibilities, failing to see that in times of change and crisis there is more need than ever for loyalty to responsibilities.

Toward the end of "The Outsider" Richard Wright has devoted a dozen pages to a speech in which Cross outlines his philosophy of negation and despair. It is a fair assumption, I think, that Mr. Wright deplores Cross' moral weakness and irrational behavior, but that he finds much cogency in Cross' philosophy. That men as brilliant as Richard Wright feel this way is one of the symptoms of the intellectual and moral crisis of our times.

THE OUTSIDER. By Richard Wright. 405 pages. Harper. \$3.95.

Book of the Week

Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

THE OUTSIDER by Richard Wright.
Harper and Brothers, 40 East 33rd. st.,
New York. 405 pp. \$3.95.

Richard Wright's first novel in nearly a decade, *The Outsider*, is a disappointment. In it he attempts a realistic projection, nay, an embodiment of existentialism. And even if one assumes the intellectual and moral validity of the existentialist philosophy — which Wright does not — one must



face squarely the fact that the philosophy is after all a species of abstraction; and that the personification of abstractions, being a trick, a device for the representation of truth, leads away from rather than toward reality. The fabulist is something different from the novelist. The first is not committed to creating an illusion of reality: the second is committed to this exactly, for it is this illusion of reality that produces truth. The fabulist begins where the novelist ends.

Nor does the use of the paraphernalia of the realistic method — dialogue that more or less exactly reproduces speech, detailed description, probable or even credible events — assure this illusion of reality.

If the mere employment of these means did create it, then *The Outsider* would be altogether a success, for Richard Wright employs them with no diminishment of the skill that he has shown in *Native Son*.

But only Book One of *The Outsider* is successful. The remaining 300 pages are like a furnace fire that gets no draft from below. Beneath the glowing surface coals lies a bed of choking ashes.

Loses Central Character

Which is to say that after the first book, the realization of the man Cross Damon, the principal character, slips away from his creator. Damon becomes an idea, an abstraction, an evilly tormented apotheosis of soul-stuff and mind-stuff that has no true relation to the concrete circumstances the author invents for him.

Part of this lack of relationship is due to the elaborate dogma of philosophical existentialism which declares, among other things, for man's awareness of himself as primally free and for his complete responsibility for what he is. Wright symbolizes

Cross Damon's freedom in the episode of a subway wreck in which a body mangled beyond recognition is certified as Damon's.

Now he can start again without the ties — his wife and children, his pregnant mistress, his debts — that bound him to a life he had come to hate. He is free.

The fundamental weakness of the philosophy of existentialism is in its definition of freedom. It seems to suppose that every man is "an island entire," a being unto himself.

The existentialist is strictly introspective, finding entirely within himself the justification for life. His philosophy has been set up in gross opposition to the grossest dogma of another extremist philosophy, communism, in which man finds the justification for life in the State.

Seeks Unattainable

Caught in a morass of celebration that must of necessity feed upon the experiences he has known — experiences of things and people, of events and acts and ideas — and knowing that by token of these very things he is not free, Damon sweats and groans and suffers exquisitely to attain what no man living can ever attain.

By this time — halfway through Book Two — Damon has been reduced to an idea made vocal, an idea made animate. The only freedom is death.

But Damon refuses to recognize this. Without for a moment giving him our full credence, we follow him along an impossible trail of violence and blood. He goes to elaborate pains to acquire another name. After two days he comes smack up against his philosophical opposite number, a Communist named Blount, whose person, character and ideas are meant to quicken the reader's sympathy for an identification with Damon.

But this does not happen. The reader simply realizes that the most extreme evils in the world — man as god and man as beast — are vis-a-vis.

Woman Represents "Cure"

Within 24 hours Damon (man as beast) has killed Blount (man as god) and the fascist Houston (man as superman) and another. But he has also come upon Eva Blount, betrayed, innocent and lovely, who seemed to him "the cure of his nameless malady."

She represented what he had to live for. She was the justification for life. She was humanity's essence. But in another forty-eight hours she too is dead, prompted to self-murder by the guilty knowledge of his evil, senseless crimes.

And in the same span of time, Cross Damon, brought to his deathbed by communist thugs, realizes that the life he had lived was full of horror because only beasts can be truly innocent and free.

The Outsider is often labored, frequently naive, and generally incredible. Some of its faults are technical. structural. The

time element, for instance, is mishandled, and there are many inconsistencies there. Certain critical episodes are made to depend completely on fortuity — the first evening in the company of the communists; the finding of Eva's diaries; and certain critical characters, including Damon himself, and Houston, Blount and Eva, are too frequently seen to move by strings held in the author's hands.

Yet *The Outsider* will be read — there is enough of the old Wright shock and skill to assure that; and it will be discussed, for there is enough of a foreshadowing of a "new" Wright to make guesses interesting.

IN THE construction of a novel or play, the line of least resistance in disposing of a character is to provide him with an untimely death — either by accident or by murder.

When the writer is a good "wordsmith" with imagination he can put together a tome of some literary merit particularly if flavored with sex, race-hate, and communist ideology. Literary merit in this instance referring to sales appeal.

Novelist Richard Wright now enjoying life in Paris, away from his native son's haunts, pieces together a drawn-out story of an alcoholic Chicago postal clerk whose failure to adjust makes him an outsider.

"The Outsider" by Richard Wright (Harper Bros., New York, \$3.95) falls short of meriting our "Oscar" as either a novel or a novelty.

Come
FOR A BOOK with a pre-announced motive "devoid of ideological significance," *The Outsider* gets off some pretty good shots both pro and con communism; ex.: all Negroes hate whites; all whites hate Negroes (except scheming fellow-travelers).

Actually, following our hero, Damon, in his flight to New York after watching his own funeral in Chicago, any sane white reader would be afraid to eat in a New York Central dining car since all Negro waiters presumably hate the sight of a white skin.

Damon Cross finally ends up in New York where he murders a couple more people after the lure of communism had disillusioned him. Already out of step (so he says) with his former Red buddies, Wright's latest work will hardly do anything to put him back in good standing, either here or abroad. It will hardly add to his literary stature either.

JOHN D. SILVERA
New York, N. Y.

Books of The Times

26b
By CHARLES POORE

THE PECKING ORDER, by Mark Kennedy, is a taut, dramatic novel about a Penrod-aged youngster in a spectacularly un-Tarkingtonian world. Among the sixty or seventy books I've reviewed here since the first of the year, from Toynbee and Salinger to du Maurier and Maugham, this one stands out for a special quality of burning earnestness, an author's desire to say far more than he reasonably can in a given form, a given book. That, and a capacity for sardonic humor tempered by compassion, give "The Pecking Order" a surprising force.



Mark Kennedy

As one who has been fed to the teeth with novels that show discord and havoc through the eyes of a wise and gnomish child, I approached Mr. Kennedy's novel with misgiving. This form, I thought, has been pretty well played out with repetition. Yet a form is never played out so long as there is someone with enough fresh zeal and drive to use it. And Mr. Kennedy proves that in "The Pecking Order."

The entire action takes place in a single day. It begins with casual schoolboy pranks and depredations; it ends in avalanching violence. The time is summer and the scene is contemporary Chicago. At dawn, young Bruce Ashford Freeman is only a rather studious schoolboy, hoping that the day will bring some showering fortune of adventure. By the time the midnight hours draw near he has been caught in a vortex of disaster and seen everything, from the seediest fringes of life to death by bullets fired in anger. There is a chase. There is a manhunt. There is even a duel fought at the top of a flight of stairs.

Youth Gangs at War

The heart of the matter is gang warfare among urban youngsters. No doubt it takes place all over the world in a rough, similar form, but its consequences, Mr. Kennedy shows, are likely to be lethal, wherever they have a chance at full play. The newspapers have told us about the activities of many gangs in many parts that reflect aspects of the gang young Bruce runs with in Chicago. This one happens to be made up of Negro youngsters. The universality of the order, however, is indicated from the quoted passage taken from "Experimental Social Psychology," by Gardner Murphy, Lois Barclay Murphy and Theodore M. Newcomb, that gives this novel its title. It also, of course, has far, far wider implications in the affairs of modern man. Look:

"A sort of 'experimental social psychology of hens' has been worked out, of which the 'pecking order' may be cited as typical. Hen A may regularly peck hen B, though the latter does not retaliate. B takes it out, however, on C, and C on D. . . . There are, nevertheless, some curious exceptions to this simple way of stating their social organization. In some cases, an individual may peck 'out of order,' so to speak; for example, E, though pecked by D, may peck A. The relation of ascendance and submission, as some might call it, which results in one hen recognizing another as fair game and submitting in turn to the attack of a third, permits at present no detailed psychological description. A great deal depends on size and strength. But ascendance and submission are usually traceable to a previous overt combat, in which victor and vanquished learn their respective places."

Victor and vanquished learn their respective places, all right, in young Bruce's gang. But these respective places are not permanently fixed, necessarily, any more than they are in the world at large. Time is always a main element, as young Bruce realizes when he ponders the exasperating message (from Henry Austin Dobson) of a statue in a Chicago park:

Time goes, you say. Ah no!
Alas, Time stays, we go.

Genesis of the Band

In "The Pecking Order" we are given full span of one gang's trajectory. We see it being formed when a young bully called B. J. and his henchman, Henry, find Bruce and his friend Snag wasting their energies in private warfare, while the youngest and most tragic of the group, Johnny, looks on.

Out of the vast and murky experience, B. J. organizes his private army. He appoints Bruce, who is generally reluctant, second in command. In this fellowship Bruce sees a hope of alleviating his desperation. The name of the outfit, The Warriors, is supplied by the bookish Bruce. Like many another staff officer, however, he did not know how close he would come to the fiery center of combat.

Mr. Kennedy piles experience unmercifully on that small band. A modest start toward lawlessness has been made by Bruce at the beginning of the day. He has stolen 50 cents. Ironically, that half-dollar might have saved them all a lot of trouble. Instead, a cookie hold-up is staged at a grocery store, with risk beyond any value given or received.

Various vices are reviewed, including free-lance prostitution and dealings in narcotics. For no reason strikingly germane to the story Mr. Kennedy takes his young characters to the scene of a strike, where more is implied than stated. Bruce moves farther from his family, is persecuted, falls in love—all in that crowded day.

A rotted, empty building labeled with the symbol-charged sign, "Condemned," becomes the gang's perilous headquarters. It is to this place

that the survivors return for the final confrontation after a murderous ride in a stolen car.

THE PECKING ORDER. By Mark Kennedy. 278 pages. Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$3.50.

BOOK REVIEW

By JOHN K. HUTCHENS

New York, N.Y.
THE PECKING ORDER. By Mark Kennedy.
 Appleton-Century-Crofts. 278 pages. \$3.50.

FOR BRUCE ASHFORD FREEMAN, eleven, something about that early morning promised that this day would be different. It was. Of what happened in that single day in Chicago to Bruce and four other Negro boys, Mark Kennedy has made a first novel at once fierce and tender, violently dramatic and utterly plausible. *New York, N.Y.*

A Day Begins

The day began characteristically, if not quietly. Leaving his decent, middle-class, South Side home with 50 cents removed from the trousers pockets of his sleeping brother, Bruce threw rocks at a stray cat, was stuck with the care of a neighbor's small child and engaged in a fierce battle with his best friend, Snag. Then the first shadow fell across the day and the three boys in the form of a demonic reform-school alumnus, B. J., and his companion, Henry, an embittered boy lately from the South, and, before the morning was far gone, Bruce Freeman was well on the way to matters that would reshape his life. *Feb. 6-12-53*

Of all that occurs in those crucial hours, it would be less than fair that you should know too much in advance, for Mr. Kennedy unfolds his story with a skill that is rewarding in itself, and with a most remarkable blend of poignance and terror. The poignance is that of childhood's lost dream, the terror is in the shocking impact of the outside world upon an imaginative eleven-year-old who learns that his wildest nightmare (with which the story opens) is no match for reality. *p. 17.*

Danger Ahead

The group sets forth, small boys in search of amusement on a summer morning, with only vague overtones of trouble to come. They visit the tough B. J.'s sister, a prostitute. They look in on a rioting mob of strikers and scabs,



Mark Kennedy

raid an A. & P. store for cookies, play at cow-boys and sheriff. The tone darkens as they establish headquarters in a condemned building and formally constitute themselves a gang, visit a park and throw rocks at enemies in a boat, and then, catastrophically, wander into white and alien territory. Slowly and subtly the relationships change among the five, and the book's title comes alive—a title derived from the psychology of the barnyard world in which Hen A pecks Hen B which doesn't retaliate but pecks Hen C, and so on until, among their human counterparts, a gang psychology has been established.

Except—and here Mr. Kennedy works with admirable sureness and delicacy—none of the youngsters who are about to encounter violence and death has the temperament for the world into which they are irresistibly drawn by the crafty, tough leader of the little gang. Still, they are caught up in it, lured by the desire to belong and hold authority over those just below them, hypnotized by the power of a leader even while they inwardly rebel against the loss of identity and individual freedom they had known in the existence they are leaving behind.

The World in Little

How far beyond the facts of this struggle Mr. Kennedy wants you to go, how much of parable he intends, is anybody's guess. One suspects that he intends a good deal, and certainly the implications are there. For as the little gang goes its way to disaster, so—he seems to say—do people elsewhere in this world, in larger numbers and in other strata of society, drawn on compulsively to ends they never wanted.

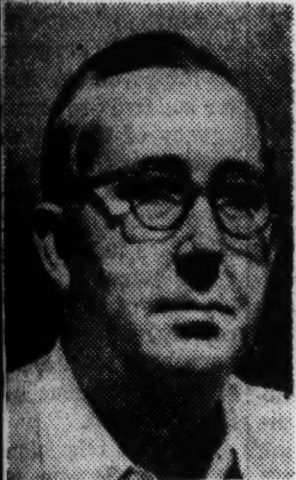
He does not insist on this. He merely tells the story, and finely. But as, from your presumably safe and comfortable place, you read and shudder over much that happens in the day's news, much of it should be more understandable if you have read with Mr. Kennedy's own compassion this story of a day in the life of an eleven-year-old boy. Very few novels actually illuminate life in that sense, and this is one of them.

Books of The Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

WHEN an old man dies an empty space is made in the lives of those who knew and loved him that memories cannot fill. But the urge to remember is almost compulsive and the past is never nearer or more poignant than when emotions are stirred by death. It is out of such memories that Ovid Williams Pierce has woven his sad, tender and occasionally elusive first novel, "The Plantation."

Ovid Williams Pierce is a native of northeastern North Carolina, which is the scene of "The Plantation." He writes of Southerners and the South with understanding, respect and affection — qualities now hardly the rule in Southern fiction, which is so largely devoted to the celebration of violence and decay. The yearning pity with which Mr. Pierce contemplates the sorrows and disappointments of life and the complicated, indirect structure of his novel gives his story a distinctive quality. But "The Plantation," nevertheless, has resemblances to the works of two other Southern writers—in its gentle dignity and unobtrusive insights to the novels of Anne Goodwin Winslow and in its needlessly opaque and ambiguous passages to those of Eudora Welty.



Ovid Williams Pierce

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As Others Knew a Lonely Life

This is the story of Edmund Ruffin, a kind, patient, generous and honorable man whose lonely life knew little happiness because of Mr. Ed's sense of obligation to others. It is told during the day and night of Mr. Ed's death entirely as it was reflected in the attitude of his devoted Negro servants and plantation hands, friends and relatives and as it was recalled in the memories of three persons. These are: Mr. Willie Boone, poor relative of Mr. Ed's second wife; Cousin William Ruffin, friend of Mr. Ed's childhood and youth, and Josephus, his Negro coachman and devoted friend.

Shifting continuously from the melancholy present to the long vista of the past as seen through three different points of view, Mr. Pierce has written with great technical skill and with haunting beauty. His prose is smooth, suggestive,

principal witnesses to Mr. Ed's life are often difficult to follow. Several characters are inadequately identified. These artificialities are irritating but minor flaws; they do not seriously detract from the over-all effect of a striking book.

"The Plantation" is not just the story of one troubled man. It is also the story of a way of life, of nearly a dozen other characters, and of many of the most universal and most painful experiences of life: lost love and lost hopes, unsought responsibilities, the bitterness and insecurity of lonely old age, pride and prejudice, the burden of time and the sadness of death.

Sadness Over Blighted Hopes

Without a trace of sentimentality, without even any dramatic crises, Mr. Pierce has written one of the saddest books in modern fiction. The sadness of "The Plantation" is not lugubrious; it is just the reflective sadness which comes from contemplation of the lot of man that dooms so many to failure in their pursuit of happiness.

The elegiac mood and fragmentary structure of "The Plantation" heighten its emotional tone while at the same time they rob its characters of individual impact. Mr. Ed himself is the only one who achieves any personal reality; and even he, a good man always thwarted in his quest for love and happiness, seems more like a symbolical figure seen from a great distance, living in the South, abiding by Southern customs but somehow abstractly human rather than a particular person. The two women he did not marry and the two women he did are even vaguer. So are the eccentric aunts Mr. Ed had to take care of and the sister, whose life was as sad as his own.

And yet, so powerful is the strange spell Mr. Pierce casts, all these people seem completely real, even if one cannot see their faces or hear their voices. Each one of them reflects so truly one aspect of human experience.

"The Plantation" is probably too special a dish for most literary tastes. Yet it is a work of authentic talent and much beauty. Ovid Williams Pierce in his first novel has demonstrated such impressive artistry and has revealed so understanding a heart that all those interested in the emergence of new writers of great promise should take care not to miss "The Plantation." Mr. Pierce seems to be as gifted as any of the younger Southern writers and he certainly has a more mature and healthier outlook than many of them.

THE PLANTATION. By Ovid Williams Pierce. 217 pages. Doubleday. \$3.

tense with emotion, eloquent with the special idioms of Southern speech, sometimes marred by disconcertingly poetic imagery. One cannot believe that Willie Boone or Josephus would think in such terms. And the memories of the three

Toward a Better Deal

RACE, JOBS AND POLITICS: THE STORY OF F. E. P. C. By Louis Ruchames. 255 pp. New York: Columbia University Press. \$3.75.

Book by LOUIS STARK

SOME persons are inclined to belittle the progress of recent years toward ending racial discrimination. They look ahead and what still needs to be done looms so large. Yet a proper evaluation of accomplishment would call for a glance at least back to World War I before shifting one's gaze to the present. To his credit that is what Louis Ruchames does in a study which is limited to job discrimination.

After reading these pages, which mainly praise the effort to achieve fair employment practices through government intervention, it would seem obvious that enormous strides have been made in the last thirty-five years toward giving the Negro and other minority groups a better deal. More, much more, remains to be done. And, fortunately, the climate of opinion gives promises of continued progress.

During World War I the movement on behalf of Negro and minority rights was weak and poorly organized. Efforts to influence the Federal Government were inconsequential. The dominant Negro philosophy was to "soft pedal the protest against inequities in justice" in favor of relying quite exclusively on education. But subsequently other stimuli came into play, Negro group consciousness increased and a firmer demand for more drastic reform was raised. These developments occurred at a time when there was a decided shift of Negro votes from South to North and a demand for more manpower added an economic note to the other arguments against racial discrimination.

Mr. Ruchames, a sociologist and writer on American history, has assembled his material carefully. While his major emphasis is on the origins, history and impact of President Roosevelt's Fair Employment Practices Committee of 1941 and the work of the second F. E. P. C. two years later, his chapters on fair employment

practice legislation in states and cities is valuable and absorbing. His analysis of the relationship between such legislation and other social problems is also perspicacious.

The author points out that the prevalent thinking for generations was that legislation could not eliminate discrimination because customs and mores of society are not amenable to directed change but must evolve gradually in conformity with their own laws. Nevertheless the outstanding lesson from the experiences of the F. E. P. C. is that under certain conditions a law "could alter customs and hasten the elimination of discrimination in significant sections of American industry."

The common sense of the problem would seem to be that while a law may be necessary as the starting point reliance must rest mainly on quiet and patient negotiation and education. Meanwhile sanctions must remain in the background. It should not be overlooked that elimination of discrimination has in it some elements of an art.

We hope the reception of this book may encourage the author to explore related fields of discrimination. The volume is worth reading for it adds a constructive note toward the solution of a pressing social problem.

A member of The Times editorial board, Mr. Stark is a Pulitzer Prize winner in the field of labor relations writing.

The Cardinal Sin

Columbia University has announced that it is dropping from its staff, Dr. Gene Wetfish, the internationally known anthropologist.

The announcement gave no reason for the university's action.

The reason might be found in Dr. Wetfish's refusal last September to tell Senator McCarran's inquisitors whether or not she had ever been a member of the Communist party.

Or it could stem from the fact that Dr. Wetfish is author of a book, "The Races of Mankind."

Members of the McCarran committee like Mississippi's Senator Eastland could easily forgive her if she had once been a Communist and repented.

But in writing that:

1. Color has nothing to do with an individual's ability.
2. All scientific research disproves the theory of inherent racial superiority;
3. All races have made their contributions to human knowledge, culture and civilization, Dr. Wetfish committed the cardinal sin.

There can be no forgiveness for those bold enough to puncture such a big hole in the bubble of white supremacy.

The Symbol of Race

RACIAL AND CULTURAL MINORITIES: An Analysis of Prejudice and Discrimination. By George Eaton Simpson and J. Milton Yinger. 676 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. \$6.

By C. WRIGHT MILLS

A SOLID and able work on minority groups, this volume deals mainly with the Negro and the Jew in American society today. In it the authors—professors of sociology at Oberlin College—bring together in a manageable form numerous specialized studies and relate the results of these studies to larger conceptions now prevailing in social science. The result is a generally excellent introduction to American ethnic issues and their current research solutions. And one that is needed, for probably more has happened in United States "race relations" during the last decade than during the period from the Civil War to World War II.

No one, after reading this book with attention, can fail to understand better the news items on the lynched Negro, the Indian in South Africa, the white supremacy spiel in the South Carolina Legislature. For the authors are informed without being pedantic, careful in statement without being wordy, and able to write of prejudices

without falling into the professionally tolerant attitude that is so prevalent and so sterile. They have analyzed both majority policy and minority aims; they view prejudice, first of all, as a weapon in the struggle for power, prestige and money, but also as a set of cultural stereotypes and psychological facts.

They discuss the consequences of prejudice for minority personalities, but also for the prejudiced among dominant groups. They assume, quite fruitfully, that "race" is much more important as a social symbol than as a biological fact, and that racial relations are merely one rather peculiar form of the broader relations between groups that feel themselves to be different and treat one another accordingly.

From Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation to the thwarted

RACIAL AND CULTURAL MINORITIES

F. E. P. C., America has come along a road full of chuck-holes and frustrated curves. On one thing, however, we surely must all agree: the problems of minorities, viewed domestically and internationally, represent at once America's liability and her opportunity. As going facts, these problems are often liabilities before the divided world. As opportunities, their proper solution could help make America a truly international nation in which the universal in man is liberated. This book contains important information for those who would make her so.

Wrote Book On Mexican Trip



Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jones of Detroit look over their book, "Come With Us To Mexico."

Mr. Jones is an AFRO correspondent.

Newspaperman's Mexican Trip Described In Book

Afro American P. 21
Sub. 3-7-53
DETROIT—"COME WITH US TO MEXICO," a 32-page book about the Republic of Mexico and its people, written by Isaac Jones, newspaperman, 603 E. Philadelphia, and assisted by his wife, Mrs. Marie Jones, was off the press this week.

The book contains colorful pictures about beautiful spots in Mexico City, Texcos, San Juan, Teotihuacan, the world famous Floating Gardens at Xochimilco, and the towering 19,000 feet Ixtaccihuatl Vulcano, known as the

Sleeping Beauty.

The book gives the history of Bull Fighting in the land below the Rio Grande and readers will be delighted with many "Believe It Or Not Facts" about Mexico where discrimination because of color is unknown.

The Joneses' private tour in Mexico covered 358 miles throughout seven states and eight different cities.

Colorful movies taken during the trip are being shown in Detroit churches.

Dulles Says**Department Has
Not Banned
White's Book**

Jul 6 - 70 - 63

ST. LOUIS — Secretary of State John Foster Dulles notified Walter White by telegram Saturday that the State Department has issued no orders removing Mr. White's book "Rising Wind" from any U. S. information service libraries.

The telegram added that if Mr. White's book has been removed from any such library, the action had no bearing on Mr. White's loyalty, patriotism and contributions to racial understanding.

The Secretary of State sent the telegram to the NAACP convention in St. Louis in reply to a request from Mr. White asking the Secretary to notify him why his book had been reportedly moved from departmental libraries in Bombay and Calcutta, India. Published reports had listed the book as one of many banned in the department's "book burning" program.

Mr. White told the secretary in his telegram "I do not like implications of the removal of any book I wrote from U. S. Government libraries anywhere."

He added that if the fear of Senator McCarthy had caused removal of his book "there is serious question in my mind whether your department wants the true story of the Negro told either home or abroad."

Answering Mr. White Secretary Dulles said "I can assure you that this department issued no repeat no orders to remove your books from any library and if it was done the action had no bearing on your loyalty, patriotism and contribution to racial understanding. I have asked Dr. R. L. Johnson, international information administration which has charge library program to investigate this and similar cases."

NEGRO EDUCATOR'S CAREER

"Rough Steps on My Stairway" by C. L. Spellman (Exposition Press, \$3.00). Although the author nowhere mentions it, this book makes out a good case against separate schools systems, by inference. Bound by tradition and inertia, educational standards have fallen far short of what they could be. The book, although not too well written, has a message of such importance that it should be read.

When one wades through the many details of the author's difficulty in securing an education, he finally comes to a convincing exposition of the lack of education available in the so-called educational institutions of the South. Mr. Spellman puts his finger on the trouble when he observes that too many of the higher level jobs have been obtained through the back door by those who have no other abilities but those of ingratiation with people in a position to give jobs.

This group has a vested interest in blocking the appointment of more competent men to administrative posts in the colleges and go all-out to obstruct the programs of any qualified individuals who might succeed in getting appointments. Those making appointments on the basis of sentiment never pause to question the capability of the appointee, nor do they consider the over-all harm that results.

Of course, the harmful effects matter little to them as appointer and appointee fall into different orders in which the twain does not meet. If any inefficiency results, it will be felt only in the group of the appointee.

GILLESPIE PLUMMER
New York City

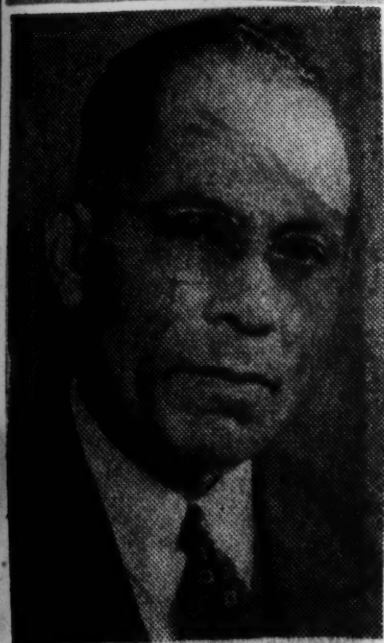
Rev. Roach Publishes New Novel, *Defender* Story Of Man Who Puts End To War

A book written by Rev. Thomas D. Roach, noted Chicago minister, has been released by the Meador Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., and is being distributed throughout the country.

"Samson," as the book is titled, is the second novel written by Rev. Roach, who is associate pastor at Metropolitan Community Church, 41st St. and S. Parkway.

plete —Rev. Roach drew on his experiences during World War I as an Army officer and chaplain and his 55 years as a minister.

Rev. Roach's first novel, "Victor," published seven years ago by the same house, sold more than 20,000 copies.



REV. THOMAS ROACH

The plot of "Samson" runs through sociology, philosophy, psychology, religion and military. Samson is an advocate of peace. He graduates from a military academy, rises to the rank of a 4-star general, and later devises a secret weapon to abolish all future wars. p. 9

According to the author, the fictitious Samson is a far greater man than the biblical Samson. Rev. Roach points out that while Samson of the novel was able to prevent wars, the biblical Samson slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass.

In writing the novel — a task which took him 12 years to com-

Former L. A. man's novel published

Former Los Angeles man, William T. Smith, has had another of his books published under the pen name of Will Thomas, according to an announcement last week by A. A. Wyn, Inc., New York book publishers.

The new title is "The Seeking", and is due for release on May 20.

The book contains an introduction by the eminent American novelist, Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

"The Seeking" is the personal story of Smith and his family, who "found racial equality in a small Vermont town".

Smith, who founded The Churchman here in Los Angeles in July of 1940, which later, under the present publishers, became the Los Angeles Tribune, moved his family to Vermont shortly after his newspaper publishing venture ended here in 1941. The family now lives in Essex Junction, Vt.

In addition to being a newspaperman, out of Kansas, Smith wrote for the pulp magazines while living in Los Angeles. His wife is the former Helen Chappelle, an alumna of local newspapers and former public relations counsel for Golden State Mutual Life Insurance Co. She was active here also as a founder of the first local chapter of Zeta Phi Beta sorority.

They have three children.

Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

The Seeking, by Will Thomas. A. A. Wyn, Publishers, 23 West 47th Street, New York. 190 pp. \$3.50.

The Seeking is Will Thomas' story of his search for democracy in America. Because democracy is an abstraction, he did not truly find it; but what he found was good and almost equally important.



He found understanding—a touchstone to the good life which we call democratic. It takes quite a time to find understanding. Will Thomas can testify to that. It took him almost fifty years.

Those years consciously began for him in Chicago, where his widowed mother moved. Will was a baby. They were good years, untroubled by the Freudian complexes that are thought to be the common childhood experiences of creative personalities.

Although he knew rather early the things that might have traumatized another boy—for instance, the long curls his mother made him wear; the naked women posing for students at the Chicago Art Institute; his mother's courtship with a man he did not like—Will Thomas was a normal boy in Chicago.

He went to school, swam in the lake, had fights, felt in puppy love, just like the Polish, German, Italian and Jewish boys who were his friends.

Even his mother's marriage to the man he did not like was a thing he overcame.

On the point of entering his teens, the family moved to Kansas City, where his new father wished to set up his medical practice. Life was good there too, though there were things in it he did not understand and never learned to live with.

Color And Status

Color caste, for one: and economic class for another. Will Thomas never understood why his light complexion and the economic status of his family were resented by the boys he ganged with.

He never understood why he was considered "different," nor why his normal pride was so often assaulted. And he did not, as his young age, try to understand.

And at Lincoln University (Pa.) he felt no need to understand. Lincoln was a different place: he liked it very much. But he was rest-

less. After a year he transferred to the University of Kansas, stayed a time and then, still restless, roamed a good part of the world.

What caused his restlessness? He did not know. But he knew when on rare occasions he was quiet; and he was quiet only when he did not have to face the problems of color prejudice.

And after his marriage to Helen Chappelle (who, incidentally, comes beautifully alive in the pages of the book), Will Thomas decided to try to find a place where the problems of race prejudice did not exist.

Europe? Brazil? Haiti? He and his wife thought of all of them, but gradually they came to realize that, in spite of everything, they loved America. So—Vermont.

The Essence

What Will Thomas writes about his experiences in Vermont is the essence of the total colored American experience—the corroding fear and suspicion, the concern for wife and children, the doubt, the spontaneous seiges of indecision, the pressures of social necessity—and then (but only for a man of mature intelligence) understanding.

The Seeking is a good and a modest book, and some of it is very moving, because, as Dorothy Canfield Fisher says in her introduction to it, Will Thomas "has managed the extremely difficult task of writing the story... by the simple expedient of telling the truth."

Fisk Report On Railroad Jim Crow In Coaches Calls For Federal Action

Research Investigators Rode 27 Trains
On 19 Interstate Roads Gathering Data

"The time for initiative by the railroads and the responsible agencies of the government is at hand" to issue orders ending segregation of colored passengers on interstate railway coach travel, a comprehensive report on the thorny problem charges.

The report, "Segregation In Interstate Railway Coach Travel," is authored by Herman H. Long and is a field research project of the race relations department, American Missionary Association Board of Home Missions, Congregational Christian churches at Fisk University.

Assisting Mr. Long on the project were two interracial teams of field investigators: Grace C. Jones, Jeannette Harris, Leon Holley and Edward Chesky.

The trains investigated were those operating in the South and between North-South areas and the services they rendered colored interstate coach passengers.

Last November the U.S. Supreme court outlawed jim-crow coaches on railroad trains when it refused to review an appeal by the Atlantic Coast Line from a lower court decision holding that segregation of passengers is an undue burden of interstate commerce.

The ruling was given in a brief order and no opinion of the court was made and, the Long report states, "we are now in a position where the legal buttress to segregation has fallen."

ICC Must Act

"The imperative at the moment—if the legal change is to become an administrative and procedural reality in the train situation—is for implementation by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the railroads."

"At present, public admission is lacking of any direct, overall orders to desegregate, and it appears adjustments toward a new pattern are to be made on a laissez faire basis."

The Fisk project was made by the direct observation and experience of investigators travelling on the major through trains between the North and South. Forty-six trips were completed, covering 27 individual trains on 19 interstate railroads.

List Of Railroads

The railroads were the Atlantic Coast Line, Central of Georgia, Chesapeake and Ohio, Chicago and Eastern Illinois, Florida, East Coast, Frisco, Illinois Central, Louisville and Nashville, Missouri Pacific, Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis, Norfolk and Western.

Pennsylvania, Rock Island, Santa Fe, Seaboard, Southern, Southern Pacific, New York Central and the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac.

The report shows "that several forms of discrimination and undue hardship" still "clearly exist in the current practices affecting colored passengers. It also points out that "the situation of the segregated colored coach is characterized by both potential and actual conflict and difficulty."

Violation Of Law...

"The elementary and inescapable conclusion which emerges from this evidence," the report states, "is that present administration of coach services to colored interstate passengers on the basis of segregation constitutes a violation of the Interstate Commerce Act."

"There is an additional and even more persuasive reason which vitiate current railway segregation practices, and that is that they violate a constitutional principle."

The maximum damage jim-crow seating causes, the report states, is that "the larger issue of segregation as public policy in a democracy is still unresolved."

"The situation in railway coach transportation, insofar as colored passengers and colored-

white relations are concerned, may be described as one of almost continuous conflict," it is observed.

This conflict, the report says, stems from the "nature of the segregated railway coach situation itself" and "the ever greater physical restriction in space and movement placed upon colored passengers whose habitat must be the one car containment."

Other conflicts, it is pointed out, arise from "the manner in which segregation practices are administered," and "the attitude of the colored passengers themselves" who resent the enforced jim crow.

The report mentions that some through trains that originate in the north have ceased to segregate their colored passengers, namely some starting at Pennsylvania Station in New York. However, once the south is reached some coaches are dropped or else colored passengers are still forced to change seats, it was observed.

"Selected Poems of Claude McKay" will be published by Bookman Associates on March 7. The volume contains a representative selection of the poet's work, largely made by the poet himself before his death in 1948. Max Eastman has contributed a biographical sketch and John Dewey has written the introduction.

available alone or in a long-playing Anthology of Negro Poets, which includes readings of their own poems by James Weldon Johnson, Sterling Brown, Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes.

"Selected Poems of Claude McKay;" Bookman Associates, Ind.; 34 East 23rd st., New York 10. 1953; \$2.75.

BOOK REVIEWS by GERTRUDE MARTIN 26b

Five years after Claude McKay's death a new collection of his poems has appeared, "Selected Poems of Claude McKay." It is a varied selection largely made by Mr. McKay before his death and is further testimony to his poetic skill, the breadth of his imagination, and the depth of his emotions.

The famous poem by which Claude McKay is perhaps best known "If we Must Die" is found here. It is a poem of protest and struggle but it is interesting to note its author did not want to be known as a Negro poet . . . "I have always felt that my gift of song was something bigger than the narrow, confining limits of any one people and its problems. Eventhough many of my themes were racial, I wrote my poems to make a universal appeal."

And there is no question of this universal appeal.

"If We Must Die" might be the challenging reply of any group, cornered and desperate by fighting back. The nostalgic "Songs for Jamaica" which form the first group here are equally the homesick cry of all. They are especially lovely calling forth the color and beauty of the island for the reader.

Claude McKay's stature as a writer is too well known to require any further critical appraisal of these poems. Bookman Associates who published this volume also have released a recording by Mr. McKay reading some of his best known poems. It is

In the Heart of Harlem

SIMPLE TAKES A WIFE By Langston Hughes. 240 pp. New York: Simon & Schuster. \$1.95.

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

It is not as generally known as it should be that Langston Hughes laughs with, cries with, and speaks for, the Negro (in all classes) more understandingly, perhaps, than any other writer. Harlem is his own habitat, his workshop and his playground, his forte and his dish of tea. He is so completely at home when he writes about Harlem that he can afford to be both careless and sloppy. In his Simple books he is seldom either, and *Simple Takes a Wife* is a superb achievement to the first of the series, "Simple Speaks His Mind." The new book is more of a piece, the material is more carefully and competently arranged, more unexpectedly presented; it is more brilliant, more skillfully written, funnier, and perhaps a shade more tragic than its predecessor.

The genre has been employed extensively by other writers: by Finley Peter Dunne in "Mr. Dooley," by A. Neil Lyons in "Arthurs" and by Joel Chandler Harris in "Uncle Remus"; it is not too far, indeed, from the scheme of Gorky's "The Lower Depths." The locale, however, is original, the taste truly Harlem, the matters discussed pertinent to the inhabitants, and the effect prevalently evocative. The question and answer formula is used throughout the book, but frequently Simple's replies are somewhat protracted. The views expressed for the most part have a sane basis, and it is probable that at least a modicum of these are the beliefs of Mr. Hughes himself, although they find expression in Simple's tongue.

It would be easy to refer to the author as the Molière of Harlem who has just got around to writing his "School for Wives" (or is it his "School for Husbands"?). At any rate, Mr. Hughes (himself a bachelor) seems to be as cynical in his viewpoint as Colette, when he deals with the war between the

sexes. Here and there he suggests that he is writing the Harlem version of Colette's "Cheri."

THERE are several women in this book. The first is Mabel, "the woman like water." "Do you want me to tell you what that woman was like? Boy, I don't know. She was like some kind of ocean, I guess, some kind of great big old sea, like the water at Coney Island on a real hot day, cool and warm all at once—and company like a big crowd of people—also like some woman you like to be alone with, if you dig my meaning. Yet and still, I wasn't in love with that woman." Simple passes on to other conquests and to discussions of other ideas. For instance, in chapter seven there is a long and cheerful lesson in English grammar and usage. Chapter two is an addition to the folklore of Harlem, in which Simple describes the custom under which each roomer in a house is allotted a different ring.

"Joyce's landlady objects to my ringing her bell late. Seven rings is a lot for ten or eleven o'clock at night. So I go at six-thirty or seven. Then, I have only to ring once, which is seven times. If I go later, and nobody hears me, I have to ring twice, which is fourteen times. And, if I ring three times, which is three times seven, twenty-one times is too much for the landlady's nerves."

"Colored rooming houses certainly have a lot of different bell signals," I commented.

"You told that right," said Simple. "I lived in a house once that had up to twenty-one rings, it were full of roomers. Mine was twelve. I often used to miscount when somebody would ring. One time I let in another boy, that girl friend—she were ringing eleven. He had his second best girl friend in the room."

Somewhat further on, there is a learned discussion of Bebop, which Simple declares has its origin in the police habit of beating up Negroes' heads. "Every time a cop hits a Negro with his billy club that old club

says Bop! Bop! . . . BE-BOP! . . . MOP! . . . BOP!"

In chapter sixteen, Simple and Joyce, his lady friend, warmly

discuss the disturbing subject of miscegenation. There is a touch of Mr. Hughes' special kind of poetry in his description of night: "Night, you walk easy, sit on a stoop and talk, stand on a corner, shoot the bull, lean on a bar, ring a bell and say 'Baby, here I am.'" In chapter fifty-seven, Simple dilates on the unpleasant connotations of the word black. "What I want to know," asks Simple, "is where white folks gets off calling everything bad *black*? If it is a dark night, they say it's *black* as hell. If you are mean and evil, they say you got a *BLACK* heart. I would like to change all that around and say that the people who Jim Crow me have a *WHITE* heart. People who sell dope to children have got a *WHITE* mark against them. And all the gamblers who were behind the basketball fix are the *WHITE* sheep of the sports world."

This is true humor with a bite to it, spoken in the authentic language of 135th Street and set down good-naturedly in a book which tells us more about the common Negro than a dozen solemn treatises on the "race question."

Author of "Nigger Heaven," Mr. Van Vechten founded the James Weldon Johnson Memorial Collection of Negro Arts and Letters at Yale.

Books—Authors

A shipload of African slaves mutinied in 1839, taking possession of a Spanish slaver, and sailed an erratic course along the American coast. It was captured by an American naval vessel and brought into New London. This led to a series of legal battles with international complications. The account is retold by William A. Owens in "Slave Mutiny: The Revolt on the Schooner Amistad," which John Day will issue on April 20. The case, fought on the issue of "were these Africans property or were they human beings," reached the United States Supreme Court.

SLAVE MUTINY: The Revolt on the Schooner Amistad. By William A. Owens. 312 pp. Illustrated. New York: The John Day Company. \$4

By SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS

IN the year 1839, fifty-four free Africans, including three female children, kidnapped in their own country and sold as slaves to Portuguese and Spanish pirate traders, revolted against their oppressors on board the Spanish schooner La Amistad off the coast of Cuba. Under the leadership of Cinque, hero of the story, they killed the captain and one of the crew, overpowered the remainder, and ordered their "owners," two white villains named Ruiz and Montes, to steer the ship toward Africa. Manacled and cowering, Ruiz and Montes turned the vessel's prow by day for Africa and by night for North America. Eventually they made land at Long Island, near Montauk Point, where Lieutenant Gedney, commander of a United States Coast Guard vessel, picked them up and brought them into custody at New London.

A United States District Court, upon the complaint of Ruiz and Montes, bound the Africans over for murder and piracy, and Gedney entered suit for salvage of ship and cargo, material and human.

This case got into the courts before President Van Buren, a Northern man with Southern principles, could deliver the Africans over to the Spanish Minister. A group of Abolitionists, headed by Lewis Tappan, Joshua Leavitt, and Simeon Jocelyn of New York, came to their defense and fought the case through the Federal courts while the unfortunate Africans languished in jail in New Haven.

They employed Roger Baldwin of Connecticut and John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States, then a member of Congress leading a lone

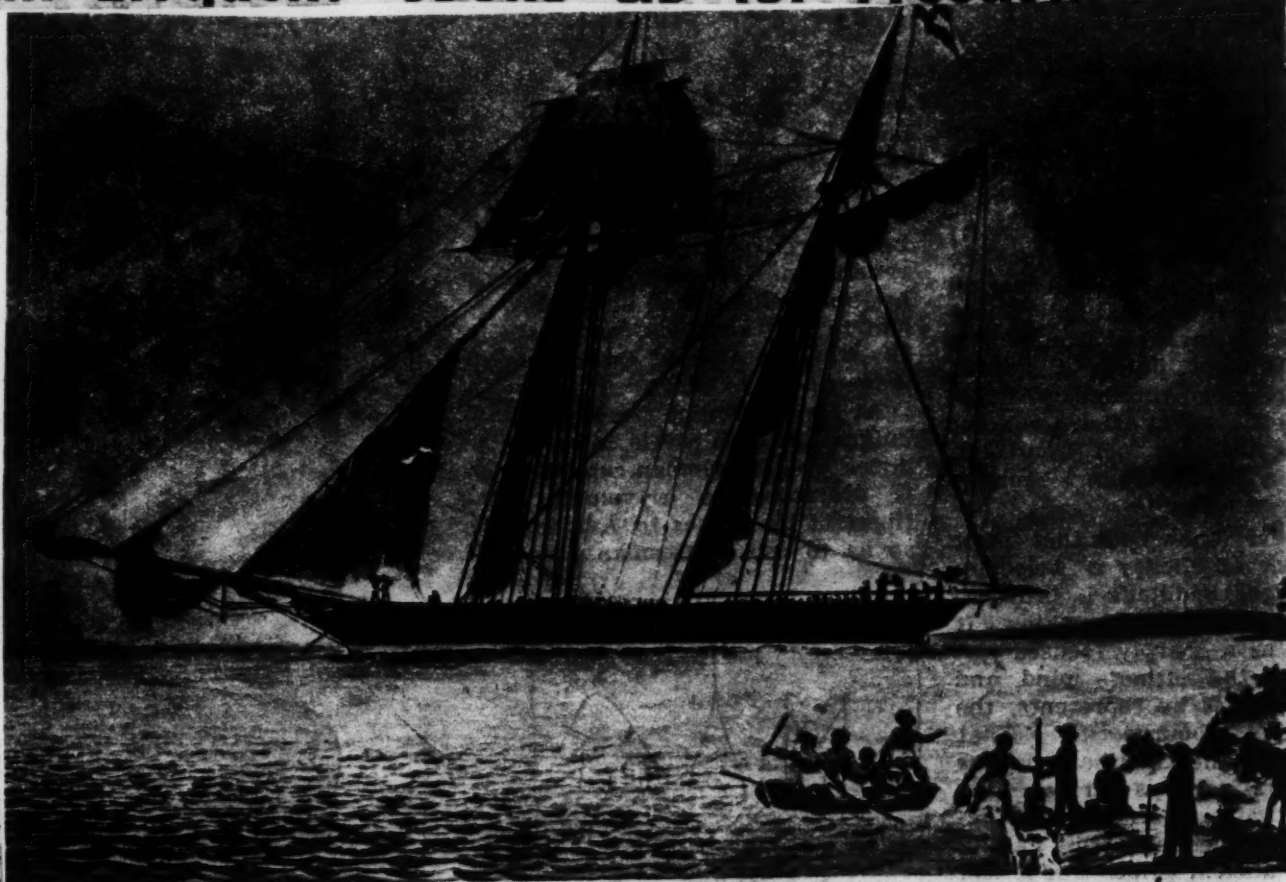
and cautious fight for emancipation of slavery by constitutional amendment. In a spectacular closing argument before the Supreme Court of the United States the Old Man Eloquent helped to bring a verdict for complete freedom of the Africans.

Abolitionist missionaries in



From a portrait by N. Jocelyn. Courtesy New Haven Colony Historical Society.
Cinque

'Old Man Eloquent' Spoke Up for Freedom



Illustrations from "Slave Mutiny."

The slave schooner La Amistad in Long Island Sound.

Connecticut came to the aid of the liberated people, fed, clothed and Christianized them at Farmington, and finally sent the thirty-five survivors back to their native Mendi country in northern Nigeria, where most of them speedily reverted to heathen conditions. But Cinque eventually sought out a mission post in 1879 to become a Christian. (Today there is a Mendi student from Africa taking his Ph.D. in religious education at Yale University.)

The facts for this artistic and highly readable book, says Author William Owens, are based on court records, Government reports, private diaries and letters, sometimes paraphrased. He explains that he had a choice of rendering a completely factual treatment authoritatively documented, or a dramatic narrative—and he chose the latter. Therefore we cannot accept his story as scholarly history, despite the factual basis. It is like some recently professed "biographies" a quasi-novel

Penetrating Picture of Deep South

with timidity and distrust.

Her relationship to the devoted Negro servants, to her doting stepfather and, finally to the young tutor whom Fenton Chadley has hired to teach in the school he has endowed, add up to an unusual and penetrating book.

26
THE SOUNDING BRASS,
by Edythe Latham (Little
Brown, \$4.50).

A triple decker, four-dimensional novel of Southern family life — what made them what they are, how they think, feel and develop. It is Miss Latham's first.

Basically it is the story of three generations of the Chadley family, who founded the Newtown Bank, the mansion Dunmeade and most of the town industries.

The characters are both intelligent and complex and, woven into the story, are overtones of class consciousness, sibling rivalry and race discrimination — questions that have plagued the South ever since there was a South. The problems are presented from an entirely novel and mature viewpoint.

5-11-53
Marcus Chadley arrives in the little Southern city with two motherless sons, Fenton and Lesley. He refuses to stay in the local hotel because they won't accept his Negro servant.

Through the years, this incident almost builds up into an inherited characteristic, tinctures the entire view point of August Chadley, the attractive granddaughter who ultimately takes over the book.

August is no typical Southern girl of fiction, with dates, curls and tinkling laughter. Rather is she a sensitive and frustrated artist, who has inherited both ability and temperament from her father, Lesley, whose widow promptly marries the remaining brother when August is a little girl.

Segregated from other teenagers and from the normal life of the town by the devoted tyranny of her uncle and stepfather and by the indifference of her Spanish mother, August's life in the great house is colored



In the Belgian Congo: A technician teaching native workmen.

'The Price of Domination Is Fear'

STRUGGLE FOR AFRICA. By Vernon Bartlett. 246 pp. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. \$3.95.

By JOHN BARKHAM

EX Africa semper aliquid novi, runs the old tag, but the diligent reader confronted with a new book on Africa every week might be pardoned for picking up this one with a weary: "What, another?" However, Vernon Bartlett's survey is no hebdomadad once-over-lightly to be glanced through and put aside. On the contrary, his "Struggle for Africa" is the sanest and soundest conspectus of African developments to appear in years. It will probably not be superseded until George H. T. Kimble completes his survey for the Twentieth Century Fund two or three years hence. Vernon Bartlett is a British writer, diplomat and former Member of Parliament. He knows Africa intimately and has visited every country and territory in it. (Most of them are discussed in this book.) He has a firm, over-all grasp of its

problems and understands the fundamental as well as the surface forces at work among its peoples. He is not confused (as so many visitors are) by the spectacle of the same three ethnic groups—whites, blacks and Indians—posed in different alignments in different territories. He is able to sift down to their hard residuum the contrasting formulas with which the various colonial powers plan to face the same uncertain future.

For the one fact that cannot be argued away is that Africa belongs to the black man. He cannot be expelled, exterminated or permanently subjugated. Mr. Bartlett is convinced of this, and takes the reader from north to south, and east to west in order to show him how the

than the political demands of the Negro. In West Africa the British do one the reverse. In the Union of South Africa Dr. Malan's Nationalist Government is suppressing both. The Belgians think Dr. Malan's clock is fifty years too slow and Britain's twenty-five years too fast.

"In the British African colonies," says Mr. Bartlett, "too much attention has been paid to the political advancement of the Native and too little to the economic demands to which such advancement must inevitably give rise. In the Union of South Africa, European fear has delayed both political and economic progress. The authorities in the Congo treat both methods with a certain contempt."

MR. BARTLETT also has his doubts about the continued efficacy of the French nostrum, which rewards qualified Negroes with the honor of French citizenship. For the three East

African territories wrestling with the white man? The world, Africa is becoming the victim of erosion. Malnutrition is widespread and there is no indication that it would lessen if the East Indians and Europeans left. The struggle for Africa is also between Mohammedanism, Christianity and paganism, with the former in the lead. Then there is the tremendous struggle between the ancient tribal society and the increasing urban living in which the rootless city-dweller is without the wisdom and restraints of rural economy he has left.

This, of course, is the one solution coldly excluded in South Africa. Here Dr. Malan's government has calculatedly embarked on a policy of helotry for the non-white races and our author is clearly apprehensive as to the outcome. "The color bar," he says, "has done more than anything else to lose the British their predominant position in Asia. The same color bar is in process of losing us our predominant position in Africa."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Bartlett's treatment of the South African situation is a model for visiting writers to follow. Although he obviously disapproves of Afrikaner racial policies, he bends over backward to be fair to Dr. Malan and his ministers, quoting their replies to every argument he adduces. Yet, though his utterances are temperate and his facts accurate, he leaves the reader with the unmistakable impression that white South Africans are living on the rim of a volcano. The late Prof. R. F. A. Hoernle of Johannesburg once summed it up thus: "The price which the white caste pays for its domination is fear." South Africans hate to admit it to outsiders, but what they fear most of all is that some day a Gandhi will arise among their nine million Negroes.

All through Africa south of the Equator a similar situation obtains—three million whites and half-a-million Indians living in an ocean of 150 million blacks. "How can you believe otherwise," asks Mr. Bartlett, "than that some day the black man will achieve at least equal

Book of The Week

AFRICA IS a vast land mass three times the size of the United States and with about the same population. It would take a lifetime to read all of the books and articles written about the countless facets of its life, and even keeping abreast of the news out of Africa these days is something of a task.

So that is why a book like "Struggle for Africa," by Vernon Bartlett (Praeger, \$3.95) fills a need for the busy person who wants to be brought up-to-date on the Dark Continent.

This distinguished British journalist with no apparent axes to grind takes you from the Mediterranean to Cape Town and from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, moving from country to country, from people to people putting the reader abreast of the time.

THE STRUGGLE for Africa is not only between Europeans and Africans, but the Indians and Arabs as well. It is not just a struggle for political independence, it is a struggle against erosion, ignorance and disease. In vast areas no animals can be kept because of the tsetse fly. There are tremendous areas which this insect renders inhabitable by man. More so than in other parts of the

universal suffrage and setting up new autonomous governments will not solve these multiple problems; may in some instances worsen them.

Africa needs capital investment and skilled leadership in modern living as well as political freedom. This suggests a black-white partnership rather than conflict, and this the author makes quite clear.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Envy And Covetousness In Man's Life

Dr. Ellison Gives Warning
On Twin Evils In New Book

TENSIONS AND DESTINY
By DR. JOHN MALCUS ELLISON
John Knox Press - Richmond, Va.
Price \$2.00 - 135 Pages 1953

IN THIS CHALLENGING book just off the press, Dr. John M. Ellison, president of Virginia Union University, Richmond, Va., has depicted forcefully and truthfully the tensions which have beset mankind through the ages. As a setting for his message, Dr. Ellison uses the Bible account of the envy and jealousy which caused Cain to kill his brother, Abel.

A minister, educator and former pastor, Dr. Ellison draws heavily upon his experience and the truths in the Bible to buttress the valuable message the reader will find in this book. Each of the 12 chapters is preceded by appropriate Bible passages and closed with an appropriate prayer.

THE FIRST chapter on "Tensions and Destiny" discloses the author's awareness of the poisonous effects of the twin evils of envy and covetousness. He points out that "the analysis of the

ancient story" of Cain and Abel "reveals the deadliness of two closely related human tendencies from which practically all of our major social evils stem—covetousness and envy."

Dr. Ellison lists the offsprings of envy and covetousness as "prejudices, denials and suspicions, inequalities, exploitation, racketeering and extortion." The author calls attention to the influence of envy and covetousness on race relations in America.

HE SAYS THAT "a quick glance at human relations in the American scene today will at once and conclusively reveal how insidious and persistent are the contradictions of brotherhood and how they weaken the proclaimed 'American Way of Life.'"

The author reminds us that "The nation's largest, most loyal but most controversial minority offers the greatest test and challenge to the American conscience and our democratic doctrine."

TENSIONS HAVE their advantages as Dr. Ellison rightly points out. A sociologist who uses the facts of history to strengthen his

author's own words.

DR. ELLISON, who became president of Virginia Union in 1941, spent much of his first years after graduating from Virginia Union making studies of rural Negroes and their church life and church problems generally. The facts he gathered and the experience he had in this research work prepared him to write a number of books and monographs on socio-religious subjects.

Ministers, teachers and lay church workers can find much help in this book for their classes and groups or for personal edification and enlightenment.

—Thomas L. Dabney

social analysis, Dr. Ellison calls attention to the stalwart colored leaders who "came forth out of the crucible and furnace of affliction where their faith was tested" during the struggle to emancipate the slaves. One such stalwart figure was Harriet Tubman of the Underground Railroad fame.

The author treats colored Americans as "children of destiny." But they have not had to struggle for a better day alone, he says. So credit is given to white leaders who assisted the Negro. Among such men are the late Dr. James Hardy Dillard of the Jeanes-Slater Fund now the Southern Education Foundation, the late Jackson Davis who was once associate director of the General Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation; the late Dr. Samuel Chiles Mitchell, former historian at the University of Richmond.

DR. ELLISON forecasts a new day for the Negro, and, in fact, says that day is now dawning. "The children of destiny, heirs of faith, herald, welcome, and help to usher in this new day," the educator says. Who are these Negro leaders — these "heirs of faith?" As listed by Dr. Ellison they include Roland Hayes, Marian Anderson, Dr. Benjamin Mays, Joe Louis, Jackie Robinson, Dr. Ralph Bunche, and the late George W. Carver, Charles Drew and others.

While Dr. Ellison discusses some angles of race relations and the race problem, this is not a racial book. The author's viewpoint transcends race, color, creed or nationality. Here is a message for anyone and all people looking for rich truths and counsel for guidance in a world which "is stained and darkened by the tragedies and crimes committed by nations, groups and races in their effort to live together," to use the



Sun. 1/11/53
Zuckerman's jacket painting for "The Third Generation,"
Chester Jones' new novel of a wise and patient pro-
fessor, his wife who was almost white, and their sons.
It will be published January 11 by World. ✓

TO END THE NIGHT

A book called "To End the Night" by Alex Gaby, which has recently been published in a Signet edition, has a racial theme and a surprise ending. It is a story of a soldier returning to El Paso where he had been stationed during the war and where he had met the girl he married and carried to New York with him. He had returned because of her suicide and the fact that he had no explanation for it. He does find an answer in her home town.

Mr. Gaby has handled the element of mystery extremely well. His characters are believable and the picture of the ex-soldier returning to find his former haunts changed is especially good. There is an excellent parallel drawn between nature and the dilemma of the principal character.

The book is weakest in the few pages remaining after the young wife's reason for suicide is given. To tell why would be to reveal the book's secret but the author falls back on some stock misconceptions. At times also the book leans heavily on sex, but for the most part it moves along with considerable suspense and excitement.

"To End the Night" by Alex

Gaby; Signet book published by The New American Library; 501 Madison Avenue; New York 22; 1953; 25 cents.

You Might Like To Know

That Alan Paton, who wrote "Cry the Beloved Country" was a new novel, "Too Late the Phalarope." Dictator Malawi of South Africa won't like it. It's about miscegenation. The Liberia and Haiti for the first time have exchanged diplomatic representatives. Hon. George Brewer is in Haiti. Hon. Jean Coradin has arrived in Liberia. . . . That final scene on the beach. . . . are being shot at Mansfield. There was a temporary lull while producers raised more money. . . . That banana tree grows on trees, but are giant.

Stern Racial Taboos

Miscegenation in South Africa

Reviewed by Harrison Smith

President, the Saturday Review

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE. By Alan Paton. Scribner's. 272 pp. \$3.50

ALAN PATON'S "Cry the Beloved Country" deserved the success, the medals and the awards it achieved. It was a passionately moving story of a native race overwhelmed by the demands of the modern world, the tragic victims of the conquest of South Africa, first by the Dutch and then by the British. It had a profound significance for Americans more than a century have tried to make sense out of their own racial conflicts. There is a great difference between American color prejudice and the stern taboo and decrees imposed by the descendants of the Dutch settlers, the Afrikaners.



ALAN PATON

Paton's first book had a universal theme, as wide as a continent. "Too Late the Phalarope" is concentrated, as if this gifted writer had placed his passions under a microscope. By the magic of his Biblical prose he tells a story that is intensely dramatic. In his clean and clipped style, Paton has given vitality to a novel that at times, at least to an American reader, becomes bewildering. It is nevertheless a profound and bitter story—astonishing and terrifying. It demands a large measure of sympathy and understanding from the reader.

PATON'S SUBJECT is miscegenation. In his country, a white man who lives with a black or mulatto woman is sentenced to two years in jail. He becomes an outcast, and his family shares his fate. His father and mother, his cousins and his aunts, his children and all of his tribe are condemned and cast out of the rigid community as if they had shared his behavior.

The story of the downfall of a righteous and humble man, a hero to his countrymen, a man who was always just, a man who was loved by everyone is intellectually shocking.

Pieter, a lieutenant in the police force, had been brought up by a stern father, and his aunt alone had been able to penetrate the armor of righteousness which was his shield. He loved his wife and his two children. But there was a sickness within him.

THERE WAS A YOUNG NATIVE WOMAN, well known to the police. She lived with a withered old hag. In order to keep herself and her illegitimate child alive, she made and sold liquor. And with her Pieter committed the unforgivable sin.

His aunt, who tells the tragic tale, his wife, and all of his family are destroyed, excommunicated. The story is frightening to contemplate in a country which is attempting to rid itself of racial taboos.

However, Paton cannot escape the judgment of readers of "Too Late the Phalarope." This is a great and an enduring novel, written in exquisitely balanced prose; but if one fails to understand why the immaculate hero betrayed his family and his race, it loses its final force. The hero is betrayed, but why? This question will continue to baffle some readers, even though they have been deeply stirred by the power and beauty of Paton's art.

It's Africa

And Racial

Struggle

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE, by Alan Paton (Scribner, \$3.50)

It's a bird, in case you are wondering about the title, and Mr. Paton is the one who gave us the loveliest book to come out of South Africa. His Cry, The Beloved Country was and remains a classic.

This latest novel, though presented in the same beautiful Biblical prose, lacks the conviction and the theme that hold a book together. It, too, is a story about South Africa, about the conflict between Whites and Blacks.

Mr. Paton is the interpreter of a country so little known to us that the customs between the two races seem almost incomprehensible.

This is the story of a young White policeman, Pieter, who takes his duties very seriously. He knows that for a White man even to look at a Colored girl is a crime of the first magnitude.

"Stephanie was well known to the police, and to the courts. She was 23, and her father and her mother were unknown, and there was a good deal of lightness in her color."

What happens to the girl Stephanie, and how it affects the serious young policeman and how that small problem bears on the tremendous racial problem of South Africa, is told by Aunt Sophie, the old woman who loves him as though he were her own son.

The cadence of the prose and the very simplicity of the style make the story hard to follow. One is always looking for meanings where there are none, or reading into primitive conver-

sations a pattern that may not exist at all.

Jan. 8-23-53

Mr. Thompson spent a dozen years gathering material for his novel. He talked with many persons who were alive at the time described in the book and who had relatives who played major roles in the story.

Confederate Atrocities Finally Revealed

The Anti-Secessionists Were Equally Brutal And, In Fact, Leave Book Reviewer Convinced That, After All, South Alabama Should Enjoy Lower Tax Rate Than North Alabama

By J. Fred Thornton
Associate Editor, The Advertiser

WHEN Alabama seceded from the Union in 1861, the mountaineers of several northwestern counties, notably Winston, bolted Alabama. This little-known chapter of our history is the theme of a newly published book, *Tories of the Hills*, by an Alabamian, Wesley S. Thompson.

A historical novel, it chronicles facts that were news to me—and to men much better posted on Alabama history than I. It recounts details of guerrilla warfare between anti-secession Tories and Confederate Home Guards and Partisan Rangers, which show that we need not look to the likes of Hitler for lessons in butchery with torture.



AUTHOR THOMPSON

There was strong opposition in Alabama to secession. The state convention, meeting at Montgomery, passed the Ordinance of Secession, Jan. 11, 1861, by a vote of 61 to 39. (It was closer, 54 to 46, on the first count, but some who voted no, switched).

On July 4, 1861, anti-secessionists from several counties, numbering 2,500 to 3,000, held a convention at Looney's Tavern, in Winston County.

A resolution was adopted, asserting first that a state had no right to secede, but second, that if it could, then a county could likewise secede from a state.

The Tories decided, though, to be content with voicing their right to secede, without formally doing so. They did this after being reminded of the desirability of being represented in the state legislature, and also that secession would leave them cut off from the rest of the Union and at the mercy of the "rebel" armies. They declared for a policy of neutrality and asked both the Confederacy and the Union to respect it.

THE neutrality move proved futile.

When the Confederacy first called for volunteers, Thompson notes, Winston, Marion, Fayette, Lawrence and Franklin Counties "contributed but few." Later, the prospect of Yankee invasion caused many to change their minds and enlist. But many still refused to volunteer and dodged conscription, declaring that the Confederate cause was "A rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

Some of these Tories were content to hide out in their coves, but others joined the Yankees when they came and fought their fellow Alabamians. Neighbor was arrayed against neighbor, in what is described as "one of the bloodiest struggles of guerrilla warfare ever fought on American soil", with savage atrocities on both sides.

RIGHT here let me say I believe Thompson's book would have been better if he had made it straight history. The foreword by Dr. A. B. Moore, says that, "More often than not, the names of persons discussed are the real names of active participants in events described."

This left me about as clear as mud on some of the details. In justice to Mr. Thompson, however, it must be said that his book follows the pattern of historical novels, and that he is not to blame if Alabamians are too ignorant of their state's history to always follow the ball.

As evidence of the widespread nature of this ignorance, consider the following:

A central figure of the book is Charles Christopher Sheets, who represented Winston County in the "secession convention." Refusing to be intimidated into signing the secession ordinance, he was thrown in jail, here in Montgomery. After his release, he went back home and was elected to represent Winston County in the state legislature. Returning to Montgomery in 1862 for the legislative session, he was expelled from the legislature and again jailed, and was only released after Montgomery surrendered to Wilson's Yankees at the war's end.

I had read a fairish amount of Alabama history, but the rough treatment accorded the gentleman from Winston I had never heard of. I contacted a couple of venerated local historical luminaries, and found them equally ignorant.

In a short time, though, one called back to say that he had found confirmation for Sheets' second imprisonment in Dr. Thomas M. Owen's history. (Dr. Owen says that Sheets was ousted from the legislature, indicted for treason and imprisoned until the end. He does not say that he was ever tried).

ON TOP of that, I received a visit from Author Thompson in person. When I raised the point of Sheets' first failing for refusing to sign the secession ordinance, Thompson offered to take me to the Capitol and show documentary proof in the Department of Archives & History. On this latter point, he seems to have scored a beat on other Alabama historians—though I have not read every Alabama history.

His accounts of atrocities in guerrilla warfare, Thompson told me, were in part documented and in part derived from oral accounts. It may be asked whether the latter might not have been erroneous, or exaggerated. The author made it clear that he had conducted painstaking personal investigation, and satisfied himself of their authenticity.

WE READ of home guards hunting a Tory, jumping him and shooting him down like a rabbit. His comely wife was threatened with the fate traditionally considered worse than death, from which she was saved when a more chivalrous secessionist intervened.

The account of one atrocity ascribed to the Confederates is not recommended to the squeamish. The victim was especially loathed because he had served in the Union army. Gashes were cut in his legs above his heels, a "gamboling stick" was inserted, and he was hung up as hogs are in rural Alabama—the difference being that the hogs are already dead. Unspeakable mutilations were inflicted before death released the sufferer.

The Tories were not backward in butcher work, either. One of their victims was polished off by being hung head down and "smoked" over a fire of dry leaves covered with green pine tops. Another secessionist had an iron spike driven through his mouth and out the back of his head, nailing him to the root of a tree.

CHRIS SHEETS had a distinguished career as a scalawag during Reconstruction. President Grant appointed him consul to Denmark, and in 1872 he was elected congressman from the state-at-large. He was defeated after only one term, but the Republicans continued to take care of him in appointive jobs. The last was assistant collector of internal revenue for Alabama, a post he held until 1885, when President

Grover Cleveland turned the rascals out. Mr. Thompson, a native of Marion County, is clearly pro-Tory and anti-secessionist. He pictures Tory atrocities as reprisals, undertaken only after Confederate crimes had inspired them to "fight fire with fire." But the novelty of his book alone makes it worth reading—it will show Alabamians how little they know about Alabama's history.

THE book had an effect upon me that might have been expected. Before reading it, I had actually begun to experience qualms of conscience over the sort of gerrymandering I do not believe, of course, that those of Tory blood should be hung by the

THE book had an effect upon me that might have been expected. Before reading it, I had actually begun to experience qualms of conscience over the



WRITES BOOK—Wesley S. Thompson.

Alabama Teacher Writes Novel

An Alabama history teacher has combined his interest in state history with his ability as a storyteller to write a novel of North Alabama during and after the War Between the States.

Wesley S. Thompson, a native of Marion County and long a student of the history of North Alabama counties which remained largely loyal to the Union during the Civil War, has his new novel, *Tories of the Hills*.

The book was published by The Christopher Publishing House of Boston.

Most of the characters of the novel are real persons who figured in wartime events. Foremost among them is Christopher Sheets, the Winston County Tory leader who was jailed at Montgomery for refusing to agree to a secession resolution passed by the state legislature.

Action of the story begins with the election of Lincoln as President of the United States. It continues through secession and the attempt of the Alabama hill people to remain faithful to the Union in spite of purges by the Confederates.

Love interest is provided by a romance between the daughter of a slave-owning plantation owner and the son of a poor farmer.

TRAVELGUIDE

National Directory of Hotels, Resorts and other accommodations and services

**Travelguide's
Newest Issue
Hits Stands**

NEW YORK—The new edition of Travelguide, the national directory of hotels, resorts and other accommodations and services where color is no barrier, has just put in its appearance.

Although the current printing is the largest in Travelguide history, the publishers, with offices at 1674 Broadway in New York City, predict that an immediate reprint will be necessary so great is the demand.

On sale at many leading department and book stores for \$1, Travelguide lives up to its slogan, "Vacation and Recreation Without Reservation."



Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Twelve Citizens of the World, by Leonard S. Kenworthy. Doubleday, Garden City, New York. 286 p.p. \$3.50.

Born of the People, by Luis Taruc. International Publishers, New York. 343 pp. \$3.50.

The Negro Community Within American Protestantism, by Dr. Leonard L. Haynes. Christopher Publishing House, Boston, Mass. 264 pp. \$4.00.

Twelve Citizens of the World is a book of biographical sketches of twelve of the most noteworthy people of the past three generations. The subjects include such stand-outs as Eleanor Roosevelt, Mahatma Gandhi, Albert Schweitzer, Ralph Bunche and Arturo Toscanini. Leonard S. Kenworthy, who wrote these sketches, makes no claim that his subjects are the greatest men and women of the last few decades, nor even that they are the best-known or the most admired.



Indeed, some of them—**MR. REDDING** Fridtjof Nansen, Domingo Sarmiento and Mathilda Wrede—are scarcely known at all outside their own countries.

But, well-known or not, all of the subjects have made an indelible impression upon society, and, excepting probably only Toscanini, they have all been motivated by a desire to serve humanity in the practical ways humanity most appreciates. This was the basis upon which the author made his selection.

Though anyone who chooses to write briefly of figures of such importance, faces the hazard of committing various sins of omission, Mr. Kenworthy overcomes this by the graphic quality of his writing and by selecting the most pertinent and dramatic details of the lives of his subjects—Bunche at the climax of the negotiations between Arabs and Jews; Gandhi, as it were, bidding the troubled sea of India's population be still; Schweitzer at work in his hospital in Lambarehe.

If the author sometimes falls into a didactic tone, it is because he realizes that a large part of the reading public has to be disabused of the idea that achieving greatness is a stroke of luck. Mr. Kenworthy's twelve citizens of the world are hard-working, dedicated men and women.

And this may also be said of Luis Taruc, if he is to be taken at his own evaluation, and the men and women who fought with the "People's Liberation Army" of the Philippines. Taruc was the leader of this army. Its purposes and personnel were not in favor with the West.

On the ideological side, **Born of the People** is a communist tract, and it thunders with such stock phrases of vituperative denunciation as "imperialist," "assassins," "war-mongers," and grows mushy with the self-righteousness of fanaticism. Roxas, Quirino and Romulo, all considered friendly to the West and, of course, the United States, gets a good going-over.

On the side of adventure, **Born of the People** is as exciting as cops and robbers. The Japanese attack, the battles incident to it, and the people who took part in them are set down with considerable skill, insight and humor. **12-5-53**

It is too bad that the book's claim to being a "story" (of the "people's movement" in the Philippines) is ruined by a propaganda line that can no longer bear the scrutiny of honest men and that recreates the old, old wonder that a people's movement involves so few people.

More nearly a story of a people's movement is **The Negro Community**. But in contrast to **Born of the People**, Leonard L. Haynes' book is as dull as the fourth straight day of rain, and for the same reason—it's all come down before.

The matter which the author brings down with a dull thud upon our heads no longer finds entry into them. Franklin, Logan, DuBois, Frazer and hosts of others, got there first—and with greater skill, and with much, much greater poignancy.

This is not to say that Dr. Haynes' book is not without its own particular slant and claim to originality. But that slant and that claim are confined to the title. There are no new facts; no reorientation of old facts, and no provocative assumptions.

As for the rest (and also in contrast to **Born of the People**), **The Negro Community** is packed with documentation and crammed with the paraphernalia of scholarship—a fact which does not prove that scholarship is dull, but only that scholars are sometimes boring.

Great Novel Of South's Reconstruction

THE UNCONQUERED, a novel by Ben Ames Williams, Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Mass., xii plus 689 pages —\$5.

When Ben Ames Williams died last February, he had just completed this long novel of the dark days of "Reconstruction" in the South, with New Orleans as its major setting and General Longstreet for its principal personality out of history. It is a great novel, of a level on which any author would be proud to ring down the curtain.

HOUSE DIVIDED, you will recall, was his novel of the war that split a nation apart. Now his THE UNCONQUERED is the story of those grim days following the collapse of the Confederate States of America, when hatred and resentment and vengeance, marked by corruption and murder, first swept the South, to be gradually tempered by the antiseptic of sober, intelligent leadership on both sides.

Here continues the life story of Lucy Currain, who grew to young womanhood in the days from Fort Sumter to Appomattox, and who found the meaning of love and life in her tidal romance with Lt. Donald Page of Maine. It is the story of Tray Currain and of the former Currain slaves, of Copperhead and Scalawag, Carpetbagger and Ku Klux Klan, woven together into a picture of "the tragic era" that will be etched for long on the minds of this book's readers.

Sweeping along on interest maintained by action and dialogue, this is the oft-told story of "Reconstruction," told as no one has ever quite told it before, and a fitting finishing novel for a great novelist of this century.—W.J.M., JR.

Gems Of Thought In Poems Of Beauty

Norfolk Native Blends Art
With Truth In Newest Book

UNTO MY HEART

By ALOISE BARBOUR EPPERSON

Christopher Publishing House - Boston, Mass., 1953

201 Pages - Price, Cloth Bound, \$2.50

entitled, "The Promise Kept."

—Thomas L. Dabney

NORFOLK-BORN Aloise Barbour Epperson has made a hit again with critics of literature with her most recent book of poems entitled "Unto My Heart" and other poems. She was hailed by friends and critics on the appearance of her last book, "The Hills of Yesterday," which has been included in the National Collection of the Writings of the Women at Lynchburg, Va.

Mrs. Epperson's poems are divided into four parts: "Nostalgic Songs," "World of Nature," "The Student Experience," and "The Way of Faith." The book runs parallel to the experience, aspirations and growth of the author whose richness of character, breadth of thought and deep religious emotions are reflected in every page of her book.

THE READER will find not only beauty and charm in these poetic lines, but sound advice and deep appreciation for the things of the spirit. For above all else the author reveals herself as a Christian with deep, steadfast religious convictions.

Mrs. Epperson's book is dedicated to her late husband, James H. Epperson. It is the first poem in the book, and the next, "In Memoriam," pays tribute to the memory of the author's parents, grandfather, grandmothers and husband.

THE AUTHOR manifests a keen interest in nature and all the wonders of field and stream, birds and flowers. She displays a deep sense of the philosophical side of life even in poems not classed with the more serious ones in her col-

lection. This is noticeable in the poem on "Infinite Touch."

In this poem, Mrs. Epperson describes the "rude and rough laughter" of a woman who was careless in her dress and habits of cleanliness, but the author saw in the vase of snowballs in her window sill a message that "there is some hidden good in everyone."

* * *

MRS. EPPERSON'S ability to discern some good in every one goes back no doubt to the time she attended Sunday school at Bank Street Baptist Church in Norfolk and day school at S. C. Armstrong Elementary School in Norfolk.

The author is the daughter of Tom and Mrs. Lula Barbour, who once resided on Cumberland street, Norfolk. She attended Norfolk Mission College which was operated by the Presbyterian Church for a number of years in Norfolk.

In the last group of poems in this book, there is one on "From Whom the Truth is Hid" which for beauty of expression and depth of thought is one of the best in the book. The author fittingly closes her book with a poem on "A Song of Thanks." It seems to me to be a logical sequence to the poem of the preceding page

Race Made Great Gains In Ten Years Period, Facts Show

Globe P. 1 Aug. 5-8-53
 Progress And Prejudice About Same In Both North And South, Famous Publication Discloses, In Epoch-making Article, Covering Several Pages In May 8 Issue of Weekly Having World-wide Circulation *Sund*

A realistic appraisal of what Northerners actually think of Negroes and at the same time a fair report on how many Southerners are facing up to their "Negro problem" and solving it are outstanding features of one of the most outstanding magazine articles of this generation.

The article which will cover several pages of TIME magazine for May 11 is headed: "The U.S. Negro, 1953." That it will receive a warm reception in all parts of the country and be read eagerly throughout the world, few fairminded students of the "race question" will doubt. Suffice it to say, TIME magazine has "gone to town" in the article, both in the amount of matter in the article and the very generally objective way it has reported the progress and aspiration of the nation's largest minority.

TIME observes that a veritable revolution has taken place in this country during the past ten years.

(Continued On page 2 Col. 1)

Gov't Liquor Tax Was \$1.10 Gallon; Now Bile Is \$10.50

Philadelphia—Distilled beverages rank as the highest taxed commodity in America, and this exorbitant federal excise endangers the economic stability of the entire liquor industry, reports a distilling executive.

Harry J. Greenwald, Vice President and General Sales Manager of Melrose Distillers, Inc., in proving his point, says "since Repeal the federal tax rate has been increased from \$1.10 to \$10.50 a gallon on legal spirits. As a result of the unrealistic level of liquor taxation, sales of legal liquor have declined."

(Continued on page 4, Col. 7)

Activities of Both White and Colored

Units of C

'Old Aces' And 'Snakes'

THE WAITERS. By William Fisher.
295 pp. Cleveland: World Pub-
lishing Company. \$3.75.

By JOHN BROOKS

NOVELS are written to be read, and from the stand-
point of gaining or losing read-
ers, the opening pages must be
the most important. So it is un-
fortunate that the opening
pages of this first novel, by a
Negro author about Negro
waiters, give the impression
that it is to be one long jeremiad
against restaurant owners and
kitchen conditions. 2-53

It is not that sort of book at
all. Rather, it is a forthrightly
told story about the career of
Asher Brown, a young and am-
bitious Negro, at the Fishbowl,
which is identified as the best
seafood restaurant on City Is-
land. Asher learns the ropes at
the Fishbowl quickly. He con-
tracts an affair with a young
woman who works in the powder
room. Then, by ingratiating
himself with the white man of
dubious character who owns the
restaurant, he gets control of
the numbers racket among the
waiters there. This enables him
to buy the Cadillac he has al-
ways longed for. Eventually,
his relationship with the owner
leads him into the position of
being the management stooge
to oppose a union movement,
and thus into serious trouble
with the other waiters, his con-
science, and his girl.

To a reader accustomed to
the waiter-customer relation-
ship from the customer end,
"The Waiters" offers consider-
able information about the life
and language of the men who
serve him. He learns, for ex-
ample, that an experienced
waiter is known as an "old
ace"; that "Mister Good" is a
big tipper with a party of
twelve; that a "snake" is a cus-
tomer who orders a bowl of
chowder and tips a dime; and
that a surprising number of
customers successfully walk out
of restaurants without paying
their checks, causing the wait-
ers to get stuck for the lost
money. Mr. Fisher has served

Filet Dinner

HE went for their plates
of fish. On one plate
was to be mashed potatoes
and green peas; on another
French fries and corn-on-the-
cob; on the third julienne
potatoes and cauliflower, and
on the fourth a boiled potato
and string beans. Asher swore
to himself as the vegetable
cook swore at him. Do they
all have different vegetables
with each meal at home?

—"The Waiters."

a long apprenticeship in hotel
dining rooms to gather the ma-
terial for his novel, and his re-
search pays off handsomely.

Apart from inside stuff, "The
Waiters" has its moments as
fiction, particularly in the love
story, which is told with a good
deal of feeling in dialogue which
has the ring of truth. But, apart
from the misleading beginning,
the book suffers from an episo-
dic style and a tendency of the
author's to introduce and drop
characters too casually. These
flaws rob it of the narrative
drive that its story demands.

Mr. Brooks, author of "The
Big Wheel," is on the staff of
The New Yorker.

Mississippi Writer Probes Deep Into Thoughts Of Condemned Negro

WATCH NIGHT, by Walter B. Lowrey. Scribner. \$3.50.

Reviewed by BILL SKELTON, Clarksdale, Miss.

WHAT DOES an educated, intelligent young Negro think about while he sits in a jail cell awaiting the hour when he will be strapped in an electric chair and executed for a crime which he did not commit?

These thoughts are the substance of a first novel by Walter B. Lowrey, a 28-year-old author from Marks, Miss. A scion of one of North Mississippi's well-known families, Mr. Lowrey attended both Mississippi State College and the University of Mississippi before going to Yale University where he studied writing and was graduated in 1948.

An Army veteran, the author has been in Europe since 1950 and is now living in Wiesbaden, Germany, where he is a civilian employe of the United States Air Force.

Into Two Patterns

The thoughts of the Negro, William Edwards, fall into two patterns; one being events of the past summer following his return to New Antioch, Miss., from an Eastern university, and the other his life preceding the return, a life which in turn consisted of three distinct chapters—his years of growing up, his Army experiences, and the two years in college.

William grew up in the servants' house behind the residence of the Mayfields, a leading white family of the small Mississippi town. He was learning a conventional Negro youth's existence in a Southern town when World War II transplanted him into military service in foreign lands.

When the GI Bill of Rights made a college education possible, William chose Wrexham, a rich, ivy-league university farther removed from Mississippi than mere distance would indicate. There he learned to live as a white man lives, to enjoy the privileges, to get the education, to think the thoughts, and to feel the emotions.

The Hand Of Fate

When he came home, William was too intelligent to be "uppity," which wasn't his nature, anyway. He slipped gracefully into his anomalous role as a highly educated house servant. Except for one slip, minor in itself, but disastrous in context with malicious forces over which he had no control or connection, he would have been able to follow his plan of departing at the end of the summer for a teaching job in Chicago. But William Edwards was just about the unluckiest Negro in the whole United States that summer. He was charged with raping

the daughter in the family for which he worked.

This novel is strongly psychological in emphasis, and, as such, will likely appeal to a limited but admiring audience. Its dramatic scenes, particularly those of the trial, are powerfully wrought, and serve to relieve long, unclear stream of consciousness passages.

Through Negro's Eyes

Mr. Lowrey seems to have given a valid view of things through a Negro's eyes, although how valid perhaps only a Negro can say. The overlong sentences are interpolated with parentheses and juggled modifiers, requiring more concentration than some readers will want to exert.

The hour of five, which marks the end for the Negro William Edwards, signals the sunrise of a career of serious fiction writing by his white creator.

Books of The Times

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

HODDING CARTER, editor and publisher of The Greenville (Miss.) Delta Democrat-Times, is one of the best known newspaper men in America. His editorials won him a Pulitzer Prize in 1946. He is the author of six books. He has written hundreds of magazine articles. He has made hundreds of public speeches. A month ago, when I was driving

north on Route 61 in Mississippi, I passed within ten miles of Greenville and longed to turn aside and call upon this human dynamo who has often been called "the spokesman of the New South." But time was lacking and relatives were waiting in Memphis. Mr. Carter would undoubtedly have greeted a fellow newspaper writer politely; but I could not have learned in an hour or two as much about him, his ideas and the South as I have in his



Hodding Carter

new book, "Where Main Street Meets the River."

This is a difficult book to classify, part autobiography, part journalism, part personal testament. Discursive, informal, doggedly opinionated, it rambles back and forth in time, and from the Mississippi to the Nile in space, with stopovers in Washington and Maine. Its principal subjects are three: the South, the newspaper business and Hodding Carter.

Mr. Carter is a modest man who doesn't boast. But just by chronicling his activities he supplies impressive evidence of his energy, enterprise, aggressiveness, industry, self-confidence, independence, sociability, idealism and crusading zeal. Mr. Carter likes a good fight and enjoys standing up for his convictions. But he is by no means a visionary reformer. He has a sense of humor and a sense of reality.

Writer Sums Up His Aims

In a thumbnail summing up of his own career, Mr. Carter says:

"What I have tried to do in my writing is to show my fellow Southerners what is still wrong about us and tell our fellow Americans elsewhere what is right about us, and a great deal of it, even if the professional South-baiters take it as a personal insult every time I say so."

In the depression spring of 1932 Hodding Carter was a young newspaper man who had been fired for "insubordination" by The Associated Press. He was married and nearly broke. But he was not licked. He returned to his hometown of Hammond, La., and there on about one-

tenth of a shoestring he founded a daily tabloid newspaper, which he kept alive by a series of near miracles and by bartering advertisements for groceries, drugs and clothing. And by his courageous opposition to the strong-arm dictatorship of Huey Long, "America's first absolute ruler," he made himself and his paper famous.

In 1936, at the invitation of David Cohn and William Alexander Percy, Mr. Carter moved to Greenville to found the newspaper which, after a merger with its competitor, became The Delta Democrat-Times. In "Where Main Street Meets the River" Mr. Carter has much to say about the trials and joys of publishing a small city newspaper and tells many a good story illustrating them. He also pays generous tribute to many people who helped him, particularly to his wife, who sounds as energetic and able as her husband; to his woman's page editor, Louise Eskrigge Crump, who is a power to be reckoned with on The Democrat-Times and in the whole State of Mississippi; and to the late Will Percy, poet, planter, lawyer and soldier, a great gentleman and a wise, courageous and good man.

Range of Interest Is Wide

Interspersed among his autobiographical reminiscences and his newspaper memoirs Mr. Carter has dropped numerous articles on matters which interest him, from the feuds and murders of his native parish in Louisiana, "Bloody Tangipahoa," to the beauties of the Maine sea coast. And he is so competent a reporter that he is nearly always interesting, whether discussing the failure of the experimental newspaper PM, the shortcomings of our public schools, the political power of the Baptists in Mississippi, the growth of industries and of diversified agriculture in the South.

The South has changed and is changing enormously, Mr. Carter insists, and cites chapter and verse to prove it. One of the most vital areas of change is the lot of the Negro, who may still suffer from segregation and discrimination (as he does only to a lesser extent in the North), but who is treated with a respect and dignity unknown a generation ago, and who is making huge strides economically and even politically. Lynchings, Mr. Carter points out, have almost disappeared. Far more people die because of race prejudice in riots and gang murders in the North in one year than are lynched in a decade in the South. Mr. Carter is unyielding in his opposition to Federal anti-lynching legislation, arguing that the problem is a matter for the states to solve for themselves, and that the laws so far proposed have been vote-getting gestures aimed at minority groups and so phrased that they apply only to the South, while Northern mob murders present a more pressing problem.

This attitude has won Mr. Carter the antagonism of many professional "liberals." But his own record of courageous and enlightened championing of the dignity and freedom of individ-

uals, no matter what their color or creed, does honor to himself and to the newspaper profession.

Book Review

By J. SAUNDERS REDDING

Where Main Street Meets the River, by Hodding Carter. Rinehart and Co., Publ., 232 Madison Avenue, New York. 339 pp. \$4.00.

Hodding Carter admits that he is at least half as interested in his creative writing as he is in his newspaper work, and the fact that *Where Main Street Meets the River* is

his fifth and a-half book (he has been a collaborator) seems to bear him out.

However that may be, Carter owes his considerable reputation to his work as a journalist. It was for this that he won a Pulitzer Prize, was given an honorary degree by Harvard, and is now widely referred to as the "spokesman for the new South."

Where Main Street Meets the River is basically Carter's own story of his newspaper career. In this respect it is what advertising copy writers for the publishing trade call "heart warming."

One supposes that this quality in it derives from the fact of the story's being typical, American, and so representative of the typical American success story.

Save only the beginnings in poverty, all the elements of such a narrative are there:— young couple facing terrific odds and meeting discouragement with optimism and temporary defeat with guts; now slipping back and now climbing ahead, and always when the chips are down—well, ex-celsior, ex-celsior! and all that kind of thing.

Finally, triumphant, the parents of children lovingly begot, economically secure, and casting around for other triumphs to win.

But if the elements are typical, the details are not, and some of these have the same heart-warming quality. The first detail is Carter himself. Born in Louisiana—a fact of which he is inclined to boast—he is certainly not a typical Southerner, for all his bright assertion that there are many more like him.

Mind Unfettered

He was not born with a mind already fortified against all the guns of reason, nor with a spirit already damned by a prenatal dedication to the perfect, beautiful, beatific state that existed in the South in the days of slavery.

Born in such luck as this (and cursed by all the Southern bigots of his time for having

it), Hodding Carter went on to win greater luck with his basic honesty and generosity

and his capacity for taking thought for others. There are many examples of all three. But the greatest of these is honesty.

And where Carter's honesty shows is in what he has to say about the South's social-moral problems. Other things that he has to say may be more interestingly said—about Ralph Ingersoll and PM; about the waste and lack of management in the military during the war, for instance—but nothing is more honest.

Honesty of course is a virtue and, heaven knows, there are few enough virtuous men.

But many colored Americans will question a virtue that stands firm for the elevation of colored people to first class citizenship, but that stands just as firm against recognizing them as first class human beings.

Many colored Americans, including this one, will be reminded by such honesty that, for all the lauded changes in the South, there is no change in the fundamental Southern concept that colored Americans are somehow God's illegitimate and unwanted children.

J. M. Brewer Is Honoree Of Lavish *Inform* Texas Dinner Party

Houston, Texas
AUSTIN, Texas — J. Mason Brewer, one of the nation's leading honoree of a dinner party given in historic Driskill hotel in Austin, Texas, recently. *Sat. 12-26-53*
The hostess was Mrs. O. H. Davenport, Texas oil operator and ranch owner who is noted throughout the Southwest for the dinners she gives. There were 140 guests.

The banquet was given in recognition of the publication of Dr. Brewer's latest book of folktales, 'The Word on the Brazos,' a group of Negro 'Preacher Tales' from the Brazos.

Among the many leaders of the Southwest was authors: Dr. Walter Prescott Webb, noted historian and author who won the Texas Institute of letters \$1, Carr P. Collins award for the best Texas book of 1952-53.

The dinner is believed to be the J Frank Dobie, dean of Southland first of its kind in the Southland western authors who acted as master of ceremonies, said the tribute to Brewer was a paragraph in history

Dr. Edmund Heinsohn, pastor of the University Methodist Church in Austin who offered the invocation, gave thanks for trained minds able to capture and conserve the best of the past

DR. MATTHEW S. Davage of Huston - Tillotson college, where J. Mason Brewer is now serving as chairman of the Division of Language and Literature said, "Two of the nicest things that can happen to a person is having people meet him at his best, and having done his best to have them pat him on the shoulder and say, 'Well Done.'"

MRS. DAVENPORT said in referring to Dr. Brewer's accomplishments, "I am happy to have played some small part in recognizing the achievements of a Texan who has won his spurs in the literary world."



J. MASON BREWER *P. 10*
Folklorist honored

HODDING Carter, guest speaker, Pulitzer Prize winner and Mississippi newspaper editor, said "I say with regret that there are not enough men like Dr. Brewer will to look back and recapture the vivid and worthwhile past of our past."

DR. BREWER, introduced by Frank Wardlaw director of the University of Texas Press, said in response "It is with a mixed feeling of elation and humility that I greet you tonight. A feeling of elation because somebody thought about me and did something for me, and a feeling of humility be-

cause I, alone could not have completed the work directly responsible for this unusual honor."

"THE WORK ON THE BRAZOS" is the fifth in series of significant books on Negro life written by Dr. Brewer, who has been the recipient of grants - in - aid from the General Education Board and the American Philosophical Society several times.



ing public. If the folder, "The Post Speaks," is successful, he says, he will publish it every three months.

Man-Wife Team Publish Anthology

LAURINBURG, N. C. — Mr. and Mrs. Ivory H. Smith, P.O. Box 583, a man and wife team on the faculty of Laurinburg institute, have collaborated in compiling an anthology, "Life Lines," published by Observer Printing House (\$3).

"Life Lines" includes quotations from the writings of many authors, poets and others, including Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, James L. Kraw, J. C. Ivey, Bruce Barton, Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, Rep. William L. Dawson, Dr. John O'Brien and others.

There also are articles on the lives of Dr. George W. Carver, Booker T. Washington, Dr. C.C. Spaulding, Dr. Mary M. Bethune and other noted persons.

Mr. Smith, a graduate of Tuskegee Institute and Kansas State college, is a vocational agriculture teacher and his wife, a product of Brewer Normal Greenwood, S.C., and Spelman college, Atlanta, an elementary instructor.

The couple, who held similar positions at Grambling, have two children.



Mr. and Mrs. I. H. SMITH

NEVER HAD LESSON— Thomas Jefferson Flanagan, 165 Ashby St., N. W., has been writing poems since he was seven. He has illustrated two published collections with his own drawings and recently completed poems for a new collection. He decided he wanted to use paintings in "The Road to Mount McKeithan" so he tried painting them himself. He is shown here with one of 22 that will illustrate poems in his new book.

Tenn. Cleric Publishes First Folder Of Poems

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—The Rev. A. L. Guerard of this city has compiled an eight-page folder of poems and articles by various writers, including himself, that is expected off the press this month.

Since he first began to write, it has been his desire to publish a poem folder for the purpose of helping unknown writers and poets to get their works before the reader.

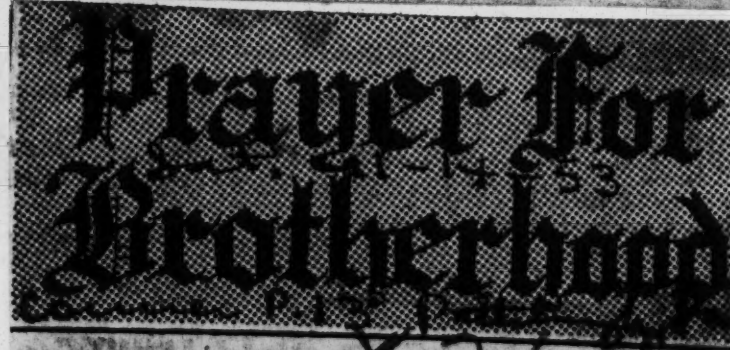


Rev. Guerard

Prayer for Brotherhood



Spencer Family— Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Spencer and their young son relax in their comfortable home in Dayton, Ohio, after rewriting and putting final touches to their "Prayer of Brotherhood." The prayer was a big hit in Philadelphia recently when read by actor Frank Silvera at Courier Concert.



By CHAUNCEY and ANNE SPENCER
Our Father Who Art in Heaven...

Oh, God, we come to Thee now because they come to us... freedom is shadowed... the democracies of the world are threatened... trouble lurks. While equality, unity and freedom are foremost in great minds, yet there are those who maintain concerted efforts to keep some of our brothers bowed down unto fear... as in the current attempt to keep some children conditioned as inferior Americans by maintaining segregated school systems... oh, God, what shall we do?

We know there were no lynchings in the United States during the year 1952... there is integration of races within our armed forces... Americans in increasing numbers are being employed on the basis of merit and qualification, and too, Father... we remember, Jesus knew their thoughts and said unto them, "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation and every city or house

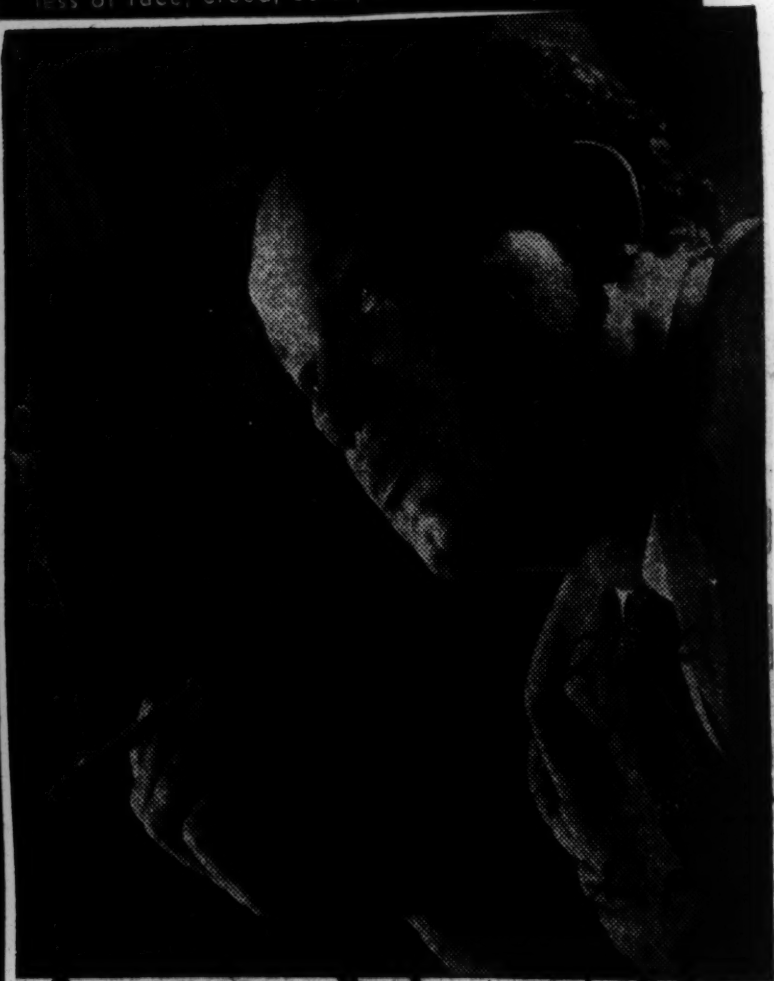
SOME of us are confused... You have said "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest"... oh, Lord, we come... It has been nearly two hundred years since men who wanted to be free, fought for and died for America and its democracy. Nearly one hundred years ago some of your people were released into a freedom, that was not free. Our Father, You saw the horrors of the Chicago, Washington and St. Louis riots... You've heard all of the abuse and have seen all of the intimidation directed against some of Your people throughout the world.

Lord, we know that the hate technique is used to confuse the real issues, used to blame national or international ills on innocent scapegoats and to gain followers through a common hate... hate them for their color, their nationality, their religion, their politics... for any reason or none, just hate them. For hate means power to those who are driven by selfish motives, those who are ruthless... oh, Lord, we are so ashamed, some of our people are guilty of joining those who use these techniques against democracy... smite them not, dear God... for they are our brothers and we are our brothers keepers, help us rather to nurture them toward a greater realm of truth, understanding and brother-

divided against itself shall not stand.

We will stand and we will support democracy throughout the world . . . we always have . . . we only beg of Thee, dear God, that Thou shall stand with us and lead us all as American citizens of equal rights, with no exception. Strengthen us as steadfast Americans . . . bind us in unity through our churches, whatever our choice may be; guide the United Nations and help us through them to bring about the realization that there are no superior or inferior peoples anywhere in the world.

Help us to establish equality, peace, happiness, unity and security among all mankind on this earth, in the preservation of human rights regardless of race, creed, color, or nationality . . . Amen.



Courier Sat. 11-14-55
Made Prayer Famous— This is noted actor Frank Silvera who gave a masterful reading of Chauncey and Ann Spencer's "Prayer for Brotherhood" at the Courier Concert held recently in Philadelphia.

Your History

BY J.A. ROGERS

Dates Back Beyond the Cotton Fields in the South
Back Thousands of Years Before Christ?

Illustrations by
A.S. MURRAY



26d Gwendolyn BROOKS

HAILED BY CRITICS AS ONE OF THE GREATEST OF LIVING POETS. IN 1949 WON AMERICA'S HIGHEST AWARDS FOR POETRY, THE PULITZER PRIZE, FOR HER 'ANNE ALLEN'. IN 1945, THE MADMOISELLE MERIT AWARD FOR 'A STREET IN BRONZEVILLE'. ALSO WON THE \$1,000 PRIZE OF THE ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS; TWO GUGGENHEIM FELLOWSHIPS, AND WAS FOUR TIMES WINNER OF THE POETRY WORKSHOP AWARD. HER POEMS HAVE ALSO APPEARED IN THE YALE REVIEW AND OTHER LEADING MAGAZINES. HER WORK IS NOTED FOR ITS LYRICAL ELEGANCE, VITALITY, SINCERITY, AND DESCRIPTIVE BEAUTY. LIVES IN CHICAGO.

Langston Hughes Tells Meaning of His Controversial Poem, 'Goodbye, Christ'

The poem is as follows:

By ALICE A DUNNIGAN

(This story is an exclusive ANP interview with Langston Hughes in connection with his controversial poem, "Goodbye Christ." The poem and his interpretation of it are included here.)

WASHINGTON.—(ANP)—Langston Hughes, famous poet, recently stated that he had often been termed a Communist, or an atheist because of the poem called "Goodbye Christ," which he wrote about 25 years ago.

This poem, he said, was widely misinterpreted as an anti-religious poem by certain reactionary and un-Christian-like groups as the America First group, the Gerald L. K. Smith organizations and in 1944 by such anti-Roosevelt papers as the New York Daily Mirror and the New York Sun.

The poem was not meant to be anti-religious, said Hughes, but rather a poem against racketeering, profiteering, racial segregation and showmanship in religion, which at the time when it was undermining the foundations of the great and decent ideals for which Christ himself stood.

Not a Communist

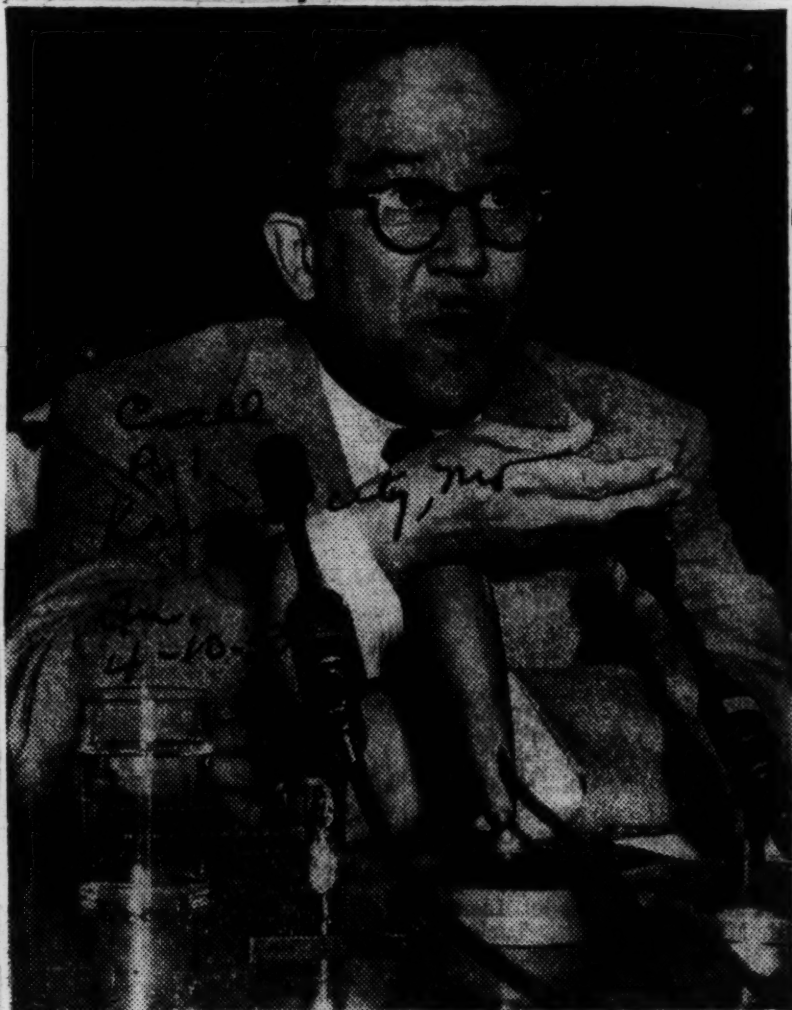
Denying that he is or ever had been a Communist or an Atheist, the famous poet made it perfectly clear that he does not believe in an "anti-Jewish, anti-Negro, anti-Catholic or anti-Labor God."

Because such groups had attacked his poem, Hughes said, he withdrew it from circulation long ago, but the Gerald L. K. Smith and Joseph Kamp groups have, without his permission, circulated it in print on handbills and sold it for a profit. The groups who fomented and took part in the Detroit race riots circulated the poem for the ugly purpose of arousing race hatred, he said.

He quoted Archibald MacLeish as once saying that "one of the occupational hazards of writing poetry is running the risk of being misunderstood."

He verified this statement by recalling that Walt Whitman's most democratic book of poems,

"Leaves of Grass," was on occasions in the past, banned on the grounds of obscenity.



THE BARD IS 'AMAZED'.—Poet Langston Hughes is shown as he testified last week before the Senate Investigations sub-committee in Washington. He said he was "amazed" that his old pro-Communist writings are in State department libraries abroad. Hughes said he has renounced Communist sympathies.—INS Photo.

Casts No Reflections

"Goodbye Christ" was certainly not intended to cast any reflections on Christ, stated Hughes, but on those who use or misuse Christ's name for material reasons.

"I have written many poems characterizing many different kinds of people and expressing many varied ideas, some seriously, some satirically, some ironically," quipped Hughes.

As an example he mentioned "Ku Klux," a poem appearing in his book, "Shakespeare in Harlem." In this poem he said a Klansman speaks, "but I am not a Klansman." In the "Weary Blues" there is a poem called "Mother to Son," in which an aged

mother says, "But I am not an aged mother." His poem "Widow Woman," characterizes a widow lamenting the loss of her husband. Although the poem was written in the first person using the pronoun "I," Hughes commented "I am not myself a widow-woman."

Back to his poem on "Goodbye Christ," the poet said he has the "greatest respect for sincere religionists, but none whatsoever for professional racketeers in religion, nor for those who use religion as an anti-labor, anti-semitic, anti-Negro, anti-democratic weapon for thwarting the progress of the common man."

Curious To Know

Referring to charges regarding his activity with so-called sub-

versive organizations, Hughes said, "I am curious to know what they are."

If it is true, he continued, he is curious to know why the FBI had not locked him up. Hughes said he was not aware that any of the organizations to which he belonged were subversive, but he was certain that none of them were anti-Negro. That is less than he can say about a committee which has termed such venerable and conservative Negro leaders as Mary McLeod Bethune and William Pickens as dangerous Reds, he remarked.

He concluded the interview by emphasizing that he "concedes the right to anyone to read me or not, as he may choose, to publish me or not, to invite me to speak or not, as desired. I also feel (and especially since one of the Four

Freedoms is freedom of speech) that I have the right to oppose in speech or writing those who would make of democracy or religion a reactionary, evil, and harmful mask for anti-Negro, anti-labor, anti-semitic, and anti-American activities.

"I would like to see an Ameri-

can where people of any race, color, or creed may live on a plane of cultural and material well-being, cooperating together unhindered by sectarian, racial, or factional prejudices and harmful intolerances that do nobody any good."

"Goodbye Christ" was analyzed by the author last week after the McCarthy Senate investigating committee had distributed copies of the poem to members of the press covering the hearing where Hughes appeared as a witness regarding his books which are now used by the Department of State in information centers throughout the world.

"GOODBYE CHRIST"

By Langston Hughes

"Listen, Christ,
You did all right in your day, I reckon—
But that day's gone now.
They ghosted you up a swell story too,
Called it Bible—
But it's dead now,
The popes and the preachers 've
Made too much money from it.
They've sold you to too many

"Kings, generals, robbers and 'killers—
Even to the Czar and the Cossacks,
Even to Rockefeller's church,
Even to the SATURDAY EVENING

POST.
You ain't no good no more,
They've pawned you
Till you've done wore out.

"Goodbye, *Call* *4-10-53*
Christ Jesus Lord God Jehovah,
Beat it on away from here now.
Make way for a new guy with no
religion at all—
A real guy named
Marx Communist Lenin Peasant Stalin
Worker me—

I said, ME! *26d*
"Go ahead on now,
You're getting in the way of things,
Lord.
And please take Saint Ghandi with you
when you go,
And Saint Pope Pius,
And Saint Aimie McPherson
And big black Saint Becton
Of the Consecrated Dime,
And step on the gas, Christ!
The world is mine from now on—
Move!
Don't be so slow about movin'
Nobody's gonna sell ME.
To a king, or a general,
Or a millionaire."

Presents for Afro American the King

By Langston Hughes for ANP

Look there at the star!
I, among the least,
Will arise and take
But what shall I bring *26d*
As a present for the King?
What shall I bring to the man-
ger? *Sat. 12-26-53*
I will bring a song,
A song that I will sing,
A song for the King in the man-
ger.

Watch out for my flocks,
Do not let them stray,
I am going on *P.S.*
A journey far away:
But what shall I bring
As a present for the Child?
What shall I bring to the man-
ger?
I will bring a lamb,
So gentle, meek, and mild.
A lamb for the Child in the
manger.

Just a shepherd boy,
That is all I am—
But I know I have
A Friend in Bethlehem.
What shall I bring
As a present then for Him?
What shall I bring to His man-
ger?
I will bring my heart
And give my heart to Him.
I will bring my heart to the
manger.

Hughes Hits Critics Of Poem

BY ALICE A. DUNNIGAN

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NOT A COMMUNIST

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New Book Of Poetry A Memorial

NEW YORK, N. Y. — Mrs. Sarah L. Johnson Swint has compiled and edited a memorial edition of "Fireside Poems" by her late brother, Frank A. Johnson.

Although the poems in the volume were published in the Schomburg Collection of Negro Works, the author is unsung due to his early death.

The poems are inspirational and have a spiritual background. Included are a varied group such as Cheer Up, Loyal Men, Choice, Encouragement and Negro Spirituals.

The profits from the memorial edition are to go to charitable causes and awards for deserving and talented children and teenagers.

Lou LuFour, radio star, often reads Johnson's poems on her daily radio program at station WHOM. She formerly taught the late poet in St. Louis, Mo.

GOOD STUDY OF SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEGROES

Someone has said that in leaning upon such distinguished scholars as Carter G. Woodson, E. Franklin Frazier, John Hope Franklin and Dorothy B. Porter, the historian of the Negro just can't go wrong. Evidence to that effect is Dr. George Brown Tindall's "South Carolina Negroes 1877-1900" (University of South Carolina Press, \$5). Identifying South Carolina Negroes as a central factor in the political, social and institutional province and state for well over two hundred years," Dr. Tindall presents a convincing and informative story.

Because the rule of the Radical Republicans was most prolonged in South Carolina after the Civil War and because South Carolina was the home of secession, this author designates it as a fertile field for the investigation of Negro history. He discovers, however, that comparatively little attention had been devoted to that phase of the state's history since Reconstruction.

And so "this book is an effort to fill in for one Southern state the gap in our knowledge of the history of American Negroes. Its objective is to trace the post-Reconstruction developments, in Negro life and institutions and in race relations, that are pregnant with meaning for the present day." Particular emphasis is given Benjamin Ryan Tillman's program for the complete elimination of Negroes from politics and the more stringent definition of their social and economic subordination, to Wade Hampton's program "which marks him as a generous and constructive statesman with regard to race relations", and to Robert Smalls, "the Gullah Statesman," the most colorful figure in Republican politics during the period.

The purpose of history is to reveal the truth of the past as the author sees it. Feeling that "South Carolina Negroes, 1877-1900" does that, we recommend it highly.